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TRAVELS

IN

EUROPEAN TURKEY,

IN 1850,

THROUGH BOSNIA, SERVIA, BULGARIA, MACEDONIA, THRACE, ALBANIA, AND EPIRUS; WITH A VISIT TO GREECE AND THE IONIAN ISLES.

AND

A HOMEWARD TOUR THROUGH HUNGARY AND THE SLAVONIAN PROVINCES OF AUSTRIA ON THE LOWER DANUBE.

BY EDMUND SPENCER, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN CIRCASSIA," "TRAVELS IN THE WESTERN CAUCASUS," ETC.

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TRAVELS

IN

EUROPEAN TURKEY.

CHAPTER I.

Ride across the mountains of Upper Albania—Arrival at Ipek—Interesting old church of the Krals of Servia—Independent tribes of Upper Albania—Perilous travelling—Arrival at Prizren—Description of the town and its inhabitants—Roman roads—Turkish guard-houses—Arrival in Macedonia—Kalkandel—Bivouac—Characteristics of the Kiraidji—Formidable defile—Ancient Turkish cemetery—Arrival at Uskioub—Sketch of the Seraskier, Omer Pacha—Ancient bridge over the Vardar—Singular paved road of the Macedonian kings—Climate and productions of Macedonia.

On leaving the little alpine town of Gousnee, we followed the tortuous windings of a dried-up torrent, over which rose Mount Koutsch, a perfect wall of rock, here forming the natural boundary between the independent mountaineers of Tchernegora and the

Arnouts of Upper Albania. About half an hour's ride, after emerging from a cleft of the rocks, a most interesting and romantic scene burst upon the view. There were the pinnacled heights of Mount Koutsch with those of its more stupendous neighbour, Mount Komm, the monarch of the mountains in European Turkey, displayed in all their grandeur, the bright beams of the morning sun gilding their highest peaks, and lighting up the masses of eternal ice that sparkled in the crevices; while, to impart animation to our picture, we had an encampment of the Arnouts, their white tents and blazing fires partially shaded by jutting crags and a few forest-trees; and as the eye wandered up the steep, rocky sides of Mount Koutsch, it rested on an encampment of their hereditary enemies, the Koutschi, the most fierce and warlike of all the confederated tribes of Tchernegora. There they lay, or busied themselves around their blazing fires, cooking their morning meal regardless of danger, although they were nearly within reach of the long guns of their enemy; and probably before the day was over hostilities would commence.

After partaking of a cup of coffee, and smoking the tchibouque with the Boulouk-bachi of the Arnouts, we descended to the mountain lake of Plava, where we enjoyed a pleasant ride along its romantic banks to the gloomy defile of the Stretta-Gora, which separates Mount Haila from Mount Peklen; here

we had a tiresome ascent up the stony bed of a mountain torrent, the towering rocks rising above us to a height of several thousand feet; the country, however deserted, was not altogether barren, for we frequently found romantic dells, sunny slopes and tiny valleys capable of the highest culture, and pine forests and pasture grounds at an altitude of between five and six thousand feet.

This wild mountain district of the Haila and the Peklen is principally composed of calcareous rock, and inhabited by a few harmless tribes of Servian Rayahs, who it is said hold no commerce whatever with their neighbours, the Arnouts of the neighbouring districts; and whenever the Turkish authorities attempt to enforce the harritch, disappear with their flocks and herds into extensive caverns, leaving the country apparently a desert. Be this as it may, we did not perceive a single human being, nor any sign of his existence, till we arrived at a han on the banks of the Bistritza—a mountain torrent which conducted us through a formidable defile to the town of Ipek—very prettily situated in an extensive basin-like plain, surrounded by a precipitous chain of rocks, and well watered with several rivers and torrents, among which the Albanian Drin and the Detschiani are the most important.

Ipek, the ancient Pecaria, the residence of a Pacha, is still a considerable town, and may contain about five hundred houses, with four or five mosques. We

found the Pacha to be an old, infirm man, recently elected by the Arnout chieftains, in token of their submission to the Porte. Indeed, the peculiar character of the surrounding country, so easy of defence, and the example of their neighbours, the independent tribes of Tchernegora, and those of Upper Albania, encourage the inhabitants of this pachalik to frequent revolt, especially against the conscription and the imperial tax. Each tribe and commune is governed by its own chief, elected by the people; and according to their numerical strength, and the position they occupy in the mountains, obey or oppose the authorities. The majority of the inhabitants of Ipek, and of the pachalik in general, are Servian Rayahs; a brave, determined people, who would long since have allied themselves to their compatriots in race and creed, the mountaineers of Tchernegora, were they not held in submission by their Mahometan lords, the warlike Arnouts, who reside among them.

While my friends were discussing public affairs with the Pacha, I took the opportunity of visiting a most interesting church and monastery, dedicated to the memory of the Ascension, a short distance from Ipek. The church is built entirely of red and white marble; and, according to tradition, owes its preservation to an oath made by one of the early Sultans to his favourite wife, a Servian Princess, whose ancestor is interred here, Ouroch III., Kral of Servia.

In this instance, at least, the descendants of the Sultan have not violated the decree of their predecessor, for the church is kept in tolerable repair, and held in high estimation by the inhabitants, both Christian and Mahometan. My ciceroni, one of the Kaloyars of the monastery, informed me there were several other Christian churches hidden in the fastnesses of the adjoining mountains, under the protection of the Ouskoks, of which the Osmanli knew not even the existence. This assertion would appear incredible, did we not know that in this singular country, there are certain districts in the mountains into which the Turks have never dared to penetrate.

Between Ipek and Prizren we skirted a part of the chain of mountains inhabited by the Miriditi and the Malasori. The only entrance into the inaccessible retreat of these independent mountaineers of Upper Albania, which, like Tchernegora, is defended by nature, is by following the course of the Drin through a frightful gorge; but this would be most difficult and dangerous to a hostile army, and the attempt to subdue these valiant mountaineers has already cost the Osmanli thousands of their bravest warriors. In addition to these warlike tribes, there is another, called the Klementi, located on the banks of the Zem and the mountain district adjoining the Tchernegori, who, like their neighbours, the Miriditi and the Malasori, conform

to the Latin ritual, and pay no tax or tribute to the Ottoman Porte. On the fall of Scanderbeg, the hero of the Christians, a chief of this powerful tribe having fled to Rome, one of his descendants was elevated to the Pontifical chair as Clement XI. so well known as a protector of the Fine Arts, and who built the villa Albani. The Klementi are now ruled by a bishop, who resides at Laba, the ancient Ardes.

The Malasori date their independence from the reign of Amurath II., who having by means of their assistance gained an important victory over Lazar, the Kral of Servia, granted them a perpetual exemption from every species of tax or tribute. In process of time, the Turkish rulers, or perhaps their deputies, the Pachas, disregarding the immunities from taxation accorded by Amurath, attempted to enforce the harritch. This led to the disastrous insurrection of 1740, when thousands of those unhappy mountaineers, with their neighbours, the Klementi, were obliged to seek a refuge in Hungary, where their descendants are still to be found, occupying several populous villages on the banks of the Save, near Mitrovitza, speaking their language, and following their peculiar customs and manners, as if the event had only occurred a few years since.

Whether the Turkish Government in our day has become more just in its administration, or that

it fears exciting the fury of these warlike tribes of Upper Albania, they are left to the peaceable enjoyment of their peculiar rights and liberties. They are also no doubt found useful, since their fanaticism leads them to make common cause in the marauding expedition of the Arnouts against the independent tribes of Tchernegora, who these Romanists regard with intense hatred, on account of their being members of the Greek Church.

Unhappy Christians! how many centuries must yet elapse before the divine precepts of our blessed Lord, inculcating love and charity, will be practised among mankind? However violent the spirit of sectarianism may be in more civilized countries, the hatred existing here among the benighted followers of these rival creeds, Greek and Latin, fostered by ignorant fanatic priests, is almost incredible; and how humiliating to the traveller and his religion, to be repeatedly told by a Mahometan, that were it not for the districts occupied by the Arnouts, which separate them, these fanatic Christians, headed by their priests, would ere this have fought till one party had exterminated the other.

On arriving at Djakova, about half way between Ipek and Prizren, where we remained the night, we had a fine view from the heights over the beautiful valley which gives its name to this little town. From hence, accompanied by a band of mountaineers, we passed through a gloomy defile,

leading into the interior of the mountains, till we came to the village of Berútchi, inhabited by the Malasori tribes, where Veli Bey held a consultation with several of their most influential chieftains.

On leaving the village for Prizren, we traversed some of the wildest districts in Upper Albania, a succession of frightful precipices and jutting rocks, with scarcely sufficient space for a chamois to thread his way in security. Now we had to toil up the bed of a dried-up torrent, with its round slippery stones; then to force our way through a thorny coppice, which rent our garments to tatters, and inflicted not a few enduring remembrances on our persons, and as if this were not sufficient torment, we were pursued by a host of hornets, gorging themselves at our expense and that of our poor worn-out horses.

At length we entered a dreary forest. In some places it had been partially burned, and the blackened trunks of trees, partly shaded by young shoots from the parent stem, presented a melancholy aspect; especially when we were told that this forest had been so often and so recently the scene of strife and bloodshed. In exposed situations we frequently saw gigantic trees snapped asunder, here lying prostrate, and there looking like a forest of reeds, bowed to the earth by some overwhelming force, for so great is the violence of the wind occasionally in these Alpine districts of Upper Albania, that

nothing can withstand its fury. In our present position we should gladly have welcomed even a tornado that would have relieved us from our insect foes; but, alas! the air was perfectly still, while the vertical sun, like a ball of fire, streamed down upon the calcareous barren rock that towered above us, till the heat became almost insupportable.

Weary and exhausted, dragging our jaded horses, we slowly toiled onwards, when happily, towards evening, we beheld a vision that promised to relieve us from our sufferings—we caught a glimpse of the Maritzka, as it wound its way like a silver thread through a delightful valley of the same name; and shortly afterwards we beheld Prizren, with its white castle, pretty minarets and swelling domes, altogether forming a picture never to be forgotten by a tired traveller. This welcome prospect, like the beacon to the wave-tossed mariner, drew from my companions a loud and tumultuous burst of joy; and as every step we made in advance brought us nearer to the long wished for haven, our horses seemed also to have discovered that food and rest were at hand, for they hastened to leave behind a desert without sufficient herbage to relieve their wants, or a rivulet to slake their thirst.

Prizren, the seat of a Pacha, contains about ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, and several fine mosques; the population is nearly equally divided into Arnouts and Servian Rayahs of the Greek Church; in addition

to these, there are Jews, Armenians and Greek merchants located here, who may number nearly three hundred. The Christians, of whatever denomination, reside in separate quarters of the town. The Arnouts, as their name implies, are Albanian-Mussulmans; several of these, holding certain fiefs in the interior of the country, are said to be wealthy; and if we may judge from the costly wares in the bazaar, the well-supplied markets, the quantity of meat exposed for sale and the number of cook-shops and coffee-houses, always filled with well-dressed men, the inhabitants are amply supplied with the means of procuring not only the necessaries, but the luxuries of life.

The Arnouts, like the Rayahs, have also their peculiar locality in the town. Here we find the best traiteurs and coffee-houses; and as armourers, the Arnouts of Prizren are celebrated all over European Turkey, particularly in the manufacture of guns and pistols.

Among the public buildings of Prizren, the castle, pinnacled on a rock, and commanding the town, is at once a picturesque and imposing edifice; it was originally constructed by the Romans, and subsequently repaired and converted into a royal residence by the Krals of Servia; the Turks have added barracks for the Nizam, and two small mosques.

The ancient cathedral Sveta Petka, founded by Nomania, Kral of Servia, so well known in the

history of Servia for his munificent donations to the Church, is a large showy building, one of the few churches that has escaped the vandalism of the Turks, and proves the wealth and civilization of the Servian nation, before it had the misfortune to fall under the dominion of the Osmanli; they found populous towns, with their fortresses, castles and forts for the defence of the country, churches for public devotion, bridges over rivers for the transit of merchandize, bazaars and hans for the reception of the trader and his goods, all these have been destroyed, or left to moulder and decay. The Servian Cathedral would probably have shared the same fate, had not the conqueror, Amurath II., thought proper to convert it, as he did several others, into a mosque: the form is that of a Greek cross; and as is usually the case in Servian edifices, we see alternately layers of stone and red bricks; it is presumed, from a bas-relief of ancient Greek sculpture that still adorns the principal entrance, that the building itself was erected on the ruins of a Pagan temple.

Prizren, the ancient Priscopera, is supposed to have been founded by Philip of Macedonia; it afterwards became one of the principal stations of the Romans. In the defile of the Dibris, leading hence into the Miriditi mountains, we can still trace the remains of a paved road, and another conducting to Bosnia through Novi-bazar, but so covered with herbage, and in great part destroyed by the moun-

taineers in their wars with the Turks, as to be only here and there visible. Perhaps the most interesting remains of the enterprize of the Romans in these provinces, is the paved road carried over Mount Koutsch in Tchernegora, at a height of six thousand feet, of which we found traces near Gousnee, and proves the importance the Romans attached to the possession of these mountain districts. The Mount Koutsch road has been completely destroyed by the indefatigable mountaineers of Tchernegora, with the view of preventing a visit from their old enemies, the Osmanli; it led through the centre of their mountain territory to the town and palace of Dioclesian, the extensive ruins of which are still to be seen near the little town and fortress of Podgoritza; a great part of the walls are even yet in tolerable preservation; and we can distinctly trace the palace of the Roman Emperor, and several other public buildings of great magnitude, with their broken columns of marble, and Latin inscriptions.

Prizren, with its castellated citadel, before the invention of cannon must have been a position of great military importance, but being commanded by the adjoining heights, it could not in modern warfare either resist the attack, or arrest the progress of an enemy; the threatening aspect of its cannon and imposing appearance, however, serves to overawe the neighbouring Arnout mountaineers, the most determined enemies of Turkish reform. A few years

since they besieged the town; but all their endeavours to obtain possession of the citadel proved abortive, the Arnoutski gun being found to be of no use in battering down stone walls; they, however, succeeded in compelling the Pacha to deliver up a party of their countrymen, who had been forcibly carried off from their villages to serve in the army of the Nizam-y-Djedid.

Beautiful and picturesque as Prizren appears at a distance, rising in the form of an amphitheatre from the rolling Maritzka up to the citadel, the charm vanishes when we enter its narrow, badly-paved streets, and houses built of mud, or bricks, dried in the sun. It has the advantage of being well supplied with water; we everywhere meet with fountains, streaming down to the river beneath, which serve to keep it clean and cool the air; hence Prizren is one of the most salubrious towns in European Turkey. It is the seat of a Greek Archbishop, appointed by the Ottoman Porte, for whose maintenance a tax is imposed on the inhabitants of his diocese, professing the Greek religion; the ancient episcopal palace, the finest building in the town, has been appropriated, since the Turkish conquest, as the konak of the Pacha. We also find here one of the largest and most commodious hans in European Turkey, said to have been erected by Lazar, the last Kral of Servia. It consists of a square building, surrounding a court-yard, and secured by a massive

wooden gate, underneath are the warehouses for merchandize and stables, and above the bed-rooms for travellers, opening into a corridor, like those we see in a convent, which surrounds the building. Each room is furnished with a rush mat, a straw bolster, a pitcher of water, and secured by lock and key. It has a coffee-room (kavana), where refreshments of every kind may be had from the hanji.

During the few days I remained at Prizren, there was great excitement among the inhabitants; in addition to the political intelligence from Bosnia, of which Veli Bey was the bearer, the most alarming accounts were everywhere promulgated respecting the insurrection of the Arnouts in Central Albania. It was highly amusing to witness the bustle and activity among these usually grave and sedate Mussulmans, the coffee-houses were filled with politicians discussing the events of the day with quite as much impassioned energy as if they had been Frenchmen. Every armourer in the town had full employment, the rusty cannon in the city was being put in order, masons and carpenters were busily engaged in repairing the old breaches in the walls and strengthening the *chevaux-de-frise* that surrounded the Varosh with planks of solid oak, and assuredly not the least interesting sight was the singular aspect of the numerous bodies of peaceable timid Arnouts with their petty chiefs, and Rayahs with their codgi-bashas, that were seen hastening

from the neighbouring villages, to seek protection under the cannon of the citadel, donkeys and mules, moved onward, heavily laden with children and valuable moveables. Altogether it was a novel spectacle to a traveller from Western Europe, and highly characteristic of the lawless state of society in these provinces, and the insecure tenure by which property and life is held, when any sudden outbreak is expected from the fierce inhabitants of the adjoining mountains, particularly at a time like this, when the conscription was about being enforced.

I parted from my friend, Veli Bey, at Prizren, and here I found my kiraidji Georgy waiting my arrival, with his konies in excellent condition: this was fortunate, since my own horse, owing to the friction of the saddle, among his other ills, was suffering from a sore back, which rendered him totally incapable of continuing the journey, I was therefore glad to find a purchaser in a gipsy, who in this country, among the other trades of his errant race, exercise the profession of horse-dealer and farrier, and is said to be acquainted with many valuable secrets in the veterinary art.

My original intention in selecting Prizren as a temporary halting-place, was to extend my excursions through the mountain districts of Upper Albania to Ocrida, a perfect *terra incognito*. This route is never taken by the conductors of the caravan, who regard it as one of the least secure,

and most difficult of access of any in these provinces, abounding as it does in deep gorges and defiles, inhabited by the Latin Miriditi independent tribes, who, it is said, put to death every Turk, or schismatic Greek, who enters their territory, without being accompanied by a guide of their own people. Having proved on more than one occasion the talent of the Turks and Rayahs for magnifying danger, and knowing also, that as an inhabitant of the West I had nothing to fear, being certain of meeting with some Austrian or Italian monk, with whom I could converse, I should have persevered in my intention, were it not for the urgent representations of Veli Bey, who assured me it was highly probable that the Latin Miriditi would make common cause with their brethren, the Arnout Miriditi, and that he was at that moment treating with several of their influential chiefs, with the view of preventing such a union. Under these circumstances I decided on taking a more circuitous route, and to visit Macedonia on my way to Albania.

I had much difficulty in refusing the kind offers of the Pacha of Prizren, and my friend, Veli Bey, who pressed upon me an armed escort of the kavaas, as far as the fortified town of Uskioub, in Macedonia. In truth, I was heartily glad to throw off the restraint of travelling in company with a Mahometan official, the expense it entails upon the traveller is not trifling. Again, I was in a manner debarred from communi-

cating with the Rayahs and merchants of the towns, and consequently becoming more intimately acquainted with the political and social state of the country, as they are always more guarded in their conversation with a Frank, who may be the friend and guest of a Mahometan in authority. And now with no other protection than the good faith and attachment of my honest kiraidji Georgy, we commenced our lonely tour through the mountains, and since every step he made in advance was conducting him from the dangerous atmosphere breathed by an Arnout, he made the rocks and forests echo and re-echo with his warlike songs of Servian heroes.

We travelled for some time along the charming banks of the Maritzka or Moratscha, sheltered from the rays of the sun by a fine grove of poplars; here the industry and taste of the inhabitants had been exerted with effect in beautifying nature—a very unusual sight in these provinces of European Turkey, there were flower gardens, with summer-houses in the form of little temples, and fountains of the purest crystal water; we saw also occasionally the harem of some rich Arnout, surrounded by a garden, and secluded from the profane eye of the passenger by high walls, resembling those of a convent in Roman Catholic countries.

At length, we left behind us these indications of civilization, and once more took to the mountains. On ascending one of the lesser peaks of the Kobo-

litza, whose highest summit rises to a height of at least seven thousand feet, the prospect was at once wild and magnificent, gigantic piles of bare and rugged rock shot up in every direction, in some places streaked with snow, and wooded at their base with the dense foliage of the forest; defiles traversed defiles, and yawning gorges lay at a frightful depth beneath us; it appeared a desert, for there was no hut, neither did the slightest appearance of human life meet our view, with the exception of a Turkish karaoul, perched on the summit of a projecting crag, which being composed of wattles, and thatched with rushes, looked in the distance like an eagle's nest.

Only a few years since, this route was one of the most dangerous in European Turkey, infested by a tribe of brigands, called the Lakovlaki, who were accustomed to descend on the rich plains of Macedonia, and rob the caravans; thanks to the exertions of the authorities, who in this respect have shown some energy, the robbers were slain, or driven out of their retreats, and those among them who surrendered, have been transformed into a species of police, and now protect the traveller, stationed in a succession of guard-houses, similar to that we described: they are always placed in a position to command a complete view of the route of the caravan. In places where they are intended to be stationary, they are constructed of stone, with the door of entrance at the top, to which the pandours ascend by a ladder, that

can be drawn up in the event of an attack; in addition to this, they are perforated with holes in the walls, for the purpose of firing on their assailants; in another respect they are advantageous to the traveller, since he may rest in them during the day or night, and find refreshment for himself and his horse.

Unfortunately, in this unhappy country, where misrule more or less prevails in every department of the administration, the best intentions of the Government are invariably frustrated; the veriest Mahometan peasant, as soon as he is installed in office, however subordinate his position, becomes a petty tyrant, and proportions his rapacity according to his power and influence; the pandour of the karaoul, not content with his emoluments, which I have been assured by the Turkish authorities, amply suffice for every want, levies a contribution on the traveller and the caravan, this he does, by demanding to see if the passport is in order—a mere pretence to extort a backschish, which is done with the swaggering insolence of a brigand, and in nearly every instance, if the bearer is a timid Rayah, it is peremptorily enforced as a toll. Among the various European customs and usages here and there introduced into European Turkey, the passport system is decidedly the most vexatious to the inhabitants, and the least calculated to answer the object it professes to have in view; it has proved wholly inefficacious as a preventive even in populous countries, but here, where

a man can travel from frontier to frontier, without passing through a town or village, passports are manifestly useless.

On passing the karaoul, our route lay through a chaos of arid rocks till we came to the torrent of the Kalkandel, when following its steep and rugged banks, we arrived at a spot resembling an oasis in the desert, on which stood the pretty summer kiosk of the Pacha of Kalkandel, from whence a sort of road led to the town. Kalkandel, the ancient Kandilar, with its luxuriant vineyards rising in terraces at the base of the stupendous Schar, its groves and fruit gardens, its fertile fields of grain, its rich plantations of tobacco and prairies covered with flocks and herds, was a cheering sight to the traveller who had accomplished the tiresome journey over the rocky mountains lying between this town and Prizren. It was also the first town in Macedonia; the herald, as it were, of the well-known fertility of that beautiful country. Like Prizren and several other towns in these mountain districts, Kalkandel is situated on an elevated basin, the soil is alluvial, and of great fertility, and no doubt formed, at some early epoch, the bed of a lake. From hence the Schar, the Scardus of the Romans, is seen in all its magnificence, rising to a height of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and may be ascended to its highest summit.

Kalkandel, a small town of a few thousand in-

habitants, presents no feature to interest the traveller except its tobacco manufactory and the pretty kiosk of the Pacha—the fac-simile of a Tyrolean cottage ornamented with saints and angels, and written tablets of some portion of the breviary; but for which our Pacha, like a good Mahometan, has substituted bouquets of flowers, arabesques and sentences from the Koran. This little pachalik, although nominally under the jurisdiction of a pacha of one tail, is in reality subject to the government of the Sandjak of Uskioub.

On leaving Kalkandel, we passed over a paved road of great antiquity, if we might judge from the immense size of the paving-stones, and the deep ruts worn into them by the friction of centuries; we also found a wooden bridge over the Vardar, the Axius of the ancients, which has its source in the mountains near Kostovo. From here we ascended the Dervenski Planina through a fine forest of oak-trees; the summit exhibited a beautiful dell, green as a lawn, where we found encamped a numerous caravan preparing their evening meal. The various fires, the singular and picturesque costume of the travellers, Jews, Armenians, Zinzars, Slavonians, Greeks and Albanians, formed an animated and interesting picture in this wild mountain district.

Georgy appeared quite at home, knew everybody, and was everywhere greeted with loud shouts of welcome, and "Kako ji Tjordji!" wooden bottles and

gourds filled with wine or raki, were pressed upon us by many a hand; and on every side we were overwhelmed with invitations to partake of the evening meal. Seeing so much preparation of roasting, stewing, and baking cakes, it required little persuasion to induce two hungry travellers to join the first group that made place for them. A carpet spread on the grass, served all the purpose of a table-cloth, while gourds filled with wine and raki, passed from hand to hand with as much warmth and hilarity, as if we had been seated at the hospitable board of some valued friend.

Nearly the whole of our new friends were kiraidji, men who had followed that employment from their earliest youth—conveying merchandize and travellers from one part of the Turkish empire to another; and truly a more hardy, robust set of fellows could not be produced in any country. In travelling through certain disturbed districts, the kiraidji are allowed by the Turkish authorities to carry fire-arms; and as they always journey in parties of from twenty to thirty, or even a hundred, when some dangerous pass is to be traversed, they have more than once been known to repulse the attack of more than double their number of brigands. Notwithstanding they differ in nation, creed and language, they make use of a *patois* composed of Slavonian and Greek, common to all; and, like members of the same family, are ever ready to render mutual assistance in

any embarrassment or accident that may happen on the journey. Accustomed to traverse so many lands, and frequently holding converse with some enlightened traveller, trader or merchant, of the large towns and ports, they are far in advance in intelligence and intellect of the rest of the population, who, rarely quitting their own contracted circle, bequeath to successive generations their antiquated prejudices of caste, race and creed.

Perhaps no scene in the miscellaneous bivouacs similar to that I was now contemplating, is more interesting than that exhibited at early morn. How often have I seen Christian, Jew and Mahometan, each according to the form dictated by his religion, offer up his prayers to the same Almighty Father. The Mahometan, with his face to the East, bowed to the earth; the Hebrew, enveloping himself in his shawl, said his silent prayer; the Christian, devoutly crossing himself, beat his breast, counted his rosary, and repeated his Ave Maria; and notwithstanding the broad line that separated the tenets of each from the other, I never heard in all my wanderings with them, any allusion that could wound religious feeling. Even the self-complacent, haughty, prejudiced Mussulman, in other places exhibiting a bearing so repulsive and arrogant, here while following his vocation as kiraidji, or traveller, where all were equal, did not scruple to drink his wine or raki out of the gourd of a Rayah, or to add his store of provisions to the general stock.

When it is remembered that we are travelling in a country destitute of roads, and where every article of merchandize is transported on the backs of beasts of burden, and that consequently many thousands of intelligent men are employed in the traffic, it is easy to imagine the facilities afforded them for disseminating their views and opinions, for sowing the seeds of a more liberal and elevated tone of feeling among the population of the remote towns and villages. This cause has, perhaps, been more instrumental than we are aware, in checking the progress of barbarism among the people of these countries, so long a prey to the evils inflicted by the mal-administration of a selfish, ignorant, fanatic government, which has not advanced a single step in promoting the intellectual progress of the people. Perhaps few things tend more to invigorate man's frame than mountain travelling, the bivouac, and the pure air; the absence of the insalubrious influences of towns and cities—the keen appetite and bracing effect of active exercise on the nerves, compensate for the loss of those luxuries we have been accustomed to regard as indispensable to our existence, and prove how little man requires here below.

At early dawn we were again in the saddle, steering towards Uskioub; and truly it required the eye of the most practised guide to discover the right track among the maze of tiny horse-paths that now bewildered us, leading to every point of the compass.

Even my experienced kiraidji appeared puzzled; we had a dense forest before us, with here and there a majestic cliff shooting up in lofty grandeur, but so similar in form and size, as to render it nearly impossible to distinguish one from the other; he first tried one path, and then another, till vexed and disappointed, he was obliged to scramble up the steep sides of a crag, and reconnoitre; after much panting and blowing—for Georgy was a great enemy to using the supporters nature had given him—the desired beacon was discovered, in the form of a distant karaoul, as usual, perched on the summit of a projecting cliff.

Having reached the karaoul, we descended into a dark and dismal defile, with a roaring torrent dashing through the centre; here, perpendicular rocks formed a natural arch over our heads; there, they seemed so lightly poised on each other, that it appeared as if the first blast of wind would suffice to hurl them down and crush us. On emerging from this formidable gorge—which, according to Georgy's dialect of the Slavonian, was called Groubatschin—a wild, rocky desert lay before us, with no appearance of vegetation save a little stunted brushwood. I had frequently before met with cemeteries, both Mahometan and Christian, in the most remote and desolate situations, unenclosed, and without either town or village in their vicinity, and therefore felt no surprise at finding one here; but it was the great

extent, and the number of turbaned heads on the tombstones, chiselled with considerable art, and green with the moss of centuries, that drew my attention, appearing like an army of Mahometans shooting up among the brushwood; several bore inscriptions in the Turkish language, but so covered with moss, that it would have required a considerable time to decypher them. Georgy informed me, that there was a tradition current in the country, of a great battle having been fought here, and in the defile through which we passed, between the Servians and the Turks, and that this was the burial-place of the dead.

From hence, we descended into the valley of the Vlanitza, and after fording its torrent, our route became comparatively easy; we found a bridge over the Vardar, but were obliged to ford another torrent-the Lepenatsch—the water nearly reaching to our saddle-girths. Here is the pretty kiosk of the Pacha, and something that might be called a carriage-road, about a league in length, that conducted us to Uskioub.

Uskioub, the ancient Scopia, situated on an elevated plateau of great extent, the centre of a great number of old roads, that lead into the neighbouring provinces, in the time of the Macedonians and the Romans was a position of great military importance. Of the Macedonians, no monument whatever exists; but the Romans have left us the solid walls of the castle to admire, and an aqueduct of fifty-five arches,

in the vicinity of the town, which now serves as a shelter for the shepherds with their flocks and herds from the heat of summer and the cold of winter.

The castle, situated on an eminence on the banks of the Vardar, has been partially destroyed at different epochs, and again put in repair, which enables us to recognize the architecture of the Byzantine Greeks, the Krals of Servia, and that of its present masters, the Turks, to whose negligence its present dilapidated condition may be attributed. The Sandjak of Uskioub, which extends over a vast extent of country, including several minor pachaliks, is a post of great importance and emolument; it is usually conferred upon some Turkish officer of high rank and merit. The well-known Omer Pacha, who has so often succeeded in subduing the non-reforming insurgents of Bosnia and Albania, is the present Sandjak. This fortunate adventurer, a native of Hungarian Croatia, formerly served as a non-commissioned officer in the Austrian army. Having no certain authority for the truth of the numerous reports in circulation, of the cause that provoked him to desert the standard of his most Christian Majesty the Emperor, and transfer his allegiance to the Caliph of the Faithful, it is sufficient for our sketch of this distinguished officer, to say that he abjured Christianity, and displaying great military talents, rose rapidly, from one command to another, till he has now attained the highest grade in his profession.

He is said to be highly popular with the army; at the same time, his respect for the laws, and his endeavours to improve the condition of the Rayah, have rendered him a general favourite with that class of the population: as a natural consequence, he has created a host of enemies among the fanatic Mahometans, who regard him as a Giaour at heart, and who, in this land of intrigue, may ultimately succeed in procuring his dismissal from a post which he owes to his merit alone. He was at this time busily employed in drilling the Nizam-y-Djedid, preparatory to their taking the field against the insurgents of Bosnia and Albania.

The population of Uskioub, consisting of Arnouts, Jews, Armenians, Zinzars, Greeks, Bulgarians and Servians, amounts to upwards of twelve thousand; like every other large town we visited in these provinces, it has its covered bazaar, coffee-houses, restaurants, mosques and fountains, houses built of sun-burnt bricks, narrow streets, dirty and ill-paved; the singular stone bridge, with its seven arches, thrown over the Vardar, is more remarkable for its massive strength than its elegance, and is of such antiquity, that there exists no tradition to tell us by whom, or at what period, it was erected.

In 1340, when the dominions of the Krals of Servia comprehended Albania, Bulgaria and nearly the whole of Macedonia, Uskioub became the capital of the Servian empire, then ruled by its greatest

Prince, the Czar Stephan Douschan. After the conquest of these provinces by the Osmanli, the Servians, in 1589, having formed an alliance with the Imperialists of Austria, descended from their mountains in Upper Moesia, and carried all before them into the heart of Macedonia. They took by assault Uskioub, Komanova, Egri Palanka, Prizren, Ipek: in short, all the towns and forts on their route; and in all probability would have established their independence, had they not been deserted by Austria, who, having made a separate peace with the Ottoman Porte, left the Servian insurgents to their fate. In looking over the piesmas of the Servians at this epoch of their history, we find the Austrians —or, as they term them, the Schwabs—very roughly handled for their treachery, which has engendered a hatred against them in the breast of every patriotic Servian up to the present day.

We may, however, learn from the success of the Servians and their allies, at a time when the Osmanli were far more enterprising, numerous and powerful, than we find them in the present day, the military importance that ought to be attached to that part of Upper Moesia anciently called Rascia, and to which we previously referred. The fertile, salubrious Macedonia, producing all the luxuries of life in abundance, with its fine ports and harbours on the Ægean Sea, has been in every age the prize coveted by the successive invaders of these provinces. It

was to obtain possession of this gem of European Turkey, that in our day induced the hero of Servia, Tzerni George, to attack Novi-bazar with such impetuosity, the gallant patriot being fully aware, that once in possession of that town and its formidable mountain ramparts, he could with facility make a descent upon the rich plains of Macedonia, and drive the Turks into Constantinople, as his ancestors formerly did the degenerate Greeks.

Macedonia, however much exposed to invasion on this part of its frontier, is not without internal resources, and few countries are better adapted, from the position of its mountains and defiles, for carrying on a guerilla warfare; the Despotodagh, owing to its central position, the number of its forests and defiles, might at once, serve as a point of gathering and a secure retreat in danger, but unfortunately for an Osmanli ruler, the inhabitants are for the most part composed of Rayahs, a mixed race of Greeks, Bulgarians and Servians, who, it cannot be doubted, would join to a man their brethren in faith of Servia and Upper Moesia. It must therefore be evident that the great danger to be apprehended to the rule of the Osmanli in these provinces, is a successful inroad of the Servian nationality into Macedonia; with this people they have the tradition of right, and their former greatness, aided by the powerful ties of race and creed.

With the exception of the valley of the Vardar,

a rich alluvial soil, of extraordinary fertility, producing corn, wine, tobacco and cotton in abundance, the plateau of Uskioub, composed of a gravelly sandy soil, is left to the occupation of a few nomade shepherds with their flocks and herds. We left Uskioub by following the banks of the Vardar, which conducted us to that of the Dreske, with its picturesque river, equally fertile and populous, and continued our ride to Kritschovo, Prilip and Bittoglia. During our route we found one of those old paved roads of the Macedonian Kings, about a yard in breadth, which the inhabitants designate the Monopatia, to distinguish it from those broad enough for a chariot, which they term the Royal Road (Vasilika Strada.) These ancient roads are invariably carried in a straight direction, which renders them somewhat dangerous in mountain districts, owing to the slipperiness of the stones and their abrupt descent. Yet so sure-footed are the horses in use among the natives, that accidents rarely occur, notwithstanding that their method of shoeing, which consists in covering the entire hoof of the animal with an iron plate, might be supposed to render it liable to stumble.

In countries so thinly inhabited, and where the villages are always secluded from view, man is seldom met with, except when tending his flocks and herds. The fine forests of Servia, Bosnia and Upper Moesia, are not to be found here. Previous to

the Turkish conquest, this country is also said to have been well wooded; but owing to the continued insurrections of the inhabitants, to whom the forests served as a shelter, they have been in great part destroyed. In some favoured situations, we see the lofty oak raising its majestic head in company with the cypress, and even the plane-tree, the wild vine, the fig, the pear, the olive, cherry and pomegranate, and other species of fruit-trees, appear indigenous to the soil, and nothing can be more beautiful than the clusters of evergreens—the laurel and myrtle, the evergreen oak and the silver-leafed linden, mingling their various tints with the brighter hues of a number of fragrant and aromatic parasitical plants.

The art of horticulture appears to be entirely unknown to the inhabitants of these provinces, fruit-trees are neither pruned nor grafted, yet we have frequently met with fruit, that could not be exceeded in size and flavour in any country. The blue plum is universally cultivated, and attains great perfection in Bosnia and Upper Moesia, whence it is exported in large quantities to Hungary and Austria, in addition to what is consumed by the natives in making raki.

The climate of Macedonia is by no means so warm as might be expected in such a latitude; this is owing to the cold winds that blow from the Alps in its vicinity, and the Steppes of Besserabia and the

Crimea, in South Russia, which render the winters severe, and even in summer the piercing blast of the anitolekonmeros, as the natives call it, will not be easily forgotten by the traveller who has once experienced it. The sirocco sometimes prevails, and penetrates through the valleys and defiles of the mountains even to Servia and Bosnia, on the Danube and the Save. In the Alpine districts of Bosnia, Upper Moesia and Tchernegora, extending to Gousnec, Ipek and Prizren, and from thence to the Schar, at Kalkandel, snow is found throughout the year. In the higher regions of these districts the winter commences in September, and continues in all its rigour till the commencement of April. The inhabitants, however, are a fine, healthy race, and totally exempt from the goitre, the curse of most mountainous countries; at least, we did not meet with a single case, and no where did we see the unfortunate *cretins*, so common in the Tyrol and Switzerland; this may, perhaps, be accounted for by the water containing a sufficient quantity of magnesia, which is said to be a preventive.

CHAPTER II.

Dreary aspect of the country—Arrival at Prilip—Interesting ruins of a castle belonging to the ancient Krals of Servia—Singular wooden bridge—Mountain travelling in Macedonia—Splendid view—Bivouac—Romantic defile—Interesting valley—The late rebellion of the Arnouts—Victories of Omer Pacha—Bivouac with the Arnouts—Plain of Bittoglia—Productions—Villages—Inhabitants—Dissertation on the roads of European Turkey—Inertness of the Turkish Government—Anecdote of the Vizier of Roumelia—Camp of the Nizam and the Arnouts—Arrival at Bittoglia—Frank society—Halil Effendi—His romantic history—Spanish Jews—English merchandize—Mustapha Bey—Grand entertainment—Sketch of Bittoglia.

On leaving the beautiful valley of the Dreska we crossed the mountains to Kritschovo, the ancient Scirtiana, now a small hamlet, not exceeding a few hundred houses. It was melancholy to see the beautiful and extensive basin in which it stood, evidently very fertile, so little cultivated. Several deserted vil-

lages were also scattered here and there, showing that this district must have been the theatre of some murderous conflict, and that recently. Kritschovo is beautifully situated at the foot of a chain of mountains of no great elevation, here and there covered with the foliage of the forest, imparting a refreshing aspect in these districts of Macedonia, where the cold, barren rock is too often the principal feature in the landscape; and though these mountains are broken up into a number of fertile dells, tiny valleys, gorges and defiles, through which roll the waters of the Zayas, the Karasou, the Kandrisou, and several other minor streams that flow into the Vardar, the country appearing well adapted for agricultural purposes; yet the sole inhabitants we met during our route, consisted of a few wandering nomades, with their flocks and herds. Even the industrious Bulgarian usually found where he can sow and reap, however lawless may be the other inhabitants of the district, was not to be seen here; and if it had not been for a karaoul, occupied by a few drowsy pandours, we might have deemed the country was in possession of the Ouskoks.

We followed the banks of the Karasou, or, as Georgy called it, the Tzerna (Black river), to Perlip or Prilip, the ancient Parembole, an important town, containing from five to six thousand inhabitants. The most interesting remains of the Servian empire in Macedonia are to be found a short distance from

the town—the really magnificent ruins of the castle of the Servian hero, Marko Kralievich, built on the summit of a rock, nearly four hundred feet high, and only accessible by a staircase hewn out of the almost perpendicular rock.

We left the ancient Parembole by crossing the Kandri, which runs through the town, over a wooden bridge, most singularly constructed. On each bank and in the centre, were erected stone piers, of great antiquity and massive strength; upon these rested trunks of trees, placed longitudinally, with their branches crosswise, fastened together with thongs made from the bark; and as the fastening of these wattles had given way here and there, it required all our care and attention to prevent ourselves and horses from being submerged in the roaring torrent beneath, in addition to which, the bridge was very narrow, and without a parapet. Our troubles, however, had only commenced, for on gaining the opposite bank, we had to ascend the steep sides of an arid mountain; the pathway being hewn out of the rock, where every step we made in advance increased the danger of our position, by adding to the depth of the fearful gorge beneath; for there was neither projecting crag nor plant, nor shrub to cling to, should our horses make a false step; at the same time, the sun poured down upon us a flood of heat, which being reflected by the calcareous rock, was sufficient to melt a Salamander;

and as a climax to our sufferings, more particularly those of our poor horses, we had to wage a battle of life and death against an innumerable army of hornets. But as everything must have an end, we fought our way to the summit, where a refreshing breeze relieved us of our enemies; and as a compensation for our victory, we enjoyed one of the most extensive and beautiful prospects in this part of Macedonia.

There was the fertile plain of Bittoglia, or as the Turks term it, Toli Monastir, dotted with numerous villages, and intersected by several fine rivers winding their course to the Ægean Sea, the whole bounded by the stupendous chain of the Albanian mountains, over which rose in majestic grandeur the lofty peak of the Soagora capped with snow.

Having sufficiently rested, and refreshed ourselves with a capital shoulder of lamb, which Georgy managed to cook to admiration, to which we added a brace of dainty trout, caught in the mountain rivulet, we descended into one of the most romantic defiles I had yet seen in these provinces. On each side rose a picturesque chaos of rocky hills, partially decked with the mingled foliage of a forest of flowering shrubs, interlaced with every species of parasitical plant and odoriferous herb, here and there forming an impenetrable bower, which protected us from the rays of the sun; and although we did not meet with a single human being, we had the loud roar of a

torrent-like river, sparkling with fish, to cheer us on our way.

As we advanced, the defile presented a succession of rocks of the most fantastic forms: there were rugged battlements, ruined towers, crumbling arches, lofty pyramids, and columns almost as perfect as if shaped by the hand of man. This was succeeded by an open valley, cultivated with the most diligent industry: there were fields of cotton, maize and tobacco, stacks of hay and corn, grazing-grounds with horned cattle, and the sides of the mountains covered with sheep and goats; in the gardens and orchards melons were mingling their leaves, and twining their stems with the luxuriant vine, and to judge from the quantity cultivated, we must infer that the inhabitants, who, for the most part are composed of Arnouts, do not yield very strict obedience to the injunctions of the Prophet. I observed with pleasure a decided improvement in the huts of the peasant, and the general appearance of the country and people, indicating an advancement in civilization, an evidence that the Government was becoming more paternal in its character—just in its administration, and as a further sign of improvement, every karaoul we saw was built of stone. A river clear as crystal, dashing over its rocky bed, provided the inhabitants with a never-failing supply of water, a great advantage in this part of Macedonia, where rain seldom falls during summer.

Nature has done much for the happiness of man in this lovely country; but if we inquire into the history of this valley, and indeed of the whole district from Uskioub to the plain of Bittoglia, we shall find how fearfully his passions have frustrated her intentions; for this vast range of country has been the theatre of one of the most sanguinary insurrections of the Arnouts, and their adherents, on record. It occurred only a few years since, yet so great is the timidity of the Rayahs, and unwillingness of the Turks to discuss the doings of the Divan, it was only on arriving at Bittoglia, that I gleaned from the Franks settled there a few imperfect details of the tragedy. Even Georgy, when I pointed out to him the ruins of villages, and the dilapidation still visible in many of the towns we passed through during our route, and desired to know the cause, started with dread at the question, and remained silent.

It appears, a Dervish, better known under the name of the Czar, obtained great celebrity by his devotion, and the austerity of his manners; and so great was the fame of his amulets, and the healing power of his medicaments, that he was visited by the sick, and those afflicted with the evil eye, from every part of the country, not only by the Mahometans, but the Christians. In process of time, his admirers having increased from hundreds to thousands, he pretended, like other impostors, to be favoured with visions from on high, and to hold converse with the Prophet

Mahomet. Possessing great energy and eloquence, he preached in the mosque and the high places against the reforms of the Sultan, denouncing them as tending to the subversion of Islamism; at length, encouraged by the indignant feelings his eloquence had excited in the multitude, and by the number of his adherents, he boldly threw off the mask, and proclaimed himself to be the descendant of the great Iskender, the man sent by Allah to conquer and preserve the true faith, and assumed the title of Padishah of Roumelia.

The Arnouts, whose disposition is at all times warlike and predatory, and who have been ever notorious for their hostility to the reforms of the Sultan, were the first to join the standard of the impostor; they were quickly followed by a number of disgraced Pachas, Beys and Spahis, who had been compromised in former rebellions, and were now thrown on the world penniless. Their example influenced their clans, and other fanatic Mussulmans, who believed the reforms of the Sultan would cause the ruin of the Turkish monarchy. Hence, in an incredibly short space of time, this extraordinary madman saw himself the acknowledged chief of a large armed force. Their first encounter with the Turkish authorities took place at Uskioub, where, having beat the Nizam, they entered the town and plundered the Christians, together with those Mahometans who sided with the Government, whence

their march to the valley, through which we were now travelling, resembled a triumph; the gates of every town flew open to them, and the inhabitants, by a voluntary contribution, purchased security from ill-treatment and plunder.

Here they held their first encampment, the rocks and jutting crags serving all the purposes of a fortified citadel, and here they awaited the arrival of their adherents in Bosnia and Albania, before they attempted to meet Omer Pacha, who lay encamped with a well-appointed army, on the plains of Bittoglia. The gallant Croatian made several fruitless attempts to draw out the enemy, or force the pass, till seeing his men becoming dispirited, from their inability to cope with the long gun, and steady aim of the Arnout, ensconced in his rocky fortress, he resolved to follow the advice of the Divan, and attempt to negotiate; the reforms of the Sultan were everywhere unpopular with the majority of his Mussulman subjects, and the loss of a battle against the insurgents by so experienced a commander as Omer Pacha, might prove the signal for a general rising of all the disaffected and fanatic in the empire.

From the first Turkish invasion of these provinces down to the present day, every page of their history attests the superiority of the Asiatic mind over the European, when fighting the battle of political intrigue; a little soft sawder, to make use of a most

expressive Scotch phrase, with rolls of parchment, and gaudy mantles, have ever proved more effectual in quelling a revolt of the Albanians and Slavonians, than cannon-balls and bayonets. In these matters the Greek alone is found to be equal, if not superior, to the Osmanli. How the Croatian Omer Pacha must have exulted, when he found he had succeeded in alluring to his tent the mad Dervish, and his principal chiefs; and now that he had secured the leaders, he lost no time in following up his advantage by falling upon the insurgents before they had time to recover from their confusion. Still the victory was won with great difficulty, and loss of life, since every projecting cliff, and jutting crag, was disputed with a bravery worthy of a better cause.

We have also to record, that the Ottoman Government, now more humane in its administration than formerly, and perhaps conscious of the disgraceful want of truth it had shown towards the chiefs of the insurgents, was contented with exiling the self-styled Padishah of Roumelia and his principal followers to Asia, and granted a full pardon to the great mass of the rebels on their returning, without delay, to their respective homes.

On emerging from this eventful valley, we again took to the mountains, and passed over a small plateau, entirely covered with fragments of rock, and great, loose, round stones, which appeared as if they had fallen on it from heaven, while every species of

flowering shrub grew among them with the greatest luxuriance, and here and there a majestic oak. How often have I admired the picturesque beauty of these interesting provinces, once so populous, now wild and desolate; if the scenery here was not so sublime as that in the Alpine districts, through which we had been so long wandering, it possessed a peculiar charm of its own. In one place, pile upon pile of rock, in every fanastic form, surrounded us, now seeming to bar all further progress, when suddenly on our passing through a deep chasm, we entered a park-like dell, green as an emerald, resembling a miniature world surrounded by its own encircling chain.

In these solitudes, where man is rarely seen, every living thing seemed to rejoice in his absence; the hum of the insects in the herbage could only be equalled by the cheerful song of the feathered tribes, land tortoises, snakes, and beautiful lizards were crawling under our horses' feet, the timid hare and graceful deer occasionally bounded before us, while high above all the soaring eagle, with his head inclined downwards, seemed following the movements of some unlucky animal he had selected as his prey. As we were still eight hours' ride from Bittoglia, and suffering from heat, to say nothing of the jaded condition of our horses, we determined to seek some shady nook where we could conveniently bivouac and find herbage for our cattle; while engaged in our search we perceived a volume of smoke curling above

the cliffs, and as we advanced the enlivening sounds of a bagpipe fell upon the ear, which told that we should find a party of travellers encamped for the night. We were not disappointed; for on entering a tiny dell, we discovered a party of Arnouts busily employed in roasting a lamb for supper, while a ragged gipsy, almost as dark as a negro, was trying to extract music from his pipes, in return for the privilege of being allowed to pick the bones the Arnouts threw away. Courteous and hospitable as these gallant fellows always are when they come in contact with a Frank, they welcomed me with every indication of warmth and sincerity to partake of their supper, and immediately made every arrangement that could conduce to my comfort. My carpet was placed in such a position that I might be in some measure screened from the night air, and protected from the smoke of the fire. We enjoyed a most substantial meal, with the exception of poor Georgy, whose less indulgent Church again condemned him to sup on bread and cheese. As usual with this warlike race, the weapons I carried with me became the subject of conversation; and as they estimated their value according to the costliness of the ornaments and the length of the barrels, they were condemned as mere toys, only fit for the amusement of children. Somewhat piqued at their sarcastic remarks, and desirous to impress my companions with a more correct opinion of the excellence of an English gun—and

it may be a little vain of my own ability as a marksman—while seeking for some object on which to display my skill, a magnificent vulture, attracted no doubt by the savoury smell of our supper, came within range of my gun; I fired, and being perhaps more fortunate than usual, the bird dropped at our feet, its head shattered to pieces. A result so unexpected called forth the loudest demonstrations of applause. The Ingleski gun was pronounced a miracle of art. This led to a trial of skill at a mark; and the sequel proved, that practice improved by science, was more than a match for an Arnout and his unwieldy arnoutka.

In these Southern provinces of European Turkey, where the heat of summer is so intense, travelling by night, where it is practicable, is usually adopted; in the present instance, we had the advantage of being lighted on our way by the beautiful Queen of Night, in addition to myriads of fire-flies; and our Arnout companions formed a gallant escort to protect us, as they were also bound for Bittoglia, to be employed by the Vizier against their brethren, the insurgents of Albania. As the day was drawing to a close, we descended into the vast plain of Bittoglia, where we had to ford several unimportant streams rushing onward to the sluggish waters of the Karasou, which we soon after crossed, over a wooden bridge, to a very considerable village, with a han and a neat Greek church. Here we remained

to rest our horses during the noon-day heat; and being Sunday, I had an opportunity of witnessing the celebration of divine service. The sacred edifice was not only completely filled, but every approach leading to it. With the exception of a few Greeks and Zinzars, the congregation consisted of Bulgarians, easily distinguished by their short, thick-set figures, honest, open countenances, and the unvarying costume, we before described—a heavy woollen mantle, never parted with either in summer or winter; the women, with the fickleness of their sex, had changed the less becoming costume of their race on the Danube and the Euxine, for that of their neighbours, the more coquettish Greek. When the service was over the women and children retired to their homes, and the men, with the officiating Papa, to the han, to drown the cares of the week in copious draughts of wine and raki, and to kick up their heels to the sound of the pipe and the gousla.

On leaving the village, we passed through a succession of well-cultivated fields of maize, cotton, rice, tobacco and saffron; wheat, barley, millet, oats and other hardy grains, which only a day or two previously we had seen growing in the mountain districts, were here safely housed in the kosh—a species of granary, in the form of a bee-hive, or tent, made of wicker-work, and roofed with straw. The foundation is usually of stone, or the trunks of trees, to preserve the grain from damp and vermin. These

indications of agricultural industry are never met with except in the vicinity of a village, and these are few and far between; for this fine plain, so fertile and productive, is very thinly inhabited—being, for the most part, covered with rank grass, prickly shrubs and forests of thistles, often attaining a height of seven feet. We also met with a number of small lakes and stagnant marshes, caused by the overflowing of the rivers, sending forth their noxious vapours, and producing those intermittent fevers, so fatal to the inhabitants of this part of Macedonia—an evil which could easily be obviated by removing the accumulation of sand-banks that bar the passage of the waters, through a plain with so inconsiderable a descent to the sea; but here, as elsewhere in these provinces, the Turkish Government exhibits the most supine indifference in everything that concerns its own interests, and the millions of human beings committed to its charge. We have already said that there are no roads, a bridge is seldom met with, and when it is, frequently so out of repair, that we preferred swimming our horses over the river to crossing it.

It avails nothing to the general prosperity of a country to possess fine seas, navigable rivers, rich mines, a fertile soil, salubrious climate, and every material for the creation of industrious wealth—all of which the Osmanli has in these provinces—there must be the means of bringing these resources into

action, by safe and easy means of internal communication, otherwise the country must continue to remain a *terra incognita*, and its inhabitants sink still lower in the slough of barbarism. Apart from the benefits that would result from facilitating mercantile transactions, in proportion as man is brought to hold intercourse with man, we advance the object a wise legislation has in view—civilization, and the removal of those national prejudices which isolation is certain to engender in the minds and habits of a people; yet, if we expatiate on these advantages to an Osmanli, whose narrow mind refuses to advance beyond the contracted circle of the few ideas he received from his forefathers, he will tell you that the empire has prospered, and still prospers, without the introduction of such unnecessary Frank innovations as carriage-roads, bridges and canals, which could have no other effect than to facilitate an invasion of their old enemies, the Russians and the Austrians.

We have, however, learned from a source that may be depended upon, that the Turkish Government has at length come to a determination of opening lines of railroad communication between Constantinople and the various commercial towns on the sea-coast, and also with the interior of the provinces; and if we except some of the mountainous districts in Bosnia, Upper Moesia and Upper Albania, the undertaking offers few engineering difficulties, and the expense would be but trifling, when we remember that the

land would cost nothing, wood is to be had for the trouble of cutting, and the wages of the labourer are low, while iron and coal abound in various parts of the provinces. Indolent from temperament, and ever suspecting the counsel of a Giaour, it is to be hoped that neither of these causes will operate to prevent the execution of a design of such vast importance, and so calculated to increase the commercial prosperity of the country. As the scheme originated with the English, to whom the Turks are attached by motives of political interest, we may entertain some expectation of seeing its accomplishment; and to show their belief in the sincerity of our desire to contribute to their welfare, we will relate an instance that occurred during one of my former visits to these provinces.

When visiting the newly-erected and really splendid military hospital and barracks at Bittoglia, in company with his Highness, Darbouhar Reschid, the Vizier, I was surprized and pained to see the number of soldiers swept off by intermittent fever, which was easily accounted for by the vapours arising from a pestilential marsh in the immediate vicinity. On mentioning the circumstance to several Italian and German medical men in the service of the Sultan, stationed here, they unhesitatingly confirmed my opinion, adding that they had frequently recommended the removal of the nuisance by draining the marsh, but without effect. Almost despairing that any representations of mine would be listened to, still I resolved to make the attempt. I explained to his Highness in what manner

marsh miasma produced disease, exaggerated its effects, and gently hinted at the possibility of the great man himself becoming a victim, especially as his very sallow complexion indicated great derangement of the biliary organs. This consideration was decisive; the terrified Osmanli, with all the energy of his race when once roused to action, immediately despatched his aides-de-camp with orders that every able-bodied man in the town should immediately, and without delay, commence the important work of draining the marsh. The mandate was peremptory; fat Rayah citizens and lazy Turks, Jews and Armenians, who had never before handled a spade, might be seen digging a trench from the marsh to the Monastir-sou, a river that runs through the town; whilst others were busily employed in carrying bricks and stones, and making mortar, to form an archway over it. Still the work was only half done, so long as the town remained embedded in mire during the continuance of wet weather, which became heaps of sand in dry. In compliance with my suggestions, the Vizier issued commands in the same arbitrary manner for paving it, and removing the butchers' stalls and other impurities.

During the time I remained at Bittoglia, I was in high favour with the reforming Vizier, and frequently accompanied him in his excursions; but the good citizens regarded my counsels with undisguised apprehension, fearing that the next order would be to pull down their wooden huts and substitute others of stone, and they certainly manifested much satisfaction

when they beheld the meddling Frank take his departure. I had, however, the gratification of leaving the town more salubrious than when I entered it; and truly the good citizens, when they waddle through the streets in their papooshes, without the danger of losing them in the mud, ought to remember with gratitude the visit of an Ingleski traveller.

On approaching the chain of mountains separating Macedonia from Albania, the vine again decorated the sides of the hills, and several pretty kiosks, surrounded with the foliage of the forest and the fruit garden, lent an additional charm to the beauty of the landscape. We had also a tolerable road, at least so long as the dry weather continued, leading to the town; and I was agreeably surprized to see the clumsy araba of other days replaced by a carriage and a pair of horses. There was also a number of well-mounted equestrians, and a multitude of gaily dressed citizens, on their way to the coffee-houses at the base of the mountain, to enjoy the exhilarating air of the evening and slake their thirst with the cold crystal springs that streamed from the rocks. As for women, the ornament of our promenades and assemblies in the West, there were but few; and if not enveloped in the folds of the yashmak, their withered countenances rendered them anything but interesting. The most attractive part of the exhibition, was the gay attire of the men, each arrayed in the costume of his respective nationality; there were turbans of every hue, mingled

with the red fez and the towering fur cap of the Jew and Armenian. These, with the Turkish officers in full uniform, the tall Arnout in his crimson vest and white phistan of many folds, the horses glittering with embroidered housings, and the weapons with gold and precious stones, imparted an endless variety to a picture only seen in Turkey, composed as it is of so many different nations and tribes.

A little further, and we came to the camp of the Nizam and the Arnouts, which presented a busy and characteristic scene of military life in these countries. There were the snow-white tents spread over the field in the form of a fan, in front of which were a number of blazing fires, surrounded by groups of soldiers, here cooking the evening meal, there amusing themselves at their peculiar and primitive gymnastic exercises, throwing the djirit, hurling a heavy bar of wood, or casting huge stones to the greatest possible distance; and not a few were practising on musical instruments, so cracked and battered, as to appear as if they were the refuse of all the orchestras of Western Europe. This discordant concert was in some degree deadened by the loud clang of the anvil, the sharpening of sabres, striking of flints, and warlike songs of the Arnouts.

In the vicinity of the camp, there were the villages, gardens, orchards and cultivated fields of the Rayahs, who were to be seen with their wives and children at work—a happy change from other days, when a camp of the irregular bands of the Beys and Spahis of Turkey

was as destructive to the prosperity of a district as if it had been overrun by the marauding hordes of an enemy. Whereas, now that the troops are regularly paid and provisioned by the Government, and the strictest discipline maintained, we rarely hear of those barbarous attacks on the person and property of the inhabitants, which disgraced the Mahometan soldiery before the introduction of the Nizam; and if this strong arm of the executive remains faithful, which it has hitherto done, it may render valuable assistance in supporting the decaying fabric of the Turkish empire.

On arriving at Bittoglia, while our companions, the Arnouts, were allowed to pass through the gates of the town unquestioned, a couple of sentinels, with crossed bayonets, barred our further progress, till a gigantic, surly old Arnout made his appearance, and in a hoarse voice demanded to see our pasch (passport); mine, already signed by such a host of Pachas and Aiens of towns and cities, was found to be correct; but poor Georgy, whose pass was from the minister of his own little principality, and in the Servian language, was greeted with a torrent of abuse: "He was the dog of dogs! all Servians were swine—the vilest of all that was filthy" The old soldier, who had lost an arm, and bore several ugly scars on the face, had probably served in his youth against the Servians, in their war of independence, and the hard knocks he had received were now recalled to his memory. Georgy, who was evidently accustomed to such rude greeting, exhibited the most commendable

patience; and as the legality of his pasch could not be disputed, he was permitted to enter and follow his master to the han.

However much Bittoglia may have improved since my last visit, the hans show no signs of amelioration; and to add to the usual disagreeables of a Turkish inn, we now found every room, hole and corner filled with Arnouts, billeted on the hanji. Happily, I was provided with letters to one of the Pachas, and to several Franks residing in the town, among whom I felt certain of finding a comfortable konak; and I was not disappointed, for on selecting one addressed to a medical man stationed here, in the service of the Sultan, Signor Roberti, a Neapolitan of Capua, I found that gentleman engaged with a party of friends celebrating his *jour de fête*. There was Halil Effendi, a French officer in the service of the Porte; a German, Achmet Effendi, master of the band; M. Spitzer, a wealthy cloth merchant, and several Italian and German medical men established in the town, or attached to the army. This was, indeed, an unexpected piece of good fortune for the wanderer in Turkey, to find himself thrown among so many intelligent natives of the civilized West. I need hardly say, however fatigued I might have been after a long, tiresome journey, we had so much to say and to hear from each other, that we did not separate till the sun streamed the next morning through the latticed windows of our apartment, when a struggle commenced among my new friends as to who should receive me as his guest. After much friendly altercation, the question

was decided by lottery, when Herr Spitzer, the rich clothier, won the prize. Such traits as this of hospitality and kindness towards the stranger in Turkey, should never be forgotten in the records of a traveller; and truth to say, I had every reason to be thankful, since I found all the comforts of a home at his house, and in his society, and that of his young and amiable wife, an intellectual enjoyment to which I had been long a stranger.

Perhaps no two people, when they meet in foreign countries far removed from home, uninfluenced by political rivalry, or clashing interests, assimilate better, or become sooner friends, than the French and the English. Halil Effendi was my constant companion, my intelligent ciceroni, and to him I was indebted for an introduction to the Vizier Seraskier of Roumelia, and all the civil and military authorities of the town. Courteous and affable in his manners, with a highly cultivated mind, Halil would have been an ornament in the most distinguished circles of intellectual Europe. Doomed to vegetate among a rude, haughty people like the Turks, as ignorant as they are obstinate, he was far from being either contented or happy, though it must be confessed he owed his annoyances in some measure to his proud spirit, which, conscious of superiority, could not descend to flattery, or submit to the slightest insult; somewhat sarcastic in his disposition, and free in his animadversions upon the unfitness of this or that ignorant adventurer, he saw raised to fill offices of the highest trust and importance, it cannot excite surprise

that he had many enemies in his own immediate circle. With the Franks he was equally unpopular, who, while they feared his caustic remarks, despised him for having forsworn the faith of his fathers. Thus, without a single friend to whom he could confide the sorrows that bowed down his lofty spirit, entirely out of the sphere in which his superior intellect had destined him to move, existence, so far as regarded its enjoyment, was a blank.

During our rambles in the mountains, he related to me some particulars of his past life—so full of tragic incidents as to appear almost a romance. His family name was a profound secret, never to be divulged; he, however, acknowledged, that when young, he had been a member of the brilliant *corps de garde* of Louis XVIII., and having talents, rank and wealth, he might reasonably have expected to become one of the leading characters of his country. Marriage, that lottery of life either for good or ill, was the means of blighting the whole of his future existence: having, in a moment of ungovernable fury, shot the seducer of his young and lovely wife—who, to render the tragedy still more revolting, was her confessor—without communicating his intention to a single friend, he fled France for ever, and took his passage in a vessel bound from Marseilles to Egypt.

Like too many of his countrymen, impetuous and imprudent, his mind embittered against Christianity, on account of the injury he had received at the hands of one of its unworthy ministers, on arriving at

Alexandria, he embraced Islamism, and took the name of Halil Effendi. Patronized by Soliman Pacha, the young renegade speedily rose from one military rank to another, till at length his talents and bravery won for him the friendship of Mehemet Ali, and his son Ibrahim Pacha, who advanced him to the colonelcy of one of the finest regiments in the service. Destiny, to use his own words, which seemed to play with its victim, by allowing him to enjoy for a time the sweets of life, only to hurl him still deeper into the abyss of misery, again wrought his downfall.

His countryman, Soliman Pacha, envious of his good fortune, and fearing a rival, became his enemy, and determined by secret machinations to effect his ruin, and for that purpose secretly contrived to circulate the most injurious reports of his character; among other things, he was accused of peculation, and only exonerated himself from the charges by submitting his conduct to the most rigorous investigation. Ever impetuous, his indignation against his calumniators knew no bounds: *coûte qui coûte*, he challenged several officers, who had been particularly active in propagating the reports to his prejudice; but as duelling is prohibited in Egypt under penalty of death, his cartels, remained unanswered. This contempt for the laws of honour irritated the high-souled Frenchman still more, and while in this excited state, he met accidentally in the streets of Cairo, one of his accusers, an officer of high rank in the household of Ibrahim Pacha. Halil upbraided his adversary in the most indignant terms,

who retorted with equal asperity, words were succeeded by blows: they fought, and the unlucky Frenchman had again the misfortune to imbrue his hands in the blood of his enemy—his opponent fell dead at his feet. To save his life he had no alternative but flight, and it required a swift dromedary to enable him to escape the pursuit of the officers of justice.

Halil, however, succeeded in reaching Constantinople, where, having been introduced to the newly-appointed Vizier of Roumelia, he became his secretary and aid-de-camp. On the death of his friend, the Vizier, he was again compelled to seek some employment, when, after filling several unimportant stations in the civil and military department, the Government in acknowledgment of his services have recently given him the post of Instructor in Chief to the Nizam, at Bittoglia, with the pay of a Major in the Turkish service. The unlucky Halil, having now lost the fire and energy of youth, divides his time between his official duties, and in writing a history of the Turkish Empire, from its commencement down to the present day; and should he live to publish it, I feel assured, from the industry and talent of the man, it will be found to be a work of great interest; and being a good artist, he intends to embellish it with plates, illustrative of the costume and manners of the Osmanli, and of the numerous tribes and races subject to their rule in Europe and Asia.

Bittoglia, which takes its Turkish name, Toli Monastir, from a famous Greek monastery that for-

merly stood here, is presumed by antiquarians to be erected on the site of the ancient Heraclea. It is the seat of the Vizier of Roumelia and two Pachas, civil and military, and said to contain fifty thousand inhabitants.

The modern public buildings, consisting of the cavalry and infantry barracks, the hospital, the palace of the Vizier, and those of the other Pachas, impart to Bittoglia a European aspect; while the enormous bazaar, the numerous mosques, narrow streets, and wooden houses, are all completely Turkish. The rapid rolling Monastir-sou, that traverses the town in various branches, contributes much to its salubrity; and the number of caravans of camels, mules, and horses, constantly passing through it, is a decisive proof of the commercial activity of the inhabitants. The Spanish Jews settled here are said to be very wealthy, and to enjoy certain privileges granted them, when they first sought refuge in this country from the intolerance of bigotted Spain; these, with Armenians, Zinzars and Greeks, engross the entire trade of the town. The remainder of the inhabitants are composed of Rayahs, and a few hundred Osmanli and Arnouts.

I observed a greater quantity of English merchandize here, than in any other town in European Turkey; the cutlery was principally of Austrian manufacture, and execrably bad. I cannot but think that our Birmingham and Sheffield manufacturers would find here a profitable market for their wares, particularly forks and spoons of British silver, as the Turks are daily becoming more

accustomed to their use. The merchants regretted there was no English agent settled here, and were of opinion that the appointment of one would considerably increase the sale of British manufactures, there being none nearer than Salonica, on the Ægean Sea.

The most interesting personage I met with among the Turks at Bittoglia, was Moustapha Bey, the Colonel of a regiment of the Nizam, just arrived. On hearing from Achmet Pacha, to whom I was indebted for much kindness, that an English traveller was in the town, he sent me an invitation to dinner, written in as good French, and the note as neatly folded, as if I had received it in Paris.

Moustapha Bey, who was very rich, spared no expense to give us an excellent dinner. Our party consisted of his Highness the Vizier, the Scheick-Islam of the department, two Pachas, Halil Effendi, and several distinguished military and civil officers of the town. The entertainment was given in the garden, where an elegant tent was erected, and gaily decorated for the occasion. In the arrangement of the dinner there was an approach to European customs, for we had chairs, knives, forks and spoons. Before we sat down, each guest went through the usual ceremony of washing the hands; for this purpose, he was presented with a plated copper basin filled with water, and a towel, by the servants in attendance. We had an endless number of dishes, which, after being merely tasted by each person, were removed, to be replaced by others. There was nothing drank during dinner, not even water;

but on retiring to the private apartment of the Bey with a few of his intimate friends, we had champagne, and several of the choicest wines of Greece and Italy, while those who remained in the tents consoled themselves by drinking copious draughts of raki. The entertainment concluded, after washing the hands, with a cup of strong black coffee without sugar, and the eternal tchibouque.

Moustapha Bey was altogether a remarkable man, in accomplishments far superior to any Mahometan I ever met with; he spoke the French, Italian, and Russian languages—the latter fluently, and with the accent of a native of Russia; in fact, there was a mystery about the early youth and family of the Bey, who, in addition to being considered very wealthy, was highly educated, a circumstance none of his friends could fathom, not even Halil, whose inquiring spirit generally made him acquainted with the history of every man of note he came in contact with. He was supposed to have been by birth a Caucasian, and to have served in the Russian army, and from some resemblance to the Emperor Napoleon, in form and features, he usually went by that name among his comrades. He appeared to be intensely interested in his profession, subscribed to several scientific periodicals of Western Europe, which might be seen with a profusion of ancient and modern military works lying on the tables of his apartment.

In every epoch of the history of Macedonia, Bittoglia and its beautiful plain has been the theatre of sanguinary contests; here the Greek and the Roman

combatted long and fiercely, the one for independence and the other for empire; here the hordes of Northern Europe, the Goths and Vandals, encamped and ravaged its rich cities and towns; and here the Servians triumphed over the Byzantines, and drove them to seek safety within the strong walls of Constantinople, when their Czar added that of Kral of Macedonia to his other numerous titles, and maintained their conquest till the advent of the warlike hordes of the shepherd Othman. During these dreadful contests, Bittoglia was frequently destroyed and as often rebuilt; the natural advantages of the situation, fine climate and rapid river, ever inducing man to settle and make it his place of abode.

At the time of the Turkish invasion Bittoglia was a flourishing town, famous for the number of its churches and the largest monastery in Macedonia. These were entirely destroyed by the infuriated Turks, in revenge for the long and obstinate defence made by the inhabitants; who, headed by the clergy, had converted the monastery and churches into fortresses. The loss of the fine library of manuscripts, written by the earliest divines of the Christian Church, of which the monastery was so justly proud, is much to be deplored; still, as the conqueror, Mahomet II., was a great patron of literature, it is the opinion of many persons that he caused them to be conveyed to Constantinople, and that they are still preserved among the archives of the Turkish empire.

It would appear, from the ruins of broken columns

and hills of rubbish overgrown with herbage, that the old town was built on a declivity of the adjoining mountain; in the present day Bittoglia is not fortified, it is merely used as a military station for a large army, ever ready to take the field against the mountaineers of Albania, if they should have sufficient hardihood to make a descent upon the plains of Macedonia. In 1830, Bittoglia was the scene of one of those horrible massacres that characterized the barbarous rule of the Turk even at that recent epoch, and to which we shall have occasion to allude more in detail when we get to Albania. During our wanderings in the town, Halil Effendi pointed out to me the spot where it was perpetrated by command of Mehmet Reschid, then Grand Vizier. There stands the kiosk where he sat, and exulted over the murder of four hundred chieftains and Beys of Albania, who fell the victims of a treachery unparalleled in the annals of political crime; and though it enabled the Government to introduce its system of European reform, a deed that plunged the entire country into grief and mourning has not been forgotten, and has given rise to those repeated outbreaks which are gradually weakening the resources of the Ottoman empire, Mahometan arrayed against Mahometan in deadly strife. Even while I am now writing, Albania is again in revolt; and Bittoglia has become a vast camp filled with the Nizam, and armed bands of Arnouts and Bosnians, to be employed against their brethren in race and creed on the other side of the mountains.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Bittoglia—Mountain travelling—Singular lake—Turbaned grave-stones—Aspect of the country—Inhabitants—Bivouac—Numerous caravan—Visit from the mountaineers—Lake of Presba—Magnificent scenery—Arrival at Ocrida—Hospitable reception from Mr. Roby—Description of Ocrida and its romantic lake—Primitive boats—Visit to the Monastery of Schir Naoun—The monks—A model monastery—A visit to Ali, the Governor of Ocrida—The magic wand—A fishing party with Ali—Dr. Schück—Turkish pic-nic.

We had already remained six days in Bittoglia, and Georgy, who was slowly recovering from a severe attack of intermittent fever, partly from his dread of going among the cut-throats of Albania, as he termed them, obstinately refused to accompany me if I persisted in extending my tour across the mountains. This resolution of my kiraidji entailed upon me much vexation and inconvenience. He was honest and faithful, and from long travelling together, we had become attached to each other; but Kismet, as the Turks would say, stood my friend. I was saved from the delay and

annoyance of being obliged to procure a pair of horses and another guide by my friends, who having introduced me to a Greek merchant, Constantine Roby, he kindly offered me the use of his horses, and the escort of his caravan as far as Ocrida, with a letter of introduction to his father, a resident in that town. I had also the gratification of being accompanied by Signor Roberti, Halil Effendi, and two other gentlemen of the town, to an interesting lake in a deep gorge of the mountains, where the snow never melts during the greatest heat of summer.

On leaving Bittoglia, we followed the rocky banks of the Monastir-sou, through a deep defile which led up the precipitous side of the mountain, offering at every angle in the pathway some frightful chasm, each more terrible than the other; it was a foretaste of what we were to expect in the Skela (horse-pathways) of Albania, the most execrable and dangerous for the traveller in European Turkey. Having already served a long apprenticeship to this sort of travelling, I had become callous to any apprehension of danger; but my friends, who had been accustomed to easy equestrian promenades on the plains of Bittoglia, were much alarmed for the safety of their necks.

At length, after a toilsome ascent of nearly four hours, we reached the summit of a rock, beneath which lay the lake, surrounded by a chain of rocks, jagged and torn, as if they had been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature; at the same time we enjoyed a splendid view of Bittoglia and its beautiful plain, en-

circled by a chain of mountains, and the defile leading to Salonica on the Ægean Sea. The lake is small and said to be fathomless, and so cold, that when the hand is immersed in it, the icy chill is felt in every part of the body. People who suffer from intermittent and other fevers of that description, make this lake their resort during summer; and I was informed, rarely fail to recover in a few weeks; they drink the water and perform copious ablutions. We found a han and a coffee-house, with a few temporary huts for the accommodation of the invalids.

On parting from our friends, who made up their minds to pass the night at the comfortless han near the lake, rather than run the risk of breaking their necks twice in the same day by returning to Bittoglia, we continued our route to Ocrida. The continual ascent and descent of these mountain ridges, with their impenetrable forests, jutting rocks and deep defiles, which form a natural boundary between Macedonia and Albania, and the only means of communication in these parts between the two countries, must be highly dangerous for a hostile army to cross. They are, in fact, a connecting link with the Pindus on one side, and with the more elevated chain we described when travelling in Upper Albania in those districts of Prizren, Ipek and Gousnee, and which runs through Tchernegora, on to the Adriatic, thus encircling the whole of Albania in a wall of rock on its land frontier, with the sea on the other, as a boundary. The Turks in their endeavours to destroy the nationality of a people,

may change the name of certain districts and include them in those of another province; but the long ridges of mountains by which Albania is encircled, have traced upon its soil the lines of a natural map, which no hand of man can erase, while the inhabitants, whether Christian or Mahometan, are distinguished by the same traits, customs, manners and language.

The mountain district through which we were now travelling, included in the government of the Vizier of Roumelia, was long the battle-ground between the armies of the Crescent and the Cross; here the hero Scanderbeg, at the head of his fierce mountaineers, destroyed one infidel army after another, which would appear incredible, were we not aware of the danger an enemy incurs in passing over a country like this, so strong in natural defences, and inhabited by a people who have lost nothing of the valour of their ancestors. We are reminded of the contest by meeting here and there with clusters of ancient turbaned grave-stones, indicating that the ground must never be disturbed where the blood of the faithful has been shed. However barren these mountains may appear, on viewing their naked rocky pinnacles from a distance, they contain within their bosom many beautiful and fertile valleys, gorges and defiles, producing luxuriant crops of grain; the sides of the mountains are also tolerably well wooded, and interspersed here and there with blooming meadows and green fields, on which we see herds of sheep, goats, and even small oxen grazing; and if we may judge from the number of hamlets, the population

must be considerable; but this is one of the peculiarities of these provinces, so long the theatre of devastating war and Turkish misrule, and which induced the industrious Rayah to leave the plain and seek a home in the mountain, where he might live with his family in comparative security.

We encamped for the night in a lonely glen not far distant from the Lake of Presba, where we found a caravan had already taken up their quarters, so that with the addition of our party, we amounted altogether to nearly a hundred men; this was the most numerous assemblage of kiraidjis, with their packs of merchandize, I had yet met with in these provinces; and truly it was an interesting scene to see so many blazing fires in various parts of the glen, surrounded by members of every nationality in the Turkish empire, each displaying in his language, dress and manners, some characteristic of his race; and in the midst of them, a solitary Englishman, placing full reliance in their good faith and honesty; and though I had not now my old friend Georgy to say something in favour of his Ingleski Gospodin, I was everywhere treated by these wild-looking men with the greatest courtesy and kindness, who thought themselves highly honoured if I sat down and eat, drank or smoked the tchibouque with them, or condescended to tell them something about the manners and customs of Frangistan.

The situation selected for our nightly bivouac combined many advantages; we had sufficient pasture for our horses, and the finest spring water, in addition to

being overshadowed by the leafy branches of a fine grove of linden and beech trees. On arriving at one of these halting places of the caravan, we feel inclined to forgive the Turk his numerous sins against civilization, when we remember it is to his munificence we owe them. The same hand that erected the fountain to quench the thirst of the traveller, planted the trees to shelter him from the scorching rays of the sun, and gave the surrounding land to produce herbage for his horses. In the present instance, the Turkish inscription on the marble slab of the fountain, told us that we were indebted for all this to the piety of a repentant sinner, who, having conferred so great a benefit on the wayworn traveller, hoped the charitable deed would open to him the gates of Paradise.

Hitherto we had not seen any symptoms of an insurrectionary movement among the mountaineers; the pandour reposed undisturbed in his karaoul, played on his pipe, or smoked his tchibouque; the shepherd was as tranquil as his bleating charge; and men, women and children, were seen quietly at work in the fields. It is true, we were visited in the evening by a party of tall mountaineers, armed to the teeth; their sunburnt complexions, fiery eyes, tattered jackets, and not over clean phistan, imparting to them somewhat of a bandit appearance; but so far from their mission being warlike, they had merely come to exchange bread, cheese and honey, for salt, tobacco and gunpowder.

The stars were still twinkling in the heavens, when I was awoke from a pleasant dream by the loud "ha!

ho! hu! ugh! ugh!" of the kiraidji, calling his horses, who had strayed into the depths of the forest in search of pasture: it was curious to see the sagacious animals galloping with all their might towards the bivouac, and each singling out his own master, certain as he was of being regaled with a substantial meal of corn. After sundry greetings in all the dialects in use in the Turkish empire, we here parted from the greater number of our companions, who were bound for Bittoglia and the other large towns of Macedonia and Thessaly.

The weather was delightful, and our horses invigorated by rest, food, and the cool morning breeze made rapid progress. On approaching the Lake of Presba, the first gleam of day began to crimson the east, partially lighting up the majestic mountain which lay between us and the plains of Ocrida. As we advanced, and the sun shot forth its rays, it was beautiful to see the various tints and shades that so rapidly succeeded each other on the pinnacled rocks above us—a glorious contrast with the fleecy folds of mist that hovered around, at one time veiling the entire landscape, then affording a glimpse of the wildest sylvan scenery, and again disclosing a frightful abyss. We had also the fragrance of a thousand aromatic herbs, the leafy labyrinth of a forest, the growth of centuries, intermingled with rocks of no great elevation, shooting up in the most varied and fantastic forms; and not unfrequently, at this early hour, a stealthy wolf, a bear, a lynx, a deer, or some other wild animal, burst through the cover, and bounded across our path,

calling forth from my companions, if they were of evil omen, a hasty prayer to the Panagia to protect them, and much crossing and handling of amulets, as an antidote against any ill luck during the remainder of the day.

On leaving the Lake of Presba, instead of taking the more circuitous, and easy route, by way of the little town of Resna, and which the kiraidjis usually follow in rainy weather, we ascended the steep sides of the mountain through the bed of a dried-up torrent, scrambling up, as best we might, with the additional labour of being now and then obliged to pull our horses after us, till we attained the summit—a romantic plateau, verdant as a lawn, and encircled by a chain of rocks; here we encamped under the shade of a cluster of fir-trees, to rest our horses, and prepare the noon-day meal. While my companions were engaged with their culinary operations, I made my way up the steep sides of a pyramid of rock, whence I beheld a most magnificent prospect: I had crossed heights of far greater elevation, and enjoyed far more extensive views from the mountains of European Turkey, but none more beautiful, nor more romantic than this, embellished as it was by that gem of all lakes, Ocrida. There was a fine plain, with its fertilizing rivers; the lake and town of Ocrida, with its ruined fortress; meadows and pastures, with their flocks and herds; hills covered with the rich foliage of the vine, the plane, and the cypress; the whole surrounded by a belt of mountains, rising up into a chaos of rocky precipices in all their varied and grotesque

forms, here and there interspersed with the dark foliage of the forest.

In the cool of the evening, we descended the long declivity of the mountain which leads to the plain of Ocrida, through a labyrinth of glens, gorges, ravines and precipices, with their cascades and virgin forests, and just as the sun had warned man from his labour and the birds to their nests, we entered the town of Ocrida, where I received a hearty welcome from my hospitable friend, Mr. Roby.

The town of Ocrida, partly built on the banks of the lake; and partly grouped around a solitary rock, Mount Piera, crowned with the ruins of a citadel, takes its name from a Greek word, Acri (a place strong and high). The population consists of a few thousand Christians of the Latin and Greek Churches, and a Turkish garrison of a few hundred men. The Greeks tell us that Acri was founded by Cadmus, and that it had also the honour of giving birth to the Emperor Justinian; who made it occasionally his residence, and adorned it with churches, aqueducts, and other public buildings. The Church of St. Sophia, in tolerable preservation, is now converted into a magazine for the use of the Turkish troops, and the ruins of another in the summit of Mount Piera, are all that remain to attest the munificence of the Emperor towards his native town. St. Sophia is not remarkable for the beauty of its architecture; but the columns in the interior, with their exquisite carving, sufficiently indicate that they were chiselled when art had attained a high degree of per-

fection, and probably had adorned a Pagan temple of the Greeks.

Situated at a height of at least two thousand feet above the level of the sea, the climate of Ocrida is highly salubrious; this, with its picturesque mountains, beautiful lake, and fertile plain, renders it one of the most desirable towns as a residence in European Turkey; but like every other place where the race of Othman have established their withering rule, we everywhere see around us the finest lands—a desert, and the town itself a mere assemblage of huts lying in the midst of the ruins of centuries. I have wandered in many lands, admired some of the most picturesque districts in the Old and the New World, yet I cannot recal to my recollection any that surpassed, in romantic beauty, Ocrida and its charming lake. Let the reader fancy a sheet of water, nearly seven leagues in length, and from one to two in breadth, its shelving banks, here and there rising to a height of more than four thousand feet, offering the most delightful sites for the erection of towns and villages, without a single marsh in its vicinity, except at Strouga, a couple of leagues distant, where its waters flow into the River Drin.

Transparent as a sheet of crystal, the ancient Greeks gave to the Lake of Ocrida the name of Lychnis, and tell us, that in their day its beautiful banks were the abode of Pan and his shepherds. The lake also abounds with fish, which without any exaggeration, may be seen at a depth of from fifty to sixty feet.

They are not only in great abundance, but far superior to any I ever met with in an inland lake, particularly the salmon-trout of the finest flavour; this is owing to the number of filtered torrents, cold as ice, that flow into the lake through subterranean channels in the bosom of the adjoining mountains, and traverse its whole length in a strong current from the Convent of Schir Naoun to the River Drin, at Strouga. These torrents are said to communicate with the Lake of Presba, which we noticed while travelling on the other side of the mountain.

In every epoch of the history of Albania, Ocrida, with its citadel, which commands the lake, the plains, and the various defiles leading into the interior of the mountains, was considered a place of great military importance. Over the principal gate we can still trace a Roman inscription; and in the fortifications and crumbling towers, indications of the architecture of the Byzantines, Goths, Normans, Bulgarians and Servians, whose chiefs made it their residence, and added to the original defences some fort or tower; but the inert race of Othman, who neither plant nor sow, build nor repair, have left it in the same ruinous state they found it after the capitulation of the Christian warriors of Albania under Scanderbeg.

The art of boat building is still as primitive here as in the days of the first patriarch. A canoe, scooped out of the trunk of a gigantic oak or plane-tree, is the only thing in the shape of a boat to be found at Ocrida; they are, however, not to be despised, since

we contrived in one, with the help of a pair of stout Albanian fishermen of the town as rowers, to navigate the lake as far as the Convent of Schir Naoun. We were accompanied by Dr. Schück, a German surgeon in the service of the Ottoman Porte, stationed here with his regiment, and a young priest from one of the numerous stiftes or monasteries in Vienna, Missionary to the Latin Miriditi in the adjoining mountains. Although our canoe did not move with great velocity, it had the advantage of being perfectly safe, water-tight, and sufficiently large to contain our party; and it would be most unjust to our beautiful lake and its magnificent scenery, not to say that we heartily enjoyed our voyage. We had the additional pleasure of catching some splendid salmon-trout, a dainty dish to present to the monks when we got to Schir Naoun. I took them with rod and line, to the utter astonishment of a crowd of Albanian mountaineers, who never saw the feat performed before, and who kept staring at us as if they had seen a wizard.

The monastery of Schir Naoun (the holy nun), romantically situated on the eastern bank of the lake, is one of the finest edifices of the kind in European Turkey. It dates its foundation from the reign of the Emperor Justinian, who endowed it most munificently with lands and other privileges, all of which the Turkish Government have allowed it to retain, in consideration of the monks appropriating a part of the building as an hospital, and taking under their care a certain number of invalid soldiers and others of

whatever sect or religious persuasion. The good fathers have so well and faithfully performed their part, that Schir Naoun is held in high favour by the Mahometans, whose high dignitaries not unfrequently resort here for the re-establishment of their health. The monks assured us, they had at that time under their care upwards of seventy patients, which might be doubled in cases of extreme urgency. Their own brotherhood, with the novices, number about sixty. Medicine, in all its branches, is taught among them, and practised as a profession; they are also skilful agriculturists, gardeners, and mechanics of every description; their farms are the best cultivated in the country, and their peasants seemingly contented and happy. Altogether, our visit to Schir Naoun afforded us much pleasure. We were most hospitably entertained and lodged for the night, and the establishment may be regarded as a model institution of what a monastery ought to be in a half-civilized country like this, where a community of well-educated, well-intentioned men, having retired from the world, devote their time and energies to the service of the suffering and the distressed, in addition to introducing among the people reforms and improvements in their various agricultural pursuits. At the same time, we must not withhold from the Turks our approbation, who for so many centuries have allowed the good fathers to enjoy their privileges and revenues undisturbed.

On returning to Ocrida, we found our host, Mr. Roby, and his family in great tribulation. Ali, the governor of the town, a relative of the famous

Ali Paṣha, of Jannina, had sent his kavaas and jis to make inquiry about the English traveller, and menaced the poor people with his highest displeasure for not having announced my arrival. The fact was this, however much the testy old man might have felt annoyed at an Englishman having been seen in the town without paying his respects to him, his curiosity was aroused by the exaggerated reports circulated by this superstitious people respecting the operations of a certain little magic wand which the stranger had so successfully employed in charming the fish of the lake. Accompanied by Dr. Schück, we therefore lost no time in presenting ourselves at the konak of the governor; and, as we expected, after the usual ceremonies were over, a hint or two was cleverly thrown out by the Kadi (for a Turk in authority must never appear ignorant of anything known to man under heaven) respecting our excursions on the lake; this led to an explanation, which, increasing in interest, an appointment was actually made by Ali, for a fishing party the following day.

Our fishing excursion, however, was conducted with so much state, as to be quite an event in the history of the little town of Ocrida. In addition to Ali, the governor, who was habited in the uniform of a Bimbashi of the Nizam-y-Djedid, we had the Insbashi and Moulasin, captain and lieutenant of the troops stationed here; there was also the Iman in his ecclesiastical turban of green, the Kadi with his insignia of office, together with several inferior officers of the town,

whose rank permitted them to approach the dread representative of the Sultan's authority at Ocrida. These were followed by a host of white and black servants, bearing tchibouques of great length, and colossal bags filled with tutoun (tobacco), while the rear of the procession was brought up by mules, laden with tents, provisions, and all the paraphernalia necessary to the comfort of a Turkish dignitary. At length, having selected a pretty retired spot on the banks of the lake, shaded by the magnificent foliage of the oak and the plane-tree, preparations were made to pass the day. Quick as a flash of lightning, the tents were erected and the carpets spread; at the same time a number of jis were employed at a distance in lighting fires, when having regaled ourselves with the usual stimulant of a Turk, coffee and the tchibouque, the operation of charming the trout commenced. Ali, feeling himself sufficiently initiated in the secret of plying the magic wand, led the way. But, alas! however subtle he might be as a ruler over men, he was entirely at fault when he had to do with so wary a subject as a trout. Splash followed splash, till the good old man, losing all patience, resigned his task to the hands of his next neighbour, the Kadi, who also failing, passed it to the Iman, and from him to the gallant Insbashi, till having made the round of the Turkish dignitaries, it fell into the hands of Dr. Schück, who possessing some knowledge of the art of angling, swept his line; but in doing so, hooked the fat Iman, a mishap that drew down upon him a hearty roar of laughter,

which even Mahometan gravity and decorum could not repress.

We had, however, some capital sport, and notwithstanding the great heat of the noonday sun, so unpropitious to an angler, succeeded in tempting a large salmon-trout, full ten pounds in weight, from beneath the shade of a projecting crag. To the intense interest of all our friends, he fought long for life and freedom; every now and then, as he approached the shore, scared by so many people, rushing out again into deep water with the velocity of an arrow shot from a bow, till at length, completely beaten, we landed him with perfect ease. The feat in reality was trifling, and which any disciple of Isaac Walton might accomplish equally well, but these people, who had never seen fish caught before with rod and line, expressed the most unbounded admiration. It, however, proves the interest these people have begun to take in the customs and manners of the European nations, and their desire to assimilate themselves to our social habits, and break down the barrier that had so long severed them from all intercourse with their more civilized neighbours. It is hardly necessary to add, that we enjoyed the sumptuous entertainment *à la champêtre* of our hospitable host, Ali, and parted excellent friends.

CHAPTER IV.

Imperial fisheries of the Sultan—Defile of the Drin—Ascent of the Miriditi Mountains—Hospitality of the inhabitants—Aspect of the country—Arrival at the Djeta of a Miriditi chieftain—Sketch of Hamsa, the chief—His singular history—Austrian and Italian missionaries—Fanaticism of the Miriditi—Stefa, my kiraidji—Some account of him—The versatility of his religious opinions—The pass of Keupris—Dangerous travelling—Rencontre with a party of Albanian rebels—Ancient bridge over the Scoumbi—Arrival at Elbassan—Description of the town and its inhabitants—The Albanian tribes—Their political tendencies—Some account of the independent tribes of the Miriditi—Depopulation of Albania.

For want of space, we are compelled to conclude our sketches of Ocrida and its beautiful lake, which if Monsïeur Voltaire had seen, he never would have said, when writing upon Geneva, "Mon lac est le premier lac du monde!" And now, having secured another kiraidji, accompanied by my friend, the Missionary from Vienna, we set out for the mountain home of those independent tribes of Albania, the Miriditi, the worthy

priest assuring me that we should not only meet with a hospitable reception from his co-religionists, but find a chief there who spoke the English language fluently.

On leaving Ocrida, our route lay along the banks of the lake, over meadows like a bowling-green, till we came to the little town of Strouga, distant about two leagues; here, in compliance with a previous invitation, we passed the remainder of the day and night at the house of a very worthy man, Demetrius Miladin, who had been to Italy and Trieste, and spoke the Italian language fluently. Our short stay here afforded us an opportunity of visiting the imperial fisheries; and however clumsily erected, they yield the Sultan an annual revenue of a hundred thousand piastres. Here we also plied our fishing-rod, and succeeded even better in charming the trout than in the Lake of Ocrida; they are smaller in size, but far more numerous.

After passing the bridge at Strouga, we followed the banks of the Tzerna Drina (Black Drin), to distinguish it from the White Drin, which, rising in the Alpine district of the Scardus, in Upper Albania, meets the Black Drin at Stana, and forms one river. About a league, or a league and a half from Strouga, the defile of the Drin commences, so famous during the wars of the Turks and the Christians in the time of Scanderbeg, and said to be the most formidable and dangerous to the advance of an enemy of any in European Turkey; and truly the wild aspect of the landscape before us—the river dashing through its narrow bed, enclosed within piles of rocks shooting up

till their summits are lost in the clouds, rendered still more sombre by the dark foliage of trees springing out of every fissure, might suffice to appal the stoutest heart in a position that offered no security from the attack of an enemy in possession of the heights, who had only to hurl down the loose fragments of rocks to crush every living thing beneath them; and this is the only entrance from the vast basin of Ocrida into the mountain retreat inhabited by those independent tribes of Albania called the Miriditi.

We passed through a couple of villages inhabited by the Mahometan Miriditi, who to distinguish themselves from their Christian brethren occupying the higher regions of the mountain, call themselves the Djeghi. We will say nothing about their religious feelings, but I thought there was more respect displayed towards my companion, the missionary, who appeared to be no stranger to them, than was consistent with the usual bearing of good Mahometans.

On leaving the defile of the Drin, so aptly named by the Turks the Kara-Drina, we ascended, or rather climbed up, the steep sides of the mountain through a cleft in the rocks, in rainy weather the bed of a cataract, where it required all our care to steady the feet of our trembling steeds. At length we got to the summit of a beautiful plateau, with a neat village surrounded by cultivated fields, and flocks of sheep and goats browsing on the surrounding slopes; the small white chapels with Latin crosses, sufficiently indicated that we were now within what may be called the terri-

tory of the Latin Miriditi. Here we remained for the night, the hospitable mountaineers providing every necessary that could conduce to our comfort.

On continuing our route through this secluded mountain region, I was agreeably surprized to see a succession of these little hamlets with their orchards and fields, in which maize and barley appeared the principal productions; indeed, every spot capable of culture was tilled with the most indefatigable industry, and every rivulet artificially turned and divided into a succession of tiny streamlets for the purpose of irrigation. In a few favoured situations they grew a little tobacco for their own use; and here and there in a field or two, supported by terraces constructed of fragments of the rock, the vine and the walnut were seen growing in the richest luxuriance; still, the great source of wealth to these mountaineers consists in their flocks of sheep and goats, together with the produce of the apiary. Forests of the noble oak also are seen occasionally feathering the sides of the mountain; but in a country without roads or navigable rivers, they yield no profit whatever to the inhabitants, except what they convert to their own use.

From time to time we found the mountains broken and split into narrow, deep gorges, as if by an earthquake, between which there was no connexion, but by a species of bridge constructed of trunks of trees, disclosing a yawning abyss beneath frightful to behold. To cross one of these, without any railing or support, required no little nerve; yet, if we could divest our-

selves of the fear, so natural to man, knowing that the slightest false step hurls him to destruction, there is in reality no more danger to be apprehended, than if they were thrown over a rivulet a few feet in depth. With man habit is second nature; but we did not find it so with our horses. Our greatest difficulty was in getting them over with their unwieldy pack-saddles, not always securely fastened or properly balanced; and notwithstanding all their good qualities and sure-footedness in mountain travelling, and some portion of courage, not one of them would cross these bridges without being blindfolded, with a man at the head of each horse, and another to steady the saddle; and then the moment their feet touched the wooden plank they trembled so violently, that it required all the endearing epithets of the kiraidji to comfort them during the passage, lest they should actually from fear and weakness tumble down the precipice. Sometimes when we gained the summit of one of these mountains, and the horizon opened to the vision, we saw around us a boundless labyrinth of gorges and deep defiles intersecting each other, overcapped by a chaos of rocks, torn, broken and split, with here and there a naked peak still streaked with snow, running up to a height of between five and six thousand feet. How great must be the love of freedom inherent in man when he has sought such a country as this for his habitation!

At length we arrived at a small but beautiful plateau, in the centre of which lay a village, a little Eden, sur-

rounded by orchards, corn-fields and meadows, through which was roaring a torrent on its way to swell the waters of the Scoumbi. This was the Djeta, or principal residence of the chieftain and his clansmen. It was evident from the reception we met with, the discharge of fire-arms, and the number of kilted warriors who came to welcome us, that my friend, the missionary, had heralded our visit by an *avant courier*. We were at once conducted to the koula of the chief, a stone building surmounted by a species of fortified tower, sufficiently strong to resist a discharge of musketry, with port-holes and a gallery surrounding it. We found the entire household engaged cooking in the open air around several large fires. In one place a whole sheep roasting on a wooden spit, gave evidence that the principal men of the tribe had been invited to enjoy the feast.

Hamsa, the chief, who looked the very personification of a mountain warrior, although past the meridian of life, was still a splendid fellow. In early youth he had the misfortune to kill the son of a neighbouring chief during one of their oft-recurring faidas (domestic quarrels); this obliged him to seek safety in flight, as these people still regard vengeance for blood that is shed as one of the first laws of nature, and in this neither the humanizing precepts of the faith they profess, nor the exhortations of their clergy, have been able to effect a reformation. In vain he sought an asylum among the Austrians at Cattaro; revenge tracked him thither; and his life would have paid the

penalty, had he not crossed the sea to Corfu. Here, having changed his name, and by some employment or commerce contrived to amass a little fortune, he was enabled to pay such a fine as satisfied the relatives of the deceased, and permitted him to return with safety and independence to his tribe. He spoke a mixture of the English and Italian languages intelligible to me. This was fortunate, as I did not understand the Albanian, except such words as were derived from the Turkish, Slavonian or Latin. He mentioned the name of Sir Thomas Maitland, and of several other distinguished officers quartered there during his exile; and he must have been well treated, for he lauded the character of the English to the seventh heaven; a people, he said, the most generous and highly-gifted, who knew everything, and did everything better than any other; concluding his eulogium, by hoping the day was not far distant when he might hail them as the rulers of Albania!

Hamsa's admiration for the English did not evaporate in empty declamation. During his sojourn in the land of the stranger he had learned much, the beneficial effects of which were visible, so far as the influence of his example and means extended. The huts of his clansmen were neater, and their gardens and fields better cultivated, than those of their neighbours; he had built a little church, and endowed a school with land, where the youths of his clan received an education suitable at least to their mode of life. Having lost his wife, and being without children, he devoted

his time and energies to the services of his clansmen; still he regretted the loss of those delights of a more civilized existence he had previously enjoyed, but the love he bore to his tribe and his native mountains, prevailed over every other consideration.

The fra missionary who was accustomed to visit Hamsa's tribe, was evidently a great favourite; he knew everybody, and was regarded by young and old as a saint. He had brought with him a large collection of little wooden crucifixes, painted engravings of Madonnas, saints and angels; these he distributed most liberally, accompanied by his benediction, among the people, who received them with acclamations of delight and admiration: they had now in their possession a talisman, which must triumph over the Evil One, and bring prosperity and happiness to their homes. "It is well," said Hamsa, turning to me with a grave countenance, "you English have been better taught; but these poor, simple people would require a century before they could be brought to appreciate the excellence of the form of worship I have seen practised in your church at Corfu. Again, their eternal feuds, and their division into so many opposing creeds—Latin, Greek and Mahometan—each hating the other with all the bitterness of religious fanaticism, has been the cause of all our evils: were it not for this, we should long since have driven forth the Osmanli, with their debasing harritch; and Albania, with its mountains, rich plains, valleys and sea, would have been independent.

"Although," continued the patriot, "we are Miriditi

of the pure race of Scanderbeg, and enjoy here, thanks to the fastnesses of our native mountains, and the bravery of our people, a species of freedom; yet our isolation from all commerce with our brethren of the lowlands, perpetuates our ignorance and fanatic hatred of every other people and creed differing from ours, and exposes us alike to the hostility of the Mahometans, and the Slavonian and Hellenic Greeks. I did once entertain the hope," added Hamsa, "while I remained an exile among your people, of forming a union with our brethren of the lowlands, the Djeghi, of whatever religious persuasion. The attempt was made and failed: Osmanli gold prevailed, our leader, Moustapha, Pacha of Scutari, proved a traitor, and I have had to deplore the loss of my only boy. The Osmanli, however, have been again taught to respect our bravery, and a better feeling has sprung up between the tribes of our race, the Miriditi, of whatever religious persuasion."

It were to be wished that these fanatic Romanists, the Miriditi mountaineers, had a few more men among them, possessing the same enlightened views as their countrymen, Hamsa. I was much pleased in having met with him, and regretted that I could not accept his invitation, and prolong my stay at his koula, and become more intimate with the manners and customs of these interesting mountaineers. According to every information we received, the insurrection of the Mussulman inhabitants of Albania was increasing, which determined me without loss of time to proceed towards the sea-coast, and leave the country, if circumstances

should so dictate. Here I also parted from my friend, the missionary, and again set forth on my journey.

I was this time accompanied by a native of Macedonia, as a kiraidji; he was an excellent fellow in his way, spoke a little Italian, which, with his own *patois*, a mixture of Albanian, Slavonian, Greek, and Turkish, enabled us to understand each other. Among his other qualifications, as a kiraidji, he was lively and communicative, knew the country well, and the character of the inhabitants, and how to avoid danger while travelling through a land in so disorganised a state as Albania; he was also full of anecdote, whether real or imaginary, and among other things amused me with accounts of the great antiquity of his own family, for Stefa was nothing less than a descendant of the Macedonian Kings!

On leaving the village, Hamsa, and half a dozen of his warriors, accompanied us on our route, a precaution absolutely necessary among a people so suspicious of strangers; and, perhaps, there is no part of European Turkey, in which the traveller incurs so much danger as in this mountain district. If he travels in the costume of an Osmanli, he runs a fair chance of being shot by the first half-wild Skipetar he meets with. The heretical Greek is equally detested; but as he is considered a religious, not a political enemy, if he enters the country he is left to die of starvation, for not a single individual among these fanatic Romanists would defile himself or his house, by giving food or shelter to a man excommunicated by the Holy Latin Church,

and only fit to herd with brutes. From these dangers and difficulties the Frank traveller is safe so long as he remains among the Miriditi, who believe the Christian world to consist only of Romanists and schismatic Greeks; he must, however, be accompanied by a Miriditi, to certify that he is not a spy. Again the Frank traveller, who journeys through the country, has another advantage, since he is certain to meet with some Italian or German missionary, not very learned in theology, but pleasant companions, who enjoy most heartily a good supper, and a bottle of wine, and listen with delight to the latest news of the great world they have left.

Hamsa, although nearly seventy years of age, sat his horse with all the firmness of a youthful warrior; for these people continue to the close of life to be strangers to the decrepitude that is certain to overtake the man who lives in the enjoyment of luxury. The costume of the old chief, and indeed that of the inhabitants of these mountains of either sex, was similar to that of those tribes of the same race, we already described while travelling at Ipek and Prizren, on the other side of the mountains of Upper Albania; the many-plaited phistan, made of white calico, had a singular and not unpicturesque effect, when they were on horseback, and contrasted well with the crimson vest, red fez, and long Arnout gun.

My kiraidji, Stefa, also wore the phistan and red fez, but his braided jacket, which he usually hung over his shoulder like that of a hussar, was dingy white, and

made of coarse wool. His creed appeared to be that of the Vicar of Bray, at all events, I never could make it out satisfactorily; among the Miriditi mountaineers he was a Romanist, and denounced the schismatic Greeks as the dogs of all dogs, the greatest sinners in the universe. On the plain where the majority of the population professed the Greek religion, his chameleon faith assumed a different character; now he abhorred the carved image worshipping of the Latin wolves, the Miriditi, who were all idolators, and damned to all eternity. When he mingled with the Children of the Crescent, he complied with their customs, and imitated their religious observances; and being a good singer, never failed to conciliate their friendship by singing some song that flattered their self-love and national pride, whether Osmanli or Albanian.

With all the quickness and sharp intellect of the Greek, Stefa combined the honesty of the Slavonian; but he was one of the ugliest men I ever saw, the greatest talker, the most slavish flatterer and coward in existence; these little foibles, however, did not retard his worldly success, for he was considered to be very wealthy by his townspeople at Strouga. In his capacity of pedlar, he was accustomed to traverse these provinces in every direction, knew every person and every place; and the inhabitants of the different towns and villages looked forward to a visit from Stefa as a most desirable event, since he supplied the men, who universally shave the head, with cotton skull caps, braiding for their jackets, and bright gilt clasps,

buttons, and sundry other articles for their wardrobe. To the women he brought trinkets, pins, needles, thimbles, thread, and other wares, besides veils, silk handkerchiefs, and perfumery. In a country so lawless, and so often torn by insurrection, it is almost a marvel he escaped being robbed and assassinated; but Stefa was a pattern to all pedlars, a prince among politicians, his good humour was unfailing, he had a kind word and a flattering speech, alike for the wealthy Mahometän of the plain, and the prowling Haiduc of the mountains; and above all, he was a living gazette, circulated all the news of the day, and was without a rival as a singer and story-teller.

My friends at Ocrida and Strouga recommended him very highly, but he would not consent to accompany me, unless I allowed him to attach sundry little packages of merchandize to my saddle. It is true, this gave me the appearance of a pedlar; but in a country without roads, and in mountain districts, where the traveller, who has any regard for the safety of his neck, must occasionally perform the journey on foot, I was indifferent about the matter, particularly as he had a capital pair of horses, and being kind and attentive to their wants, they followed him, and answered his whistle, like a couple of Spaniel dogs.

At the Pass of Keupris, through which runs a torrent of the same name, Hamsa left us, for we were now about to enter the country of the Djeghi Miriditi, presenting an aspect equally wild and desolate as any I had hitherto traversed. There was the little river, like

a cataract, tearing its course between a wall of rock with a narrow horse-path before us, resembling a ribbon carried along the brow of an almost perpendicular mountain; it was, in truth, a fearful pass, and might cause the stoutest heart to hesitate before commencing it; but by the influence of habit we become so inured even to the most dangerous passes in mountain travelling, that we fear not to mount a crag or a precipice, which at another time we should shrink from attempting.

On descending through the depths of a defile, equally precipitous, with a half dried-up torrent, we came to the rapid Scoumbi, the Genusus of the ancients, and the Tobi of the Miriditi; having successfully forded the surge, we hurried on to the han, which appeared like an eagle's nest pending from the brow of the mountain, where Stefa, with his worn-out horses, determined to pass the night. This arrangement was much against my inclination, as I had no wish to be tormented with an additional number of the live stock that infest these resting-places of the traveller in European Turkey. However, there was no alternative, the rocks offered no pasture for our horses, and Stefa felt certain that if we slept *al fresco* in such a wild district as this, we should run a fair chance, if we escaped the prowling bandit, to be devoured by bears or wolves.

Poor Stefa! if he avoided one peril that haunted his imagination, he rushed into another; for on entering the han we found it crowded with a band of fierce mountaineers, armed at all points, on their way to join

the rebel chieftain, Julika. The angry look they seemed to cast upon us was sufficient to shake the nerves of a stronger man than our kiraidji, whose ghastly features and trembling limbs indicated that his thoughts were wandering among the contents of his pedlar's pack. He wisely, however, made the best of his position, and having most respectfully saluted the party by placing his hand over his heart, and saying in Albanian, "Mir ouernata," accompanied by "aye-schindosh," (a good evening), and hoping he found his good friends all well, proceeded to place our various packages and saddle-bags under the care of the hanji. His mind being so far at rest, and having exchanged a word or two with the master of the han in an adjoining room, he ventured into the general reception-room, carrying a large bag filled with the finest tutoun (tobacco) and a canister of genuine English powder. This he divided among the warriors, as priming for their guns and pistols, assuring them, with much grandiloquence of style, it was a present from his Serene Highness the Ingleski Bey, his master (what a bouncer!) at the same time hoping they would honour the humblest of their slaves by accepting from him a little tutoun.

Whatever might have been the original intention of these warriors of the phistan, Stefa's politic manœuvre, won the good-will of all present; the best place in the room was assigned to us, tchibouques and raki were pressed upon us from every side, and we found ourselves as safe in the midst of these wild-looking insurrectionists as if we were under the safe-

guard of the police of the best-regulated country in Western Europe. In short, the only drawback to my amusement, was my inability to hold converse with our warlike companions, except through the medium of two bad interpreters, Stefa and the hanji—a Zinzar, whose native tongue, the Roumaniski, somewhat resembled the Latin.

The chief, or leader of the band, who possessed a most intelligent countenance, strikingly resembled in form and feature a certain nobleman in England, and, like him, was a splendid specimen of man. He expressed himself much interested on finding he had met with a Frank, and told us that, according to tradition, his ancestors were Norman, and possessed vast estates in Upper and Central Albania, previous to the Turkish conquest, the greater part of which they lost during the wars of Scanderbeg and subsequent revolutions. Although a Mahometan, he held the Osmanli in great contempt, whom he denounced as a gluttonous race, without honour or faith; the phrase he used, and which I heard so frequently afterwards in the mouth of an Albanian, was "Osmanlis cinai kalos dia to tchorba!" Póor fellow! I fear he was engaged in a hazardous enterprize, which would probably end in the loss of his life, or at least the remnant of the lands bequeathed to him by his forefathers. On parting, he presented me with a beautiful poniard, the handle glittering with silver and precious stones; and in return, I gave him the last pair of pistols but one out of half a dozen I had brought with me from England, to serve as presents on similar

occasions. "Preserve this," said he, "as a talisman; for should you get into trouble, or meet with any of our bands, you have only to show it, and tell them that you have eaten out of the same dish, drank out of the same cup, and smoked out of the same tchibouque with the Bey Manie of Croia, to find everywhere a friend and protector."

On leaving the han the landscape still maintained its character for savage wildness, abounding in gorges, narrow defiles and rocky precipices, till we arrived at the great stone bridge over the Scoumbi, consisting of twelve arches, without a parapet, exceedingly narrow, and with a pointed arch in the centre, rising to a height of at least fifty feet. Altogether it was a singular specimen of bridge building by the ancients, and proves that travelling on wheeled vehicles was not more fashionable then in Albania than in our time. There was an inscription to record that it was repaired by the puissant Seigneur, Kurd Pacha. During my subsequent excursions in Albania and Epirus, I met with other bridges, constructed in a similar manner, but at what epoch, or by what people, has not hitherto been satisfactorily discovered. Some antiquarians believe them to be the work of the ancient Macedonians or the Romans, while others imagine them to have been built by the Byzantine Greeks. In every instance the Turks have defaced the original inscription, with the absurd intention of destroying every trace of the original possessors of the country; and in some cases, they have even placed an inscription, telling the reader it was they who had erected the bridge! What a miracle!

After crossing the Scoumbi, the defile continued to widen into a beautiful fertile valley, splendid forest trees covered the sides of the mountains to the highest peak, meadows and arable fields lined the banks of the river, while many a pretty hamlet lay scattered here and there, half hid by the foliage of the orchard and the forest. As we advanced we entered a fine avenue of plane-trees, of an enormous size, which conducted us to Elbassan, situated in one of the most beautiful and fertile plains in Albania, where the olive and the vine, the fig and the pomegranate, arrive to the highest perfection.

Elbassan, the ancient Bassania, previous to the rule of the Turks was one of the most commercial towns in this part of the world, with a population exceeding fifty thousand, reduced at present to between three and four thousand; altogether, the town presents a melancholy picture of castles, turrets, fortifications, fountains, public buildings, bazaars, and private houses, all lying in ruin. Even the mosque, so generally the pride of the Mahometan, is here fast falling to decay, its crumbling walls affording nourishment to the fig, which is seen spreading its foliage, in company with a forest of stately weeds, alike over the porch and the gilded dome. Even the river, a tributary of the Scoumbi, which once flowed around the town in a clear and rapid stream, now impeded in its progress by mountains of rubbish, caused by the fall of the towers and breaches in the walls, forms a succession of stagnant putrid ponds, exhaling death to the inhabitants who still cling to the hearth of their forefathers; and, to add to their misery, there is

not a drop of water to be had fit for culinary purposes, without resorting to a spring in the neighbouring mountains, from which the Romans, who perfectly understood the value of time and labour, had conducted an aqueduct, now serving as a picturesque ruin to increase the romantic interest of the landscape. We need scarcely add, that Elbassan is the abode of pestilence, sufficiently evidenced by the sickly yellow hue visible in the countenances of the inhabitants; whereas the town, by the removal of the nuisances we have mentioned, might be rendered perfectly healthy, and would be by any other people than these ignorant Mahometans, who appear to live only for the pleasure of doing nothing.

Provisions are abundant at Elbassan, and excellent of their kind; fancy my purchasing a fat lamb, ready cooked, for about eightpence of our money! a large basket full of the fiori of the fig, now ripe, and of a flavour superior to those I found in any other country, for less than a penny! Several wealthy Beys and Spahis still reside here; these, with the Turkish Governor, the civil and military authorities, impart something of life to the coffee-houses, the bazaar and the streets, and delight to show themselves attired in the rich, gaudy costume of Albanian warriors, their weapons glittering with diamonds and precious stones. The greater number of the inhabitants of the town are Mahometans of the Albanian Djeghi tribes. Since the introduction of the reforms of the Sultan, they have lost much of the fanaticism by which they were formerly characterized; and to express their dislike to the rule

of the Osmanli, who they hate and despise, they have recently subscribed a large sum of money towards repairing an old church in the town for the service of the Christians, hallowed by the recollection, that within its walls Scanderbeg and the other chieftains of Albania had sworn, on the Evangelists, never to sheathe their swords while an infidel Osmanli desecrated the soil of their fathers.

Notwithstanding the continued insurrections of these warlike tribes of Albania, and their reckless bravery, they rarely succeed in gaining any important advantages over their old enemies, the Osmanli; and even if they could emancipate themselves, we fear that the country would become a prey to the horrors of civil war, in consequence of the rivalry of creeds, and the hostility of tribes. We have only to leave Elbassan, and cross one of the mountains to the south, when we enter the country of the Toski tribes, equally divided in faith—part Mahometan, and part adhering to the Greek ritual; and however much they may dislike each other on religious grounds, they concur in their enmity towards their neighbours, the Miriditi. The same may be said of the Djami tribes, that inhabit part of the ancient Epirus, and the Lapi, the Acroceraunian mountains on the sea-coast. Nor are these the only tribes that call Albania their home: the shrewd Zinzar, and the laborious Bulgarian, are increasing in numbers and influence; in addition to these we find Hellenic Greeks, Armenians, Jews and Gipsies, forming such a confusion of tongues, and rivalry of tribes and creeds, as to pre-

clude the prospect of any union of interests in the present day.

The Mahometan-Albanians, of whatever tribe, at least have the merit of being actuated by patriotic motives, and a love of independence; whereas the Christians, influenced by the arts of designing priests, in addition to their unnatural hatred towards each other, are traitors to the independence of their country. The Albanians of the south, the Djami, who adhere to the Greek ritual, desire a union with their co-religionists of Modern Greece, King Otho's little kingdom; while those of the north, the Miriditi, who follow the Latin creed, regard the Roman Catholic Sovereign of Austria as their spiritual and temporal chief. This is the true cause why a country so admirably defended by nature, and inhabited by a people not surpassed by any other in bravery and love of liberty, has remained so long under the rule of the Osmanli. We have seen the Djami, the unhappy Christians of Souli and Parga—a mere handful of men—successfully defend for years their freedom and mountain home against the overwhelming forces of the Mahometan-Albanians under Ali Pacha of Jannina, without their neighbours, the Toski or the Lapi, their co-religionists and countrymen, raising a single arm to assist them.

The Miriditi, both Mahometans and Christians, whose territory, the ancient Djegharia, includes nearly the half of Albania, are, from position and numbers, by far the most powerful of all the Albanian tribes, and continue to maintain, in the fastnesses of their native mountains a sort

of wild independence, never submitting to the harritch nor the conscription, unless by force of arms; and now that their old rivals, the Toski and the Djami, have been nearly exterminated during the dreadful rule of Ali Pacha of Jannina, should the Mahometan Miriditi at any time, through political motives or conviction, return to the creed of their fathers, and make common cause with their brethren, the Latin Miriditi, they might succeed in driving out the Osmanli and bringing the whole of Albania under their subjection. To aid them in this, they possess a long line of sea-coast, with towns and harbours, particularly Scutari, together with the old town of Croia, the ancient capital of the Kings of Albania, always a *prestige* in their favour. They have also the advantage that a large portion of these tribes, to which we have before alluded—the Latin Miriditi—are wholly independent of the Ottoman Porte, and have been governed since the days of Scanderbeg by their hereditary princes, at whose little capital, the mountain town of Oros, the crown of Albania is still preserved.

We regret that the limits of this work will not permit us to enter into the history of these warlike tribes, the Latin Miriditi, who, like the mountaineers of Tchernegora, have continued for centuries to defend their mountain home against the most powerful armies of the Ottoman Porte. It is true there is not a single pass leading from the lowlands where an army could advance without danger of being annihilated by a people who are hereditary guerillas, and who inhabit a natural citadel surpassing in strength all that human skill and

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foresight could construct. As Englishmen, we cannot but admire the heroic spirit of these noble patriots! who, when they had been defeated in the plain, took refuge on the mountain, where they could at least be free, and follow the faith of their fathers; and how many privations must they not have endured!—how many generations passed away, before they could even procure a scanty subsistence from the sterile soil! And what a proof is here exhibited of man's industry and perseverance: the home of the bear, the wolf and the boar, on which grew the noisome weed and prickly shrub, we see now transformed to gardens and corn-fields; and on the mountain top, where the eagle and the vulture reigned supreme, we behold innumerable flocks of sheep and goats.

It is a popular saying among the inhabitants of European Turkey, of whatever nationality or creed, "Where the Sultan's horse hath trod, the earth yieldeth nought save thorns and thistles!" and truly, we have only to wander over the mountains, of whatever district, and then descend to the plain, to be convinced of its truth. And how melancholy! wherever we roam in this lovely country, we see the finest land lying uncultivated for the want of inhabitants: here the remains of entrenchments, there the ruins of churches, forts, towers, towns and cities, telling the fearful tale of the thousands who had died in their attack and defence. With so many objects to remind the inhabitants of the destroyer, whose descendant is still their Sovereign, can we feel surprized at the intense and bitter

hatred they bear towards the race of Othman, to whose barbarous administration they owe all their misfortunes. Albania, as elsewhere in these provinces, is still without any other roads than those left by the Romans; the rivers without bridges, and the towns and cities fast falling into ruins; and to increase the discontent of the Mussulman population, since the introduction of the conscription, they are hunted down like wild beasts, to swell the ranks of the Nizam-y-Djedid, or expatriated in thousands to colonize some disturbed district in Asia or Europe. Thus torn from the soil of their fathers—their best affections trampled upon; district after district bursts forth into those annual revolts, which are never put down without great loss of life, and the hot blood of the Albanian is fired anew, with the never-dying thirst of revenge.

Unhappily, the picture we have drawn is too true, and at once explains the rapid diminution of the population of Albania, which previous to the rule of Ali Pacha of Jannina, contained two millions and a half. The wars and massacres of that tyrant destroyed, it is presumed, half a million; then came the reforms of the Sultan, and the insurrection of the Beys, and their slaughter by the Grand Vizier, Mehemet Reschid Pacha; this horrible event was succeeded by the rebellion of Moustapha Bey of Scutari, who, supported by Austria and Russia, fought long and successfully for the crown of Albania, till betrayed by his two allies, when they found it their interest to disown him, he was obliged to give way to a superior force, and Albania

had the misfortune to be over-run by an army of its own children, who, though Christians professing the Greek ritual, battled side by side with an army of infidels. The reader will not be surprised, after perusing this hasty sketch, to learn that the population of Albania is now diminished to one million six hundred thousand.

CHAPTER V.

Origin of the Albanians—Their warlike tendencies—Creed, manners and customs of the Albanians—Feudal institutions —Hereditary chieftains—Austrian politics in Albania—Sketch of Mahmoud Baraklia—Contemporary history of Albania— Insurrectionary movements of the Mussulman-Albanians— Their wars with the Turks—Sketch of the Grand Vizier, Mehmet Reschid Pacha—Cruel policy of the Turkish Government in Albania—Horrible slaughter of the Albanian chieftains at Bittoglia—The conscription—Its demoralizing effects —Great discontent among the people—Difficulty of governing Albania.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the efforts of the learned and the antiquarian since the days of the Greeks and the Romans, the origin of the inhabitants of Albania still remains a disputed point; it is, however, pretty generally agreed, they came from the Caucasus. This supposition is strengthened by the fact, that there are tribes still existing on the banks of the Samour in the ancient Albana, bearing the names of the Toxidi and Djmaki, which correspond with the Toski and the

Djami tribes of our Albania. The appellation of Miriditi, by which the Djeghi tribes, particularly those who adhere to the Latin ritual, are more generally known, is derived from a word in the language of the Medes and Persians—Marditi (brave), simply a title of honour, like Slavoni and Germani (men of war). It is presumed that the expedition of Jason to Cholchidus, having irritated the Caucasian tribes, they retaliated by invading these provinces, where they reigned from sea to sea; this theory is corroborated by the fact, that several ancient towns, rivers, districts and mountains, still preserve their Albanian names. On the other hand, one or two German writers contend that the Albanians are the aborigines of these provinces, whence sprung the Greeks, Illyrians, and Slavonians; this we think must be erroneous, since the Albanians of the pure race, the Skipetar tribes (inhabitants of the mountains), bear no resemblance in feature, character or language, to the Greeks or the Slavonians; they are more like the Lesghi tribes in the Caucasus and on the Caspian Sea, than any other I am acquainted with. They are characterized by the same expressive, sharp features, tall, athletic figure, capable of enduring any fatigue, and like them, they exhibit the same indomitable spirit of resistance to the rule of the stranger, and the same love of independence.

When the whole of Greece and the neighbouring provinces submitted, first to the Romans, and then to the Osmanli, Albania was destined to be the last home of liberty; for neither the eagle of the one, nor

the crescent of the other, ever waved over the mountains of the Skipetar; neither has mighty Russia, after a siege of fifty years, been able to reach the strong hold of the Caucasian Lesghi. Like the Caucasians, it has been noticed, wherever the Skipetars of Albania have mingled with any other race, they have imparted to them their own inflexible character—their warlike enthusiasm. The Djami tribes of Souli and Parga, already immortalized in verse, were a mixed race of Albanians and Greeks, and their neighbours, the indomitable mountaineers of Tchernegora, are also a *mélange* of the Slavonian and Albanian. Still there is a singular anomaly in the character of the Albanian, since we find him in every epoch submitting to be made the tool of some tyrant stranger, whether Greek, Macedonian, Roman, or Turk, to enslave the nations: his energy in the battle-field rendered the Turk the terror of Christendom; yet, of all the great warriors Albania has produced, not one except Scanderbeg has transmitted his name to posterity, owing to the facility with which these people, when they leave their native mountains, mingle with other races, and merge their individual name and glory in that of their rulers.

Among the long catalogue of successful warriors and celebrated viziers and pachas, whose names adorn the pages of Turkish history, there are few who were not natives of Albania and Bosnia; and although the Albanians have been stigmatized for their ferocious disposition and predatory habits, we must not infer they are naturally cruel, when we remember they were

the instruments of a most unscrupulous government, who paid its troops by allowing them to plunder, and considered the best test of a warrior's prowess consisted in the number of ears he was able to produce at head-quarters. Let the stranger visit any one of them, of whatever creed—the wealthy inhabitant of the koula, or the miserable tenant of the hut—and he is certain to find a hearty welcome among a people who regard hospitality as the first duty of man towards man, and who would sacrifice their own life in defence of him who had broken bread with them, or even smoked the tchibouque.

In order to study the manners and customs of the Albanians in all their purity, we must visit the independent tribes of the Miriditi in their mountain stronghold, where the hostile foot of an Osmanli never trod, where we shall find the same feudal institutions existing as in the days of Scanderbeg, somewhat similar to the state of the highlanders of Scotland in the middle ages. The title of chief is hereditary, and he is invested by his clan with the triple authority of chief, judge and patriarch. As chief, he declares war and leads them to battle; as judge, there is no appeal from his decision; and as patriarch, he governs the church. Each noble family has its armorial ensign, and each tribe its respective banner, confided to its warriors when they set forth on a military expedition; and however great may be the power of the chieftain, and the confidence reposed in him by his clan, it is rarely abused. He lives among them at his koula with

the utmost simplicity of manners, regards them as his children, and provides for their wants.

A community, in which the whole power was vested in the sword, must have ended in complete anarchy—a war of tribes, had not these people the good sense to adhere to the monarchical form of government of their forefathers, and preserved through every vicissitude and suffering an unbroken allegiance to their hereditary princes, the Dodas, one of the descendants of the family of Scanderbeg. This Prince, who resides at Oros, a little town in the canton of the Doukagini, not far distant from Croia, surrounded by the higher clergy and the most influential elders of the land, exercises the rights of a sovereign, and maintains the form and machinery of a government.

It must be admitted, that the Miriditi mountaineers owe much of the civilized habits of social life to the higher clergy, who are all natives of Austria and Italy; but, unfortunately, they have trained these poor simple people, through political motives, to the most deplorable fanaticism, which leads, as we before observed, to those terrible encounters with their neighbours, the Slavonians of the Greek Church of Tchernegora, a people equally brave and fanatic as themselves; while the Mahometan claps his hands and cries: "Well done, my Latin wolves and Greek dogs, worry each other!—you will then become more easily the prey of the lion Osmanli!" The consequence has been, that the Miriditi have now not only to contend against the Crescent, but the incessant hatred of an insidious

enemy, the Greek, who is gradually placing their mountain home between two fires—the Slavonian Greek to the north, and Albania Hellenized to the south.

Reckless of life, confiding by nature, and hence ever liable to be deceived, an Albanian, of whatever tribe or religious creed, is easily won over to the opinions of a clever adventurer, who desires to make him his instrument for furthering his own selfish designs. While we are discussing the social organization of the people, we shall relate a few episodes in their contemporary history, which are partly, if not wholly, unknown to the inhabitants of Western Europe, illustrative of the character of the people; their rulers, the Osmanli; and their dangerous intriguing neighbours, the Austrians and Russians.

About the year 1786, the Austrian Government, under the plea of protecting its co-religionists, the Miriditi mountaineers, for the first time interfered in the internal affairs of Albania; and having singled out Mahmoud Baraklia, hereditary Pacha of Scutari, as its instrument, offered to support and acknowledge him as sovereign of Albania, provided he would be baptized and adopt as his creed the Roman Catholic. There was no difficulty in winning over a man who had already, by many of his acts and alliances with the Latin chiefs of the Miriditi, made himself suspected by the Ottoman Porte, which however did not find itself strong enough to send the Capidgibaschi with his bow-string to visit a man who exercised the rights of a petty sovereign over the most numerous and valiant of all the tribes in Albania.

In vain the Sultan sought to retain the ambitious Pacha in obedience, by promises of boundless wealth and advancement to the highest dignities in the empire; in vain the Scheick-Islam launched anathema upon anathema against the Giaour Pacha and his adherents; he remained firm to his purpose, and daily became more and more the idol of the people. In the meantime, Joseph II., who was then the sovereign of Austria, sent his first contingent of five hundred veteran soldiers to the assistance of the rebel chieftain, these were to be speedily followed by fifteen hundred, and that the new creed of his *protégé* should not want for a stimulant, they were accompanied by a legion of priests bearing an enormous silver cross, and a Madonna blazing with diamonds and precious stones. The black eagle, in a crimsoned field, the banner of Scanderbeg, was now unfurled, and consecrated by the Roman clergy, in presence of an army of twenty thousand eager warriors, whose vivats proclaimed—Mahmoud of Scutari, the descendant of Scanderbeg, sovereign of Albania.

While these events were passing at Scutari, a Turkish fleet arrived in the Adriatic to blockade the coast of Albania; at the same time, a Turkish army, under the command of the Seraskier, Vizier of Roumelia, having crossed the dangerous passes between Macedonia and Albania, and joined the Toski and the other fanatic Mahometan tribes of Albania, fell with fire and sword upon the devoted land of the insurgents with an impetuosity that promised to carry all before it. The terrified Mahmoud, astounded at the extraordinary

vigour displayed by the Ottoman Porte, repented of his precipitancy, and shutting himself up with his Austrian allies in the strong town of Scutari, entered into a secret negotiation with the Seraskier. But his other allies, the Roman Catholic Miriditi of the mountains, strong in their unity of one common creed, with a firm reliance on the sincerity of their chief, and strangers to political intrigue, having joined their brethren of the lowlands, at the first onset made themselves masters of the passes leading into Macedonia, and with their usual reckless bravery, fell upon a division of the Vizier's best troops and drove them towards the pass of Ocrida, when, finding all hope of safety was at an end, they threw down their arms and fled, communicating a panic to the entire army of the Seraskier.

We are afraid to enumerate the loss of the Turks, and the Mahometan Toski, during this fatal action, which the Miriditi, exultingly say, equalled that of the greatest victories ever achieved by their hero Scanderbeg.

The character of Mahmoud Baraklia—or, as he is better known in Turkish history, Kara Mahmoud—is open to much reproach; and however illustrious his descent might be—from the hero Scanderbeg—he was no soldier; and subsequent events proved that he was either a fool, or a traitor to the unsuspecting tribes that so madly followed his standard. Instigated on one side by the Sultan, who must have been desirous to see the fall of so ambitious a chieftain, he was offered the doubtful sovereignty of the free tribes of Tchernegora,

with the territory of the Latin Miriditi, and Scutari, as a sea-port; on the other hand, Austria, who could not view with complacency the growing power of a little State devoted to the interests of Russia, promised him her protection and assistance. Fortified in his invasion by the Imperial rights of the Sultan, who had accorded to him the sovereignty of Tchernegora, and hallowed by the blessing of the Romanist clergy that followed his standard, the too sanguine Pacha, who fancied he could succeed in any enterprize, however difficult, at the head of his valiant Miriditi, entered at once into their views. The Christian Miriditi, also, flushed with victory, and excited to madness by their priests, who told them they were the chosen soldiers of the true faith, and that in extirpating the schismatics of Tchernegora, they were only executing divine vengeance on heretics, were ever the foremost among his troops.

Now, it happened that the schismatics of Tchernegora were equally intolerant, and had also their priests, who propagated similar fanatic opinions to those of their rivals of the Latin Church. We will spare the reader the details of the horrible butcheries that ensued; the Tchernegori mountaineers, more prudent than their adversaries the Miriditi, allowed them to penetrate into the interior of their mountains as far as Tchetini, where they were surrounded by an implacable foe that gave no quarter, and, as a memorial of the victory, Mahmoud Baraklia's head still adorns the hall of the senate-house.

The tragic death of the old lion Mahmoud, as he is familiarly called among the Miriditi, and the losses his

party sustained in this fatal conflict, induced his son and successor, Moustapha, to submit to the authority of the Sultan; and as a proof of his fidelity, the Austrian troops were discharged, and the heads of the principal conspirators, particularly that of Signor di Brognardi, the Austrian agent, were sent to console the Divan at Stamboul.

The complete disorganization that ensued among the Miriditi after this fatal defeat, excited the ambition of all the Beys and chieftains of the other tribes of Albania, who aspired to supreme power. Among these there was none that knew how to profit by the events of the day like Ali Pacha of Jannina. The singular career and tragic death of this adventurer, who from a captain of banditti became a despotic ruler, are too well known to require description; it will sufficiently connect the thread of our historical sketch to say, that the theatre of his massacres, devastations, and tyrannic rule, being principally confined to Southern Albania among the Toski, the Djami, and the Lapi tribes, their fall, with that of their leader, paved the way for the young lion, Moustapha of Scutari, and his Miriditi, Christian and Mahometan, to become again the ruling tribes of Albania.

At the death of Ali of Jannina, the Ottoman empire tottered to its foundation, and may be said to have owed its safety to the state of barbarism in which the country was sunk, for, as is the case in the present day, no means of transmitting letters, or communicating any intelligence existed, either by post or printed pub-

lication; consequently the inhabitants of one province were entirely ignorant of what occurred in another. This isolation of the disturbed districts prevented the insurgents from acting in concert, and the magnitude of the danger passed over.

Mehemet Ali, of Egypt, ruled independent of the Ottoman Porte; the principality of Servia was nearly so; while Moldavia and Wallachia, instigated by the agents of the Greek Heteria, broke out into rebellion about the same time as Greece. The plan of a simultaneous rising of the entire Rayah population of European Turkey, solely failed through the revival of the old hatred between the rival races, Greek and Slavonian, in which neither would submit to be ruled by a chieftain of the other. It was of no avail that they professed the same creed—always a rallying point to races, however distinct they may be—the ancient hatred of the Slavonian to Greek perfidy, Greek levity, and the traditionary recollection of what their forefathers had suffered under the Byzantine rule, remained in full force. The consequence was, that not a single Slavonian, with the exception of Botzaris and one or two others, raised an arm or subscribed a piastre towards assisting the unhappy Greeks during the tragic scenes that ensued.

Hitherto Sultan Mahmoud held in his hands a dreadful scourge; wherever there was a people to be coerced, a country plundered, he found his ready instrument in the warlike Mahometan hordes of Albania and Bosnia—a military force, which while it did not cost

him a farthing, sufficed to hold in check the reckless bravery of the Christian insurgents of Servia, Greece, and the other provinces on the Lower Danube. By the slaughter of the Janissaries, a measure at that moment most impolitic, since he had not an effective force to replace them, he lost the sympathy of these warriors of the Crescent.

This was succeeded by the introduction of European reforms and usages repugnant to the habits of the people, which led to the insurrection of the Beys and Spahis of Albania and Bosnia, and which has continued with more or less activity down to the present day. At a moment so menacing to the existence of the Ottoman empire, Russia declared war; and Austria, who always goes hand in hand with her northern ally, if she did not assume a position actually hostile, resorted to her usual weapon—intrigue, with the view of securing to herself Albania and Bosnia, in the event of a dissolution of the rule of the Sultan—provinces so admirably adapted to round her already extensive empire. The Roman Catholic Miriditi mountain tribes were wholly devoted to her cause; and could Moustapha Bey of Scutari, be gained over to place himself at the head of the movement, success was certain.

The same propositions, formerly accepted by the unlucky father, were now made to the son; and Russia being at this time deeply interested in the ruin of the Sultan, offered to support him, conjointly with Austria, as Sovereign Prince of Albania. The misfortunes of the father had taught his more wary son prudence.

He saw that he was merely intended to be a puppet in leading strings, to be danced according to the interests of the astute politicians of civilized Europe. Thus, while the other Beys of Albania were engaged in a war of extermination, each hoping to rise to supreme power on the ruin of the other, Moustapha and his Miriditi remained passive spectators of the scene.

Unhappy Turkey! the good genius of Othman had not wholly deserted his race. At this critical moment a hero of a different mould, from the degenerate Osmanlis of the day, was chosen by the reforming Sultan as his Grand Vizier. This was Mehmet Reschid, so well known for his fidelity to the late Sultan Mahmoud, and to whom we have had occasion to refer while travelling in Bosnia. In addition to being gifted with all the ancient fire and energy of his race, he was a zealous Mahometan; firmly believing that any act, however cruel, was sanctified when emanating from the Sultan, who alone inherited the prerogative to make or unmake, to bind or to slay, according as the exigencies of the moment might dictate. In short, our Grand Vizier was one of those bigots who confided so absolutely in the divine wisdom of the Caliph of the Faithful, that had Sultan Mahmoud declared himself a Christian, he would have followed him in his heresy, and propagated the tenets of the new doctrine with the same fervency and devotion which now distinguished him in his ruthless crusade against the enemies of reform; and in no part of the Turkish empire, not

even in Bosnia, was there manifested so decided a hostility to change, as among the high-born conservatives of Albania, whose rallying cry was "Death to the Giaour Sultan!"

However gloomy appearances might be, the wary Vizier was prepared for every emergency. In the poetic language of his race, he knew he held in his hands a bridle to cheek the fire of the Mahometan steed; and though the measure might be opposed to the laws of the Koran, he determined, having the sanction of the Caliph, to put arms into the hands of the Rayahs, who everywhere sided with a government which secured to them civil and religious rights equal to those enjoyed by their hereditary oppressors, the Mahometans. It is true they suffered severely at the commencement of the conflict, but it was attended with important results, since it taught them the art of war, improved their moral condition; and for the first time they became aware of their own strength, bravery and numbers.

We have said that the whole of the Mussulman Beys of Albania, with the exception of Moustapha, the prudent chief of the Miriditi, were in open revolt against the authority of the Giaour Sultan. The Grand Vizier, while he flattered this powerful chieftain, resolved to sow dissensions among the other Beys of the Toski, the Lapi and the Djami; this, however, could not be done without funds, and there was not a piastre to be had from the Turkish exchequer, already drained of its last coin, which went to purchase

peace from Russia; and to add to the embarrassment of the executive, civil dissensions and insurrections were not confined to Albania, but everywhere rampant throughout the entire empire. With consummate ability he addressed himself to the high dignitaries of the Greek Church, whose esteem he had won by timely and important concessions; painted to them the situation of the empire, and the probability of their own ruin, with that of the reforming Sultan, should the fanatic Mussulmans again succeed to power. The appeal had the desired effect. A pastoral letter from the Patriarch of Constantinople to every diocese in the empire, produced an immense collection from the Christians.

The Grand Vizier, now so opportunely supplied with the sinews of war, instead of repairing to the scene of action, although he lay at Bittoglia with a large force of the tacticoes, together with the adherents of those Beys, Pachas and Spahis attached to the cause of reform, continued to fight the battle in Albania with his usual weapons — corruption and intrigue — best suited to a people who were invincible so long as they remained united. With great tact, he gained over to the cause of reform the most powerful and valiant of the chieftains, Veli Bey, who held possession of Jannina and the whole of the intermediate country, with the strong towns of Arta and Prevesa, and who, in conjunction with the Epirot Christians, successfully maintained himself against the refractory Beys.

The astute Asiatic, who secretly entertained the de-

sign of exterminating all the feudal Beys and Spahis in Albania, as he knew that so long as they existed there could be no hope of introducing the reforms of the Sultan, having succeeded in kindling the torch of civil war, under the pretence that his religious feelings, as a good Mahometan, prevented him from spilling the blood of the faithful, obstinately refused to take any part in the struggle. This forbearance on the part of the Grand Vizier gained him the esteem of the contending chieftains, who, at length weary of the contest, and acted upon by clever agents, consented to leave their grievances to the decision of the high-minded, peace-loving representative of the Sultan.

The web of intrigue, so artfully woven by the Grand Vizier, was now about to be drawn around his unsuspecting victims. With his usual blandness of manner, and expressions of delight at the termination of their disputes, he, in the name of the Sultan, granted all their demands; and in order to bind their union still more closely, he invited to his camp, at Bitfoglia, all who were desirous of distinguishing themselves in the service of the state; and if Albania did not contain a sufficient number of Pachaliks, Beylouks and Spahiluks, was not the empire large enough to satisfy their utmost ambition! On the receipt of this gratifying intelligence, the whole country was in a ferment of delight; rival chieftains, with their clans, fraternized, and in the excitement of the moment, four hundred of the noblest chieftains in Albania, all hereditary Beys, full of confidence in the faith of so good a Mahometan as Mehmet

Reschid, repaired to Bittoglia, to receive their investiture of office. They were met on the frontier by a guard of honour, who had orders to conduct them in state to the presence of the representative of the Sultan. On arriving at Bittoglia, they were received with the highest military honours; a *feu-de-joie* announced their approach; the tacticoes were drawn out in full parade on the At-meidan, and on they rode, full of hope, arrayed in the brilliant costume of Albanian chieftains, through a double hedge of bayonets, towards the kiosk of the Grand Vizier, who was seated under its tchardak, surrounded by a crowd of civil and military officers, waiting to receive them. No sooner, however, had the last ill-fated victim of Osmanli treachery, entered the serried ranks of the soldiery, than at a signal given by the Vizier, the drums beat the charge, and instantly a discharge of musketry, sufficient to rend a mountain, laid that brilliant band of warriors — the pride and strength of Albania—in the dust.

One noble fellow, Arslan Bey, whose quick eye saw the signal given by the Grand Vizier, suspecting treachery, at a bound of his horse, cleared a passage over the heads of the soldiers. In vain he strained his noble charger! in vain he reached the pass leading to Albania! he found it in the hands of an enemy that gives no quarter!

The destruction of the hereditary Beys and chieftains of Southern and Central Albania, opened a wide field of ambition to the Miriditi of the north, who on receiving intelligence of the massacre, rallied around the standard

of their chief, Moustapha, and with loud cries demanded to be led against the treacherous Vizier. Scutari, with its castle, Rosapha, again rang with the clang of arms, and again the banner of Scanderbeg replaced the Crescent. The indignation of the Mahometan Miriditi was equally shared by their generous countrymen of the Latin creed, who flocked in thousands to the standard of Moustapha, now without a rival, the Sovereign of Albania.

At the head of thirty thousand men, the Miriditi chieftain carried all before him, town after town, fortress after fortress, opened their gates to the conqueror; but, as is ever the case with these savage warriors, pillage, devastation and slaughter everywhere marked their progress; and, eager to revenge the massacre of their brethren, they put every Mahometan of Osmanli origin to the sword, together with every Rayah professing the Greek religion, who was found bearing arms, or known to have taken part with the Government of the Grand Vizier, in the late struggle between the rival chieftains.

The Grand Vizier, who had made himself so unpopular by his wholesale destruction of the Beys of Albania, appears not to have foreseen the hostility of the Miriditi tribes, particularly the mountaineers adhering to the Latin creed, the most valiant and the most to be dreaded, on account of their independent habits and union. As to the traitor, Moustapha, the worthy son of a foolish, vain father, subsequent events proved that he was nothing more than an unwilling agent in the

hands of his own troops, and that he was playing, from first to last, into the hands of the Grand Vizier. Still the peril was great; a single false step at this moment and all was lost. The Mahometans in every part of the empire were wavering in their allegiance to the Sultan. Bosnia was in open rebellion; twenty thousand fanatic Mussulmans, under the command of the Zmai od Bosna, were advancing from that province to meet the Albanians on the plains of Macedonia, who were then to march on Constantinople, and dethrone the Sultan. In the face of these evils, it cannot be wondered that even Mehmet Reschid, however fertile in expedients, now trembled at his own temerity; he saw that he had merely shorn a few heads, to erect in their place a hydra more powerful, and far more impatient of Osmanli rule. There was one path still open to him: "The Christian dogs, were they not also divided in faith, Latin and Greek, the most inveterate enemies of each other; if the Latin hound has made common cause with his brother, the Djeghi wolf, we will let loose upon them the Greek tigers of Epirus!"

The thought was worthy of Mehmet Reschid, the Grand Vizier; an appeal was made, by his emissaries, to the patriotism of the Osmanli, who were told that the renegades of Bosnia and Albania had sworn the destruction of every Osmanli in European Turkey; at the same time, the excesses of the Miriditi Latins were magnified to the tribes professing the Greek religion, who were made to believe that they had sworn the massacre of every Christian differing from them in

faith; and the atrocities perpetrated by these tribes, when employed by Ali Pacha of Jannina, against the unfortunate schismatics of Souli and Parga, were too recent to be forgotten.

The appeal to the passions of the Osmanli, and the schismatic Greeks, produced the best results—they both rallied around the standard of the Grand Vizier; the latter even exceeded the Osmanli in devotion, for they not only contributed men, but money—half a million of piastres—towards carrying on the war; this, with a sum of money sent by the Sultan, enabled the energetic Grand Vizier to set his army in motion, and march upon Prilip, where the traitor, Moustapha, without even securing the passes leading to Bittoglia, was spending his time in giving costly banquets to his troops. The open camp and ill-defended town were carried at the point of the bayonet; at the first shot Moustapha fled; but the Miriditi Latin mountaineer, and the schismatic Greek Skipetar, now face to face, fought with all the hatred of fanaticism, and the slaughtered Souliots were at length avenged!

In a country like Turkey, where the record of events, even the most recent, is confined to the oral tradition of the people—the songs of the bard, exaggerated, or distorted, according to the feelings of the interested party—it is difficult for the stranger to arrive at a real statement of facts. Knowing this, we have never ventured to put forth a single historical statement, that was not confirmed to us by some respectable Jew, Armenian, or Frank merchant settled in the country.

Among the Miriditi of the Latin creed, and the Mahometans of Albania in general, the name of the traitor, Moustapha, is still a by-word of reproach and horror; on the other hand, his friends maintain that he fell a victim, like many others, to the dark policy of the Grand Vizier, who succeeded in corrupting a sufficient number of chiefs under his command, so as to ensure a certain victory. Be this as it may, on leaving the field of battle he shut himself up in his strong castle, Rosapha, at Scutari, where he still defied the Grand Vizier, and only capitulated on receiving a full pardon, and a guarantee for the security of his private fortune, when he engaged to deliver all papers, and reveal every secret treaty or agreement which tended to criminate Mehemet Ali, of Egypt, or any foreign power. It was now discovered, that both his father and himself had been the pensioners of Austria for more than half a century, and that he had entered into a treaty with Mehemet Ali for the dethronement of Sultan Mahmoud. It appears, that the ambitious Pacha of Egypt was to have had the lion's share, Constantinople, Greece and Asiatic Turkey; while Moustapha himself, and Milosh, Prince of Servia, were to divide between them the remainder of European Turkey. In the fall of Moustapha, we record that of the last hereditary chieftain of Albania, and like the other fiefdoms of bygone days, the Sultan reserves to himself the appointment of a civil governor. Moustapha, however, contrived to secure his private fortune, lives in affluence at Stamboul, and like a good Mahometan, having

visited Mecca, now prefixes Hadji to his name instead of Prince.

The Grand Vizier, who was now at the very zenith of his glory, was suddenly called away to arrest the progress of Mehemet Ali, who had already assumed the sovereignty of Syria, and threatened Stamboul. The intriguing Vizier, who had so successfully triumphed over the untutored sons of Albania and Bosnia, found the ruler of Egypt a man of a different stamp, whom neither honeyed words nor splendid promises could divert from an enterprise; and to add to his misfortunes, the Nizam, who had triumphed over men having no better weapon to oppose against the bayonet than the unwieldy Arnoutka gun, the sword and pistol, when they saw the steady march of the Egyptian army bristling with steel, fled in disorder, leaving the poor Vizier a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Here ended the career, military and political, of a man who will be long remembered in Turkish history.

It is generally admitted, that the Grand Vizier, Mehmet Reschid, saved the Turkish empire from imminent peril, if not total ruin, by the dexterity he displayed in separating the insurgents of Bosnia and Albania, before Mehemet Ali had time to advance on Constantinople. By the destruction of the Mahometan Beys of Albania, and subsequently that of Moustapha's army, he struck at the very root of the insurrection, and damped for a time the military ardour of the most dangerous and warlike tribes in the Turkish empire; but the recollection of his perfidy and cruelty, which

have sunk deeply into the hearts of the people, and utterly annihilated all confidence in the faith of their rulers, may at some future period be attended with serious consequences. They are now quite as impatient of Osmanli rule and its reforms, as they were previous to the administration of the Grand Vizier, and have proved, during the partial insurrections of 1836, '40, '43, '45 and '47, when they beat the Nizam in so many encounters, that they merely need a union among themselves, and a proper understanding with their compatriots, the Christians, to become a formidable enemy to the Turkish Government.

The turbulent Toski, who so long fought, bled, and supported Ali Pacha of Jannina, have suffered the most severely of all the tribes of Albania. This splendid race, in every epoch impatient of the rule of a stranger, and whose chiefs were for the most part slaughtered at Bittoglia, are still the heart and soul of every insurrection that desolates this unhappy country. Their women, with the eye of a gazelle, and the limbs of an antelope, at once graceful and haughty, yet full of feminine loveliness, cannot fail to win the admiration of the traveller, however mean may be their attire, however miserable the ruin in which they live, once perhaps the turreted castle of an hereditary chieftain.

The Lapi, who occupy the Kimariot mountains to the west of Epirus, down to the Adriatic, are less numerous than any other of the tribes of Albania, and none are so barbarous or ferocious in their customs and manners. In the time of Scanderbeg they professed

the Latin creed, and were included among his confederation of the chiefs and their clans in Albania. Shepherds for the most part, and inhabiting a sterile mountain district, they live isolated, in a great measure, from all communication with the other tribes, and their creed, for the want of spiritual teachers, is a singular mixture of the Christian and Mahometan; those who reside in the towns and villages on the sea-coast conform to the Greek ritual. These mountain tribes pay no tribute to the Porte, nor supply a single recruit to the conscription, without being compelled by force of arms; and such is their hostility to the Osmanli troops, who garrison the few forts in the vicinity of their mountain home, that I was assured not a single Turkish soldier can wander beyond the reach of their cannon, without danger of being shot.

The Miriditi tribes, both Christian and Mahometan, who seem to multiply and gather strength according to the magnitude of their disasters, still maintain their rank as the most powerful of all the tribes in Albania. Since the expulsion of the traitor, Moustapha, these people have become more national, and having so long and faithfully battled side by side, in their struggle for independence, the ancient sectarian animosity has in some measure given way to a more friendly feeling. This was clearly evidenced only a year or two since, when Namik Ali Pacha of Scutari, finding he could not obtain recruits by persuasion, placed himself at the head of a large body of his tacticoes, fell upon the villages and towns of the Djeghi Miriditi, and swept

away all the youths he found of an age suitable for his purpose. This led to a general insurrection of these Mahometan tribes; but being without either plan or chief to guide them, they must have been totally routed had not their countrymen, the Christian Miriditi mountaineers, come to their assistance. This time, the Nizam were taught that an Arnoutka gun carries further than a musket; and that a lance, when wielded by the sturdy arm of a mountaineer, is a weapon equally dangerous and effective as a bayonet. The warlike Pacha was not only soundly beaten, but forced to give up his recruits, or see the town of Scutari plundered and burnt.

In the best-ordered countries, the system of obtaining recruits by conscription, so allied to despotism, has its demoralizing effects; but the introduction of it into Albania, among a people so obstinately wedded to their own peculiar habits and customs, is certain to cause the Government of the Sultan to be abhorred, and leads to these eternal collisions between the people and the executive. When taken to the depôt, how frequently have I seen newly-captured conscripts, writhe, tear their hair, and scream like wild beasts when first arrayed in the costume of Western Europe, which became tenfold more violent when the cross-belt was placed over their shoulders; a symbol of Christianity which they had been taught by their fanatic priests to regard as a forcible baptism. The application of the knout, starvation and confinement, after a time tames them;

and when disciplined, they form now, as they have ever done, the flower of the Turkish army, and being well fed and sufficiently provided for, generally remain true to their colours. I have also been assured by several intelligent Turkish officers, that they excel every other nationality in the Turkish empire, in the facility with which they acquire European discipline, and none are less susceptible of the influence of climate, sickness, and all the hardships and fatigues incident to the life of a soldier.

That great discontent prevails in Albania, as well as in the other provinces of European Turkey, is an undoubted fact, which ever must be the case in those countries when the Government is exchanging the barbarous rule of centuries for some approach towards a civilized administration; then the executive must of necessity sacrifice the interests of the few to the well-being of the many. In one place we have the Mahometans, headed by their hereditary chieftains, endeavouring to recover by force of arms their lost rights and privileges; in another, the Slavonians and Hellenic Greeks, still subject to the debasing servitude imposed on the Rayahs—the poll-tax and other grievances, from which the Mahometan is exempt—have become weary of Turkish rule, and plot sedition; and perhaps not the least among these grievances, and of which they loudly complain, are the grinding taxes, levied upon them by their high clergy, and countenanced by the Turkish Government, who regard them as civil officers, and

make them accountable to the executive for the obedience of their flocks. If to all this we add an occasional razzia made upon their property by some rapacious Mahometan in power, we cannot wonder that they occasionally resort to arms in self-defence.

With so many evils to combat, so many races and creeds to conciliate, the Turkish empire requires an able hand at the helm to steer its course with safety; still the Turkish Government displays much vigour in subduing apparently insurmountable difficulties, albeit, in a somewhat ruder style than we are accustomed to in the West. In every point of view we wish the Sultan success in carrying out the herculean work of reform his father, Sultan Mahmoud, had the courage to commence, and which has more than once reduced the empire to the brink of ruin. We wish him success, through motives of humanity, knowing as we do, that the evil passions—fanaticism and rivalry—of so many races and creeds, must, on the dissolution of Osmanli rule in these provinces of Turkey in Europe, lead to a fearful state of anarchy.

CHAPTER VI.

An original—The Albanian language—Commercial capabilities of the country—Its navigable rivers and lakes—Supineness of the Turkish Government—Defects as a ruling power—Sketches of the country—Durazzo—Croia—The Doukadjini—Oros—Alessio—Scutari—Its lake and rivers—Singular abundance of fish—The Bocca di Cattaro—Its description as a naval station—How it fell into the power of Austria—Blockade of the coast of Albania by the Turkish Government—Embarrassments of a traveller—Asiatic cholera.

HAVING so far withdrawn the veil that shrouded the political state of Albania, and recorded the most striking events in its contemporary history; sketched the character of the people, their nationality, passions, tendencies and creeds, with many of their customs and manners; we will resume our descriptions of the country, and continue our travels.

We left Stefa for a few days at Elbassan, engaged in disposing of his wares; and according to his accounts he found it a most lucrative station. There was a great demand among the men for gilt buttons, lace, and

braiding; and as to the fair dames, Stefa was absolutely dazzled with their beauty, for in their eager curiosity to admire the pretty trinkets, they removed the yashmak, and uncovered their snowy arms and neck to try on his necklaces and bracelets. It was evident Stefa was a privileged man; how far his personal attractions might tend to lull suspicion in their lords we will leave the reader to decide. In addition to being strongly marked with the small-pox, he had a pair of eyes, which during our travels far and wide we never saw equalled, one being dark as a sloe, the other green as a gooseberry; at the same time, the caprice of nature had so formed them, that while one of these singular orbs stared you full in the face, the other was gazing at some object in an opposite direction. This was not all, his head terminated in a point somewhat resembling a sugar-loaf; on the top of it, according to the custom of the inhabitants, he allowed a tuft of hair to grow, which by being twisted into a knot, added still more to the unnatural height of his head. We recommended him to give up his trade of hawkër, journey to Western Europe, and make his fortune by exhibiting himself as a new species of the *genus homo*.

At Elbassan I found a most intelligent companion in M. Nicolo Chapelli, a Miriditi by birth, who having resided many years with his uncle at Trieste, spoke Italian fluently. M. Nicolo informed me that the Albanian language has for its foundation the Sanscrit, and contains all the gutteral sounds of the Celtic. I never met with any people that pronounced with greater

facility our difficult *th;* and singular enough, we find many of our words that have no derivation from the Saxon, the Latin or Celtic, similar to theirs. The presence of Greek, Latin, Slavonian, Turkish and Scandinavian words may be explained from the circumstance, that Albania had been at different epochs under the rule of these nations. I regret that I had no means of acquiring a more thorough knowledge of this interesting language. "Zylanders, Sprach der Albanesen," with a dictionary I found of some use while travelling among the Djami tribes of Southern Albania, where they speak a dialect approaching to that of modern Greek; but among the Miriditi and the Toski, particularly the latter, who speak their language in all its purity, I found it of little use.

The great difficulty in composing a grammar of the Albanian language, consists in the want of a sufficient number of consonants to give the sound of words, so as to render them intelligible to an Albanian. This is the reason why the Albanian Bible, printed by the Bible Society of London, has been found to be so defective in spreading the truths of Christianity among these poor benighted people. Among the better classes, whether Greek or Mahometan, I found these Bibles pretty generally circulated; but, as usual, where the influence of the Latin clergy extended—for instance, among the independent tribes of the Miriditi—they have been denounced as heretical, and excommunication threatened to whoever should introduce them to their families. We, however, sincerely hope that our excel-

lent Society for the Propagation of the Gospel may still continue their humane exertions for enlightening this noble people, who, in spite of their barbarism, are possessed in a high degree of all the finer qualities of man, and capable, if properly instructed, of attaining a high state of civilization. A great amount of good might be effected by sending among them a few missionaries, strangers to political intrigue, who by founding schools and establishments of industry, might gradually wean them from their predatory habits and mitigate their fanaticism.

In a commercial point of view, the vast country inhabited by the Mahometan and Miriditi tribes, known as the ancient Djigheria, is not without its advantages, situated as it is between two navigable lakes—Scutari, near the Adriatic, and Ocrida, at the foot of a chain of mountains that separates Albania from Macedonia. Vessels of a hundred tons burden already navigate the Boiana to within a few miles of Scutari, whence light steamers, such as we see on the Haute-Loire in France, and the Neckar in Germany, could easily ascend to the lake, and communicate with the independent tribes of Tchernegora and the Miriditi. At the same time, the river Drin could easily be made available for light steamers from the Adriatic to the Lake of Ocrida, which we have already observed is unequalled for picturesque beauty, while the neighbouring country is remarkable for the healthiness of its situation, with rapid streams suitable for the establishment of manufactures, and where land might be obtained, we presume, by a

grant from the Sultan. We have already pointed out these lines of water communication to the Turkish authorities, promising such commercial and political advantages to the country; for being situated in the immediate vicinity of so many independent tribes, attached by the all-powerful influence of religion to Austria and Russia, the opening of channels for the sale of their products, which would, bring them in contact with the great civilized world, these interested powers would lose their influence; and the inhabitants, instead of wasting their energies in their fanatical tchetas of Romanist against schismatic Greek, and *vice versâ*, turn their attention to profitable industry and commerce.

To facilitate this measure, Scutari should be declared a free port, from which a road might easily be laid down to Nissa, in Bulgaria, connected with that already made through Servia to Belgrade on the Danube.*

An Englishman accustomed to the enlightened administration of his own country, immediately perceives the defects in others; and through a philanthropic desire to advance the social condition of man, endeavours to point out such measures as he thinks will tend to their improvement; but the question still re-

* In a subsequent visit to Servia, in 1850, I mentioned the circumstance to the Ministers of the Prince of Servia, who at once assented to my opinion, as to the advantages of a road communication through these inland provinces to the Adriatic, which would produce so many commercial benefits, both to Turkish interests and to Servia, and which that active little Government offered to undertake, sharing the expenses with the Ottoman Porte.

mains, When will they be done? To my certain knowledge, the Turkish Government for the last ten years has been *contemplating* the execution of a plan for laying down a line of roads intended to intersect the whole of these provinces. At present the favourite idea is the new system of railroads. We hope this will not require another ten years' meditation. The same thing may be said respecting the promulgation of certain equitable laws and reforms tending to the regeneration of the Turkish empire, but still under consideration. The defective state of the law connected with landed property is a severe reproach to the government. Land is held here on so insecure a tenure, that we verily believe there is not a single subject of the Sultan who would venture to affirm, that the acres he cultivates, and has inherited from his father, belonged to him. The Turk had better be on the alert, and declare himself whether he is to become a European or remain an Asiatic. This is not a stand-still age, the civilization of the West is fast advancing upon him, marshalled by its agents—the printing press and steam navigation, which break down every barrier, and must sooner or later accomplish the social regeneration of man, a consummation which neither the ingenuity of priestcraft nor the despotism of princes can arrest. The Almighty hath willed that the destinies of man should at length be understood, and to further it He has given us the means.

In the neighbourhood of Elbassan we are everywhere reminded of the energetic rule of the Romans by their

old paved roads, which branch off to the various towns in the interior; and those on the Adriatic, still used for the transport of merchandize by the pack-horse. Dourtz, the Durazzo of the Italians, is the nearest sea-port. The ancient Dyrachium, like Elbassan, presents a mass of ruins; the capacious harbour, once filled with the proud fleets of Greece and Rome, is now considered insecure, owing to mounds of sand, the accumulation of centuries.

If we leave Durazzo, and penetrate into the interior, passing through Presa and Tirana to Croia, we shall have an opportunity of studying the military system of the Romans for the defence of a mountainous country, in the number of ruined castellated forts everywhere presented to view, which proved so formidable during the time of Scanderbeg to the overwhelming force of the Osmanli; these, while they formed an impenetrable barrier against the inroads of the mountaineers, corresponded by a connected line of towns with their citadels on the Adriatic for the defence of the sea-coast, proving the value they attached to the possession of Albania.

How many recollections are recalled to the mind of the traveller who has read Barletti's "Commentario delle cose di Turchi," on entering the town of Croia! Here the Albanian hero, Scanderbeg, resisted an army of a hundred thousand fanatic Turks, under the command of their most warlike and enterprizing Sultan, Mahomet II. Of its impregnable fortress, which could not be taken without starving its garrison, there remains

but one tower; and of the fortifications, which so long resisted the cannon of the infidels, mounds of rubbish. Croia, however, is still dear to the Albanian as the capital of his ancient sovereigns, and even now—for tradition never dies—is the favourite theme of the story-teller and the bard. At present it is a miserable place —an assemblage of huts and ruins, inhabited by Mahometan Mìriditi, who having nothing to lose, live on friendly terms with their compatriots, the independent Latin Miriditi, who occupy the neighbouring mountains. A Turkish Aien with a guard of Arnouts maintain, in the name of the Sultan, possession of the solitary tower of Croia, or rather, he is permitted to remain there through the forbearance of the mountaineers, to whom he is exceedingly useful in carrying on a little commerce by bartering powder, and other trifling articles for their own productions—skins, furs, honey and wax.

The Doukadjini, or as it is usually termed by the Turks and Slavonians, Skenderiah, from its being inhabited by the descendants of the most illustrious among Scanderbeg's warriors, commences at Croia, a mountain district, which, for natural strength of position, perhaps has not its equal in any country. In the centre of a dell, surrounded by ramparts of towering rocks, from which there is no outlet, except by a gorge so deep and narrow as nearly to exclude the light of the sun, stands the town of Oros, distant four leagues from Croia; and here resides the Prink, or chief of those independent tribes, the Latin Miriditi, as safe

from invasion or danger, as if he had pitched his tent on the solitary rock of Gibraltar. The Doukadjini, although it forms in itself a little world, is connected by pathways—and it is said by caverns, only known to the mountaineers—with those districts of the other free tribes of the Miriditi, to which we have already referred.

On leaving Croia for Alessio, on the sea-coast, distant about four leagues, we have to pass through the dangerous defile of the Mati, now nearly closed in by steep, lofty rocks; and again opening into a tiny valley, also inhabited by the free tribes of the Miriditi, who here take the name of the Mati, a remarkably fine race of men, said to be highly civilized; these, with the Doukadjini, and the tribes located on the banks of the Hismo and the Drin, form together a population of about a hundred thousand, and acknowledge no other authority than that of their Prink Doda of Oros. As to the other tribes of the Miriditi professing the Latin ritual, scattered about in various districts of Upper Albania, together with the Hoti and the Castrati, dwelling in the rich plains and valleys in the vicinity of the Lake of Scutari, more or less subject to the authority of the Sultan; we cannot give an estimate of their numbers.

Alessio, situated on the River Drin, once so prosperous and commercial, is now only remarkable for its curious castellated church, converted into a mosque, and containing the open tomb of Scanderbeg. The name the Turks have given this town, Lesch (tomb), is most

appropriate, shaded as it is by the dark foliage of the plane and the cypress, which appear as if weeping over its destruction. Alessio derives but little benefit from its communication with the sea by the River Drin, owing to the accumulation of sand-banks. Vessels, however, from fifty to sixty tons burden, get as far as Scela, distant a few miles from the town.

On leaving Alessio for Scutari, about seven leagues further, we have the melancholy spectacle of seeing before us one of the most fertile districts in Albania for the most part a desert, producing nothing better than brushwood, with here and there a stagnant pond, caused by the overflowing of the rivers. Sometimes we meet with a clump of trees on the declivity of a picturesque hill, composed of the wild fig, the olive and the pomegranate, shading the ruins of what might have been at one time a prosperous burgh or a smiling village. On approaching Scutari, we have everywhere indications, such as they are, of the industry of man, in gardens and cultivated fields, with their little hamlets, but so primitive in their construction, as to resemble a heap of ozier tents, covered with reeds.

Scutari, or, as the Turks call it, Iskenderiah (the town of Scanderbeg), is one of the most flourishing and commercial towns in Albania, and said to contain twenty thousand inhabitants; it communicates with the sea by the River Boiana, and has also the advantage of a fine navigable lake—the ancient Labiatis—in its immediate vicinity, together with an extensive plain of great fertility, where the vine, the olive, and the fig

arrive to the utmost perfection. Open to the genial south, and protected by the Tchernegora mountains, and those of Upper Albania, from the cold winds of the north and the north-east, the climate is so mild that even oranges and lemons are seen growing in the gardens of the suburbs.

Scutari, the Scodra of antiquity, was a town of great importance, even in the days of Pyrrhus. History relates how it was burned by the Romans, under the command of Antius, and afterwards ravaged by repeated hordes of barbarians, when the fine monuments it possessed were entirely destroyed. In later days, it passed under the rule of the princely family of the Balsachis, the ancestors of Georges Castriot, better known as the Great Scanderbeg; when it again became famous for the number of sieges it withstood from the Turks, particularly that of its castle, Rosapha, so famous in Venetian history for the gallant defence of Antonio Loredano, who, shut up within its walls, after the town had surrendered, with only a hundred and fifty men, held possession against an army of fifty thousand Janissaries.

Scutari, with its lake and castle, seated on the summit of a rock, its mountains and fertile plain, bears some resemblance to Ocrida, with this difference, that if the town of Ocrida is in comparison a village, its lake is considerably larger, more picturesque, and its environs far more healthy and free from marsh. The Boiana, also, unlike its rival, the Drin, which flows so rapidly through the Lake of Ocrida, here rolls its waters slug-

gishly; hence, we find the lake through which it passes less clear, and occasionally spreading into swamp and marsh. With respect to fish, perhaps, they are more abundant and diversified in the Lake of Scutari, at least they are better known: carp is frequently caught here weighing thirty, and trout, fifty pounds. It is, however, a fish called by the inhabitants ouklieva, somewhat resembling a sardine in size and shape, that most deserves notice: these fish abound in all the springs, mouths of rivers, and rivulets of the lake, in such prodigious quantities, as often to require the strength of several men to haul in the net; nay, it is said they are frequently found in such dense masses, as to be easily taken with a common pail! Fortunately for the inhabitants, this little fish, so abundant, is also renowned for its delicious flavour, and much sought after by the epicure. When cured, it is sent to every part of European Turkey, the Ionian Isles and Italy, thus employing a great number of people in its preparation and export. Each bend in the lake, with its springs and rivulets—which these people term an ochi—have been the private property of certain tribes from time immemorial; among these, the independent tribes of Tchernegora have also their fishing ochis on their side of the lake, which yield, it is said, a considerable revenue to the Vladika.

The season for taking the ouklieva commences about the latter end of September, and continues through the winter months, always ushered in by the imposing cere-

mony of blessing the lake, which the Vladika of Tchernegora, and the nominee of the Sultan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Scutari, perform in person, each on his own side of the lake, and as a recompense, receive from the fishermen a tithe of whatever fish is taken!

Rizonica, better known as the Bocca di Cattaro, distant two days' ride from Scutari, is without exception the most important station on this side of the Adriatic. During our travels in these provinces, we had frequent occasions to admire the caprice nature displayed in the formation of the rocks in certain districts, presenting to the eye a not indifferent model of nearly every species of architecture. In the Bocca di Cattaro we have the singular spectacle of lines of docks, formed by the hand of nature. To understand this, we have only to imagine three vast basins running far into the land, and communicating with each other by narrow passages capable of being fortified. Entire fleets could find in these deep and capacious basins an anchorage sheltered from every wind, and secure from any enemy, however daring.

Impregnable as Cattaro may be from an attack by sea, to render its defences complete, the possessors of it should also have the command of the land side; for, being in great part surrounded by abrupt mountains, rising to levels, an attack by cannon from any of these might prove fatal to the safety of the shipping; and since several of these mountain levels are inhabited by the warlike tribes of Tchernegora, who claim Cattaro as their heritage, the possession is not of so much im-

portance to Austria as it would be to Russia, who, from religion, and a similarity in language and race, the mountaineers regard as their natural friend and ally.*

The Bocca di Cattaro dates its origin from so early a period as that of the Illyrian Queen, Teuta, who, when driven from her States by the Macedonians, established herself here with a few followers, who became in process of time the most formidable pirates on the Adriatic. This drew down upon them the vengeance of the Carthagenians, who destroyed their ships, their towns, castles and villages. A position so admirably adapted either to the purposes of commerce or piracy, was not long deserted, for we find Cattaro, at the commencement of the eleventh century, a republic, under the protectorate of the Krals of Servia. After passing through various vicissitudes of adversity and prosperity —now threatened with the hostility of the neighbouring States for piracy, then repulsing the attacks of the Venetians and the Hungarians, the ruling stars of the day, and, at a later date, the Turks, under Barbarosa— we find the little State accepting the protection of the Lion of St. Mark; to this alliance they remained faithful till the fall of Venice, when Cattaro shared the fate of

* During my subsequent tour in these provinces, in 1850, it was currently reported that Cattaro was to be transferred to Russia, in part payment for the assistance she had rendered to Austria in putting down the insurrection in Hungary; as may be supposed, the prospect of having so dangerous a neighbour caused no little disquietude to the Turkish authorities.

the other allies and provinces of that republic; it was subsequently transferred, by a decision of the Congress of Vienna, to Austria.

Owing to the strict blockade maintained by the Turkish cruisers, for the prevention of the introduction of arms and ammunition into Albania, I found it impossible to obtain a barque at any of the ports I visited, to convey me to the Ionian Isles; I was therefore obliged to return to Elbassan, and continue my route to Berat and Avlona. In every point of view, Albania, at this time, was anything but an agreeable *séjour* for a stranger; in addition to the rumours of revolutionary outbursts in certain districts of the mountains, I learned from all the Frank doctors I met with, that the cholera was everywhere making dreadful havoc, no doubt aggravated by the excited state of the people.

It appears that the Asiatic cholera first made its appearance in these provinces in 1830, when the mortality was fearful; it again showed itself in 1845, and each successive year up to 1850; but whether the virulence of the disease had exhausted itself, or that it was better understood, its attacks every year assumed a milder character. To counteract the effects of a malady which had already decimated the population, and threatened to continue its ravages, the Turkish Government so far awoke from its sluggishness as to invite medical men from Germany and Italy, and encouraged them to settle in the country by giving them high salaries, and securing to them all the rights and privileges usually accorded to

a Frank. Consequently, we now find in every large town a Frank doctor, with a dispensary for the relief of the poor.

During my excursions, I always made it a point to visit these gentlemen, from whom I gleaned many particulars relative to Asiatic cholera, all of whom agreed as to its causes, and the classes of the population most subject to it. It first made its appearance in those parts of a town badly ventilated, in narrow streets, and covered bazaars, striking down the indigent, and then gradually spreading to every class of society, but showed itself less virulent where its effects were counteracted by cleanliness and better aired dwellings. In these provinces of European Turkey, where there is such a diversity of races and creeds, its effects were most remarkable, and equally disastrous—whether it was provoked by intemperance, or aggravated by previous abstinence; which proves that a temperate regimen is the surest preventive against an attack. On Fridays, the Sabbath of the Mussulman, when these people are accustomed to indulge in debauchery, a ten-fold number of cases invariably occurred; the Sabbath of the Jews, and the Sunday and other *fête* days of the Christians, when they assemble to drink and carouse, produced the same results. On the other hand, during the fasts of the Jews, the Ramadan of the Mahometans, and the long abstinence which the Greek Church imposes upon its followers, its effects were found to be equally fatal.

CHAPTER VII.

Journey to Berat—Turkish karaoul—Fortunate rencontre—Crossing the mountains—Bivouac among the Zinzars—Their hospitality—Pope Michaeli—Desolate aspect of the country—Fertility—Agriculture—Productions—Exports and imports—Austrian commerce—English Consuls—Plain of Berat—Town and fortress—Caraman Bey, the Governor—Preparations to repel an attack of the rebels—Alarming reports of the Albanian insurrection—Departure from Berat—Battle between the Nizam and the insurgents—Defeat of the Nizam—Fortunate escape.

On our route to Berat we again passed through Elbassan, and followed for some time the charming banks of the Scoumbi. After crossing the same singular old bridge with its twelve arches, to which we have before referred, we entered the gloomy defile of the Deole, with its torrent-like stream, now easy to ford, but highly dangerous when the waters are swollen. We were now in the country of the Toski tribes, whom Stefa stigmatized most unjustly as the most ferocious bandits in Albania; and with his usual timidity, deter-

mined not to move an inch farther through such a cut-throat gorge and forest than the han, unless in company with other travellers. Here we also found a karaoul, guarded by half a dozen of the kavaas, who agreed to accompany us through the dangerous part of the forest for a certain number of piastres. I was on the point of concluding a bargain, when a party of well-mounted Albanians rode up, fine, stout fellows, armed to the teeth. On learning the cause of our detention; the timidity of Stefa, in seeing danger, where none existed; and the attempt of the kavaas—those guardians of the highway—to fleece the pocket of a stranger; they became highly indignant, more especially as they considered the character of their countrymen was degraded in the eyes of a Frank traveller.

With so timely a reinforcement we commenced the ascent of the mountain through a gloomy forest of splendid oak, intermingled with wild fruit-trees, here and there encircled with the vine, which running from tree to tree, formed an impenetrable bower over our heads; this continued till we got to the region of the pine, and landed on a beautiful plateau, where we found a hamlet inhabited by a few shepherds, who live here far removed from the usual haunts of man. As the shades of evening approached we got to the village of Kouschova, inhabited by a tribe of Wallachians, or Zinzars, where we determined to remain for the night, while our companions, who were better mounted, continued their route to Berat.

We had scarcely commenced our preparations for

passing the night, when our bivouac was interrupted by Pope Michaeli, and the elders of the village, who kindly invited me to take up my residence at the principal konak of their tribe. On declining the invitation, these good people, who always regard a Frank, from a similarity of language, as their compatriot, hospitably provided me with abundance of provisions. How singular is the tenacity with which man adheres to the language and the customs of his race. Although centuries upon centuries have passed over since these people have been the slaves of successive tyrants, still they are enabled to hold converse with the stranger in the bold, graphic language of ancient Rome; and truly, Pope Michaeli in his long flowing robes, full patriarchal beard, hooked nose, strongly marked features, majestic person, and fiery eye, was not an unworthy representative of a people who were once the lords of the world. It hath been truly said, that even if rocks were cultivated in peace, they would furnish man with bread; whereas the most fertile lands, exposed to anarchy and war, produce a famine. Since we left our village we had not seen a single hut, not even a shepherd, although there was sufficient pasture, and the soil here and there on the slopes of a light calcareous nature, well adapted to the cultivation of the vine. The same desolation continued till we arrived at one of those rapid streams, half dry in summer and a torrent in winter; here we found a few straggling huts surrounded by patches of maize, cotton and tobacco.

As may be presumed, in a country so long the theatre of misrule, agriculture, and every species of mechanical industry is still in its infancy; the plough is as simple as it was in the days of the first patriarchs of the world; the share is of wood, and where the soil is of a strong argillaceous nature, the extremities of the curve is armed with pieces of iron. A carpenter, with a saw, a hammer and a hatchet, builds a house, fashions a table and a chest of drawers; and it is only in the large towns that we see him make use of a gouge or a chisel.

Although Albania is bristling with mountains, and exposed to every variety of temperature, it is nevertheless extremely fertile. The calcareous and argillaceous earth, of which many of the mountains are composed, is well calculated to repay the labours of the agriculturist, while the number of valleys, extensive basins, gorges and plateaus, with their fluviatic productions, petrifactions, and deposits of vegetable matter—evidences of the deluge—are fertile beyond all expression, and capable of maintaining several millions of human beings.

Magnificent forest trees are seen rearing their heads to the skies among pinnacled rocks, wherever they can find sufficient nourishment to take root. Grain, without any choice of seed, is simply thrown into the ground, with hardly any tillage, and no manure whatever, and produces notwithstanding abundant crops. The olive-trees, some of the finest in any part of the world, may be seen growing to perfection at a

height of six hundred feet, with this great advantage, that they are not, as in other countries, subject to injury from the caterpillar. Every part of the soil, whether on the plain or the mountain top, seems to suit this valuable tree; since we find the wild olive, intermingled with the more hardy tree of the forest, even at a height of three thousand feet. The pomegranate, the fig, and the white mulberry, are everywhere favourites of the soil; and in peculiarly good situations, the orange and the lemon attain great perfection; these, with the almond, pears, peaches, quinces, apricots, medlars, and other fruit-trees, are found in the orchards, all of which might be improved if any pains were taken in cultivating them.

Where a mattock is used instead of a spade, vegetables cannot be expected to arrive at perfection; spinage, artichokes and lettuces, are among the best; the tomata is very fine, so are the cucumbers and melons of every species. Mint, parsley, balm, fennel, sage, and a variety of other garden herbs are found everywhere growing wild; and of every other country, this should be visited by the botanist and horticulturist. On the banks of every rivulet we see beds of lilies, hyacinths, jonquils, narcissus, and hundreds of other beautiful flowers, plants and flowering shrubs. Every situation, every region has its peculiar productions, to the very rock which is here and there carpeted with peppermint, and the most beautiful mosses that can be conceived. Then the different zones of forest trees, alpine and subalpine, where we find every species of

oak, with box, juniper, laurels, myrtles, and the tree of Judea, wild almonds, and other fruit-trees and parasitical plants. These, with the ash that yields the manna, the chesnut, nut-trees, the silk-tree with its beautiful tufts, the alkina which produces the aurora colour for dying, so much admired in Turkey, the schumach, the valona, and the pine, upon the cold barren mountain, might be converted into so many articles of commerce; if this highly favoured country were but peaceful, and its energetic inhabitants taught industry and profitable speculation.

In every age Albania has been famous for the fine flavour of its honey, derived from the Millissa and other numberless aromatic plants and flowers of the valley and the mountain. The bees are for the most part wild, and make their nests in the fissures of the rocks and hollow trunks of the trees; the honey is generally white, and the wax of a superior quality, and forms a very considerable article in the exports of the country. Silk is not produced in any quantity, and rarely or ever sold out of the country. The cotton plant, tobacco and rice thrive remarkably well.

It would appear from the quantity of Austrian ducats, dollars and zwanzigers found circulating in Albania, that the principal commerce is in the hands of Austrian traders. The commodities usually exported consist of wood for ship building, three or four cargoes of oil, the same of raw wool, cotton, tobacco, and hides, and one or two of Morocco leather, schumach and valona nuts, and sometimes cattle and corn to the

Ionian Isles. The importations consist of calicoes and woollen cloths, gold and silver lace, fire-arms, tin wares, coffee, sugar, indigo, cochineal, trinkets, and some ironmongery, and the Turkish red fez now generally worn. They have also begun to import window-glass somewhat largely, together with mirrors, paper, furniture, and sundry other little articles of luxury for their houses and dinner-tables.

It appears to an English traveller altogether inexplicable, that notwithstanding we maintain a little army of consuls and vice-consuls in European Turkey, our trade with these provinces is rapidly passing into the hands of the Austrians. It is true these gentlemen are better paid than the officials of any other country, and holding as they do a high rank among the inhabitants, they may think it degrading to trouble themselves about such vulgar subjects as the sale of cottons and Sheffield wares. To be convinced of this, we have only to wander through the bazaars and other places where merchandize is exposed for sale, and we shall find the balance of English manufactured goods sadly against us.

On approaching Berat, we observed some traces of industry; the hills were laid out in vines, and the fields appropriated to pasture and agricultural purposes; buffaloes wallowed on the marshy banks of the river, and flocks and herds, with their primitive shepherds, imparted an Arcadian aspect to the landscape.

Berat, the ancient Antipatria, is one of the most imposing towns in Albania, and forms, with its fortress

on the summit of a rock, a most picturesque object in the distance. The Loum, the ancient Apsus, divides the town, over which is thrown a better bridge than is usually seen in these countries; this leads to the quarter inhabited by the Mahometans, with their neat gardens and fountains, where we find several houses that might be admired for their architecture.

The possession of Berat, with its strong fortress, situated in the centre of Albania, between the two great towns, Jannina and Scutari, and commanding all the passes leading to them, is deemed of great importance by the Ottoman Porte, and always placed under the command of an Osmanli Mahometan, whose fidelity can be depended upon. Caraman Bey, who was the governor at this critical moment, had only from eight to nine hundred men to make head against an insurrection which was said to be advancing upon him in every direction. The citadel, with its fortifications, which enclose the konak of the governor, the barracks of the Nizam, and a few hundred houses, still remain in tolerable preservation; but it has the misfortune, like many others in Albania, of being situated on a calcareous rock, without any water but that derived from a cistern, and of being commanded by a more elevated height, whence it could easily be destroyed. However, as this would require artillery, and a more scientific warrior than the insurgent chief of Albania, the Bey considered himself sufficiently strong with his twenty cannon to repulse any attack of the rebels.

It was evident that the governor, Caraman Bey,

expected a visit from these turbulent subjects of the Ottoman Porte, by his ordering the inhabitants of the Lower Town and the suburbs to send, without delay, all their valuables for safety to the citadel. This produced a most ludicrous scene among the usually indolent, apathetic inhabitants of a Turkish town. Porters were at a high premium, and as there did not happen to be a sufficient number of these gentry to meet the demand, many a fat, wealthy Turk, Jew, Greek, or Armenian, was obliged to bend and groan under the weight of his own coffers.

In one place might be seen an entire family, endeavouring to haul up the steep sides of the hill an enormous trunk, of most antique shape, bound with bands of brass half a foot in breadth. In another, fair Mahometan dames endeavouring to hold the yashmak about their faces, while they rested for a moment to recover the breath they had well nigh lost under the weight of their packages. There was the old and the young, the sick and the infirm, the suckling babe and the cat of the fire-side; in short, all included among the privileged class, or who had the means, were hastening for protection to the cannons of the fortress, and to add to their discomfort, the sun was pouring down a flood of heat almost insupportable.

It was, however, the Upper Town that presented a succession of scenes never to be forgotten; there the better class of merchants and traders, who could not find admittance into the houses, already crowded with refugees, were to be found encamped in the streets, quietly seated on their little carpets in the midst of

pyramids of provisions and packages, contentedly pursuing the usual occupations of life—cooking, eating, drinking, smoking and sleeping. Others of an inferior grade, were grouped along the inner walls of the fortifications, where they lay encamped, pursuing similar employments.

In the midst of all this hubbub and confusion, where every man appeared to be engaged in an affair of life and death, poor Stefa was at his wit's end. We had received accounts since our arrival here, of an insurrection of the Djeghi Miriditi at Elbassan, Tirana and Croia; therefore, to retrace his steps, or to go forward, presented equal danger; and he knew, if he left my service and remained at Berat, the assistance of himself and his horses would be demanded by the authorities, in the name of the Sultan. My distracted kiraidji was therefore most desirous we should forthwith take to the road; but the cunning fellow, ever alive to his interest, deposited his money and the more valuable part of his stock in the hands of a trusty friend, and replenished his bags with the most flimsy and least expensive articles he could purchase, particularly knitted cotton skull-caps, which the Albanians wear under the fez. These he knew would be most acceptable, and put the Philistines in good humour, should he by any mishap fall into their hands; while the loss to him would be trifling. He had also the consolation to hear from several travellers who had met with the insurgents, that they had hitherto conducted themselves remarkably well, not having been guilty of any act of hostility, either

towards the person or the property of the Rayah inhabitants, or the traveller.

We left Berat and its anxious inhabitants under the escort of two hundred tacticoes, dispatched by Caraman Bey, to occupy a position on the route leading to Avlona; and truly, as we wound our way through a defile of Mount Scrapari, and saw with what facility a few dozen of insurgents who might be in possession of the heights could have maltreated us, I regretted that I had not been travelling alone with my kiraidji, Stefa. Happily, we arrived at a small village on the torrent Vajoutza without molestation, where we passed the night at a miserable han, filled with tacticoes.

The following morning found Stefa in a fever of excitement; the villagers had alarmed him with their accounts of the insurrection. Among other things, that the rebels were in possession of all the passes leading to the adjoining mountains, and that the great chief of the insurrection, Giulika, having succeeded in rallying round his standard the Lapi, the most ferocious of all the Albanian tribes, was advancing upon Avlona for the purpose of preventing the landing of troops, sent by sea to assist in putting down the insurrection. Stefa, consequently, was determined to return to Berat, and await the conclusion of events; but as I knew he always magnified, and often created danger, I determined to proceed. This time, however, he was inexorable, and neither offers of money, nor any blustering of mine about the necessity of fulfilling his contract to conduct me to Avlona, could prevail—the stars were unpro-

pitious, his dreams ominous of evil—in short, every omen in the Book of Kismet bade him return to Berat.

I had no other alternative but to get into the saddle; however, instead of turning my horse's head to Berat, I galloped towards Avlona, feeling certain that I should presently be joined by a man, who valued his horse more than he dreaded a meeting with the rebels. Poor Stefa, finding that neither threats nor entreaties could influence an obstinate Frank, who had once made up his mind upon a subject, burst into a violent flood of tears, and invoking the Panagia, and all the Saints in the Greek calendar, to come to his assistance (which at length showed me that he was really a member of the Greek Church), with great philosophy resigned himself to the decrees of Kismet.

After riding about half an hour, we met a cavalcade of horsemen, accompanied by a troop of the kavaas, galloping furiously, as if followed by a host of demons. We afterwards learned that this was the Governor and the principal officers of Avlona, who, on the first intimation of danger, left the town to its own resources, and made their escape to Berat. These were speedily followed by another cavalcade of the citizens, who, with doleful countenances, assured us that Avlona was actually in possession of the insurgents; therefore, much to the satisfaction of poor Stefa, I felt myself compelled, by the force of circumstances, to join the fugitives; but, alas! on arriving at our village, we found that the tacticoes had succeeded in throwing up a barricade, and with a pair of rusty cannon, awaited, in the most

phlegmatic manner possible, an attack of the insurgents, who were mustering strong on the shelving hills. With some difficulty, we persuaded the hanji to unbolt his doors and admit us. It was scarcely possible to refrain from laughing at the scene I now witnessed among these timid Rayahs, who, notwithstanding all their precautions, found themselves in the midst of the insurrection. Such lamentations, wringing of hands, crossings, and prayers to the Saints for protection, were never before either seen or heard. Fortunately, I found among the inmates one man of stronger nerves—an Italian trader, Signor Boridini—and having with him ascended a hay-loft, after undoing a few tiles, we contrived to obtain a glimpse of what was passing between the belligerents.

It was easy to see, from the stealthy pace of the insurgents in the hollows of the adjoining hills, that they were not to be decoyed within range of the cannon, which the tacticoes had taken so much pains to conceal, and that they were only waiting for the shades of night, or some favourable opportunity, to cross the torrent Vajoutza, and fall upon their enemy, who had no retreat more secure than the mud huts of a straggling village.

Hitherto the contending parties had been content with firing at each other a few harmless volleys of musketry, to the great terror of the poor Rayahs of the village; the tacticoes, on their side, dreading to leave their intrenchments, and the insurgents, on the other, held at bay by the much dreaded cannon. Suddenly the firing ceased, and messengers seemed to be passing

and re-passing between the combatants. It was evident they could not come to terms, since the commander, despairing of any assistance from Berat, had taken the resolution of forcing his way to that town, no doubt relying on the dread his pair of cannon must inspire among the insurgents. These dreadful implements of war were quickly harnessed, and with lighted matches, the tacticoes commenced their march, when lo! a party of well-mounted cavaliers, who seemed to rise out of the hills, bore down upon them with a horrible yell. The cannon was brought to bear upon them; but, alas! one burst, and the other would not ignite. All was now over with the tacticoes, and to save their lives, they fraternized with the rebels, allowing their officers to be made prisoners. The victorious party, with shouts of triumph, firing of guns, and brandishing of weapons, now poured into the village, where they remained a short time refreshing themselves, and now re-inforced by two hundred muskets and ammunition, continued their march to Avlona.

The transition from war to peace was so rapid, that it appeared more like a dream than a reality: it is true, a bloodless victory usually blunts the passions of men, still, I doubt that any body of insurgents, even in the most civilized countries of Western Europe, could have conducted themselves better. I need not say how thankful we felt at having escaped from so dangerous a position; and now, having nothing to prevent us pursuing our route, we lost no time in returning to the strong town of Berat.

CHAPTER VIII.

Return to Berat—Embarrassments of a traveller—Journey from Berat to Jannina—Fellow-travellers—English courier—Turkish kiraidji—Description of the country—Melancholy effects of the Albanian insurrection—Guerillas—Characteristic of the mountaineers—Defile of the Groukâ—Town of Klisoura—Encampment of gipsies—Arrival at Premetti—Ruins of an old Christian church—Miraculous well—Legend attached to it—Magnificent scenery—An Albanian Skela—Ancient bridge—Mountaineers—Villages—Ruins—Dangerous effects of the bite of a snake—How to prevent them—Escape from drowning—Bivouac.

THE reader, whose object is to become acquainted with the aspect of a country, and the character and manners of its inhabitants, will probably take but little interest in the fate of the traveller; we have, therefore, refrained from overloading this work with personal adventures, startling incidents and anecdotes, which, however amusing they might be to some people, would not tend to make these countries better known to the civilized inhabitants of Western Europe. We will,

then, merely say, that our adventure with the insurgents on the banks of the Vajoutza had so terrified Stefa, that having now got within the strong walls of Berat, he vowed he never would again endanger his life by travelling with a Frank, particularly an Ingleski.

This determination of Stefa, in these troublesome times, must have proved a serious embarrassment, had I not, at the house of my Jew banker, met with Pietro Albret, the courier of the English Consul, Mr. Damaschino, at Jannina, who was on his way to that town with despatches from the Vice-Consul at Scutari. Pietro, who was a native of Albania, and well acquainted with the country, lost no time in procuring me a Turkish kiraidji, with a pair of capital horses. In addition to Pietro, we had for our companions a Miriditi Bey from the neighbourhood of Scutari, and a Spanish Jew, bound for Smyrna; who, having travelled in various parts of Europe, spoke Italian fluently, and was far more intelligent than the generality of travellers in these provinces. To add to our amusement, Hadji Ismael, the kiraidji, who had visited Mecca, was a professed storyteller, and one of the best tempered, jovial fellows living.

On leaving Berat, our route lay through the valley of the Loum, which continued to contract, as we advanced, till it became a defile. After an hour's ride we forded the river, and turning to the right, ascended the steep sides of one of the lesser heights of Mount Scrapari, whence we enjoyed a fine prospect of Berat and its extensive plain, through which were seen rolling

the Loum, and the Laparda, the whole encircled by a chain of mountains capped by the gigantic Tomor, still streaked with the snows of winter. Although at a height of at least a thousand feet above the defile of the Loum, we continued our ride over a fertile district with numerous rivulets and abounding in forest trees; it was, however, entirely without inhabitants. The ruins of villages with their little castles, once the residence of some hereditary chieftain, told the sad tale of the desperate and unceasing determination of these unhappy people to preserve their feudal institutions.

On leaving this wilderness and ascending still higher, we entered a district broken up into defiles and deep gorges with their tiny rivulets. Here we found every spot cultivated, while numerous flocks of sheep and goats were to be seen wandering through the forests and pinnacled rocks in search of pasture; there were also several pretty hamlets dotted about on the shelving sides of the hills. My companion informed me that those among the inhabitants of the desert we passed through, who escaped the massacre and havoc which succeeded some former insurrection, took refuge in this mountain retreat, and continue to repel every attempt of the executive to tame them into subjection. Such is ever the case with these warlike tribes, who, although they have been from time to time decimated, their fiefdoms ravaged, and their chieftains exterminated or driven into exile, retire into some inaccessible district, and as they gather strength, still breathing war and revenge, break out again into insurrection.

Unhappy Turkey! by these continual contests with its Mahometan subjects, so violently opposed to reform, it exhausts its resources and involves the future in darkness. On the other hand, the Albanians, whether from an instinctive consciousness of their own superiority as warriors, disdain resorting to the arts of intrigue for obtaining an underhand advantage over an enemy, or that they are really deficient in the ability to concert, and carry into effect a well-digested plan of conspiracy, certain it is, they rarely succeed in any of their insurrections; their plots are always ill-digested, conducted without plan or union, and in the excitement of the moment they fall upon the enemy without regard to position or numbers. It is only in the mountain that they are invulnerable, excelling every other people as guerillas; and although cut off from all communication with their neighbours, and forced to live upon roots, and such food as the chase may procure, they never give up the contest, and at length by their perseverance, harass and weary out the strongest and most valiant army.

We all know that in every country, however civilized, a difference in religious opinions among a people even of the same race, ever proves a curse, since it is certain to be made use of by a host of intriguing priests for the furtherance of political views. How much greater is this evil in a country like Turkey, where the reigning power is not only a stranger in race, but bound by its laws and creed to deny the truth of a religion professed by the great majority of the people. The

Mahometans may rebel, and dispute the introduction of this or that reform, still there is a hope of a union. This is for ever impossible between a Mahometan ruler and his Christian subjects, who regard every benefit he confers upon them as a proof of his weakness, and every victory he achieves over his refractory Mussulman subjects, as so many interpositions of a merciful Providence, gradually working out their deliverance from the thraldom of an infidel ruler.

We passed the night at a Mahometan village on the summit of the Trebeshana, where we found a multitude of armed mountaineers, evidently prepared to assist Giulika in his insurrection, now the hero of the Mussulman party opposed to reform in Albania. They were a very fine body of men, in nothing changed from their ancestors; there was the same profile, the same tall, erect, athletic figure, that we see here and there portrayed among the warriors sculptured on the monuments of ancient Greece and Rome. This is the more singular, since in other mountain districts of Europe, where the inhabitants live isolated, the race deteriorates.

The houses of these mountaineers, the Toski, resemble those of the free mountaincers, the Miriditi; like them, they are usually built of stone, and invariably erected on some steep declivity, or hollowed out of the rock, so as to resemble a little fortress, approached by steps cut in the rock, or by a plank thrown over a precipice, with a single opening in the side, and not unfrequently on the top, which serves as a chimney for the smoke to escape,

and at the same time as a door of entrance, for in this land of strife every other consideration is sacrified to a good defensive position. Those inhabited by the chiefs are more commodious, and stronger built, having little windows, open in summer, and closed with paper instead of glass during the winter. The interior of some of them is even painted with landscapes, battles and scenes from the chase.

The worst trait in the character of the Albanians, of whatever tribe or creed, is their implacable vengeance—an injury is never forgiven. On the other hand, they are deeply susceptible of kindness, and display towards each other all the social virtues that distinguish the inhabitants of more civilized countries. The same excitable temperament that leads them to pursue a wrong even to death, shows itself in the enthusiasm with which they give their cattle and provisions to the unfortunate tribe who may fly to them for shelter. At the same time, their unbounded attachment to their chiefs, and their hospitality to the stranger shine out in bright relief.

The duties of hospitality, not in this district alone, but everywhere among the Albanian tribes, are held so sacred, that the stranger who has once eaten, or even smoked with one of their people, receives the title of soloidnik (friend of the tribe), and he is never addressed by any other epithet than that of am vla (my brother), a man whom all are bound to defend with their lives, and see safe on his journey. This ancient

patriarchal custom is the principal reason that we never hear of the assassination of a stranger among these simple-minded mountaineers, except from political motives; such deeds are invariably confined to the neighbourhood of some large town, where the inhabitants are more immoral, and know better the value of money.

At early dawn we left our han, and following a cleft in the rocks, soon found ourselves in the gloomy depths of the Grouka defile, with the mountain, like a wall of masonry, towering high above us, and the Stena-ai foaming at our feet. This defile leads to Klisoura, one of the most singular built towns in Albania, perched at a considerable height up the steep sides of a rocky mountain, without a tree or a shrub to relieve its dreariness. The town contains about two hundred houses, grouped around a castle, built by Ali Pacha of Jannina, for the defence of this important pass. We sought in vain for the remains of the fortress where Philip, one of the last Kings of Macedonia, is said to have taken refuge when pursued by the Romans.

Having taken a slight collation and smoked a tchibouque with old Ali Meta, the Governor of Klisoura, we continued our route along the banks of the Konitza, rushing like a torrent over its rocky bed. We passed several Mahometan tombs, many of them of elegant architecture. Here we found very considerable ruins, but of no later date than the sanguinary rule of Ali Pacha. We bivouacked for the night within the walls of what had been a fortified castle, said to have been

built by Prince Moussa, or Hamsa, one of the most famous among the chieftains of the Toski, the friend and comrade in arms of Scanderbeg.

We found in a corner of the ruin an encampment of gipsies, as naked as if they had been savages; the women soon flocked around us, entreating to tell our fortunes. Pietro and our fellow-travellers jestingly deposited a handful of paras, to which I added a silver zwanziger, which we promised to bestow upon them if their divining art could tell of what country I was a native; my dress and manners indicated I was a Frank, but from what part of Frangistan appeared impossible for them to ascertain; my dark hair and bronzed complexion, bespoke a Spaniard or an Italian, and my features were not moulded in any peculiar national type. The young sybils shook their heads in despair; not so an old crone, who hobbled out from a heap of rags, so withered and wrinkled that she might have passed for a mummy restored to life. After having examined my form and features most attentively, to the utter astonishment of my companions and myself, the old witch swept off the coins, as she exultingly exclaimed, "Ingleski!" This was the more singular, since I had not uttered a syllable in her presence; nor could she have had the slightest intimation, as to who or what I was, from any of my companions.

On arriving at Premetti, we crossed the Konitza over a noble bridge, built during the palmy days of the Eastern empire. The town contains about three thousand inhabitants, principally Mussulmans, and a

small community of Christians of the Latin Church. The most remarkable object at Premetti is the ruins of a Greek church, built on the summit of a rock, with a miraculous well of the purest spring water. Tradition relates that St. Paul preached in the church, and blessed the water; hence it attracts numerous Christian pilgrims who flock here from every part of these provinces, to drink the water, some to be absolved of their sins, and others to be healed of their maladies; but in order to visit it, they must be provided with a permit from the governor; and as payment is exacted for this document, the revenue it yields him is very considerable; hence the post of Governor of Premetti is much sought after by a Turkish official.

On leaving Premetti, we entered a district presenting the most wild and magnificent scenery; there was the pinnacled heights of Mount Ergenik, and the long ridge of the Nemertska, frowning down in all their grandeur on a lesser chaos of rock, with their dark forests, gorges and defiles, at the base of which was seen growing some of the finest fruit-trees and flowering shrubs peculiar to a highly-favoured climate. We had, however, a dangerous ascent before us, up the steep sides of a mountain, which my companions termed the Scela, a species of road which may be compared to a ladder. It was certainly frightful enough, as we turned an angle and caught a glimpse of the roaring river beneath. At one time a jutting crag stood before us, obliging us to steal cautiously round its base; then a mountain seemed to preclude all further progress, till

we spied a deep cleft in the rocks, wet and slippery with the spray of a tiny cataract, through which we had to struggle with our horses. Happily we did not meet with a caravan, or even a single traveller; otherwise, one must have turned back to let the other pass, for the path was so narrow as to preclude the possibility of two horses passing abreast.

On descending our mountain pathway, we again came upon the Konitza, and again crossed it over one of those singular ancient bridges, so peculiar to these provinces generally formed of one arch, very high, narrow, and without a parapet. The river here unites with the Leskovitza torrent, and forms a very pretty peninsula, supposed to be the site of the Castro-Phirri, where Philip took refuge after his defeat at Klisoura. There are certainly the ruins of what might have been a fortress, with its outer walls and defences, which now served us admirably as a screen from the burning sun during our noon-day bivouac. We also found in the vicinity the extensive ruins of a monastery, and several populous villages inhabited by Albanian Mussulmans, who live in this remote mountain district in a state bordering upon independence. Every spot was well cultivated, a proof, even among these half-wild mountaineers, that freedom and industry march hand in hand; there was a mill set in motion by the waters of a cataract, and every drop of water was carefully conducted into reservoirs, to be employed in irrigating their tiny plots of arable and pasture land; the maize appeared to grow with great luxuriance, neither was the

vine a stranger to the southern slopes of the hills; and not the least beautiful and interesting feature in the landscape, was the number of hamlets peeping through bowers of fruit-trees, while the distant sounds of the shepherds' reed sounded cheerfully through the clefts of the rocks.

Ruins are always infested with numerous reptiles in these southern provinces of European Turkey. In this instance, having neglected to take the usual precautions of lighting a fire previous to indulging in our noon-day siesta, one of our companions—the Spanish Jew—while arranging his carpet for a 'nap' on a heap of weeds, had the misfortune to be bitten by a snake, which at this season of the year, being more venomous than usual, must have caused his death, if I had not been present. The method of treatment I learned many years ago, while attending a lecture given by the late Sir Astley Cooper, who recommended tying a bandage firmly above the wound, so as to prevent the poison mounting higher into the system. This was easily accomplished, as he had been bitten in the finger; then, by a continued application of sweet oil, which I always carried with me, and repeated doses of raki—a good substitute for cognac—I perfectly succeeded with one in neutralizing the poison, and with the other in supporting the exhausted energies of my patient. The cure was completed by placing over the wound a cataplasm of salt and gunpowder, which, from repeated experience, I knew to be a most valuable application for the bite of venomous reptiles or the sting of insects. We were,

however, detained for the night, our poor sufferer being too weak to attempt continuing his journey till the next day.

The unlucky star of the poor Jew, however, was in the ascendant, since he was the innocent cause of a disaster, which nearly proved fatal to two of our companions, when fording the Scharkos, a rapid torrent, full of rocks and deep holes, at all times very dangerous. It should be observed, in crossing these rivers when they happen to be deep, it is customary for the traveller, in order to escape wet feet, to cross his legs on the saddle, an unsafe position for the rider. The Jew, who carried with him a pack of merchandize, was mounted unusually high, and being at all times of a very timid disposition, and now particularly nervous, fancied, when about half-way over, he felt the pack giving way, and clutching with all his might at the tails of my coat as a support, with a loud scream tumbled head-foremost, dragging me along with him; the noise that the plunge of two men made in the water, startled the horses of our companions, who also threw their riders. The Bey, who was heavily armed with his Arnoutski gun, sabre and pistols, got entangled in his weapons, and stood a fair chance of being drowned; while poor Hadji, our guide, bard and storyteller, was fairly carried off by the torrent, and would have been lost but for Pietro, who was a capital swimmer. Having recovered from the surprize occasioned by my immersion in the water, and telling Ben Isaac to lay hold of his horse's tail to guide him through the stream, I turned round to see

what had become of our other companions, when lo! all I beheld was a long lock of hair floating on the surface of the water, this revealed to me the danger of the unfortunate Bey, who had fallen into a hole, and was struggling for life. To seize his hair, and roll it tightly round my arm, was the work of an instant, and thus drawing him after me, had the satisfaction of conveying my half-drowned companion to dry land.

The Bey speedily recovered from his disagreeable submersion, but we had some little difficulty in restoring poor Hadji, who, on opening his eyes, mechanically sought for his raki bottle, and inhaling a long and copious draught, rose up and began arranging his horses to continue our journey, as if nothing had happened. The adventure passed off with a few jokes at the expense of our Mahometan Bey, with respect to the great convenience to a drowning man of the lock of hair, which Mahomet commands the faithful to leave on the head, by which the angel might waft them to Paradise. No entreaties of mine, however, could prevail upon my superstitious companions, to allow poor Ben Isaac to continue his journey with us. No, he was unlucky! doubly cursed within the space of twenty-four hours, and the third time, perhaps, would prove fatal to the whole party. It was painful to see the distress of the poor wanderer, when he saw himself left alone in the land of the Philistines.

An hour's ride, exposed to a high wind and a broiling sun, completely dried our clothes; and the smart sayings of Hadji again enlivened our route, while the songs of

Pietro and the Bey made the woods and the rocks echo and re-echo; and by the time we arrived at Ostanitza, all our disasters were completely forgotten. Archeologists contend, that the village of Ostanitza was the Castro-Phirri of Philip, which is not unlikely, for being situated on an eminence, and partly surrounded by the torrent Ostanitza, the position is very strong. We found here the ruins of several churches, and a monastery, but no remains of antiquity; Pietro, however, informed me that there was a very considerable ruin about half a league further, in an opposite direction, at the base of the Nemertska. This splendid mountain, which may be termed almost an Alp, is seen from here to great advantage; it is everywhere broken up, and intersected by ravines still filled with snow.

After half an hour's ride, we attained the summit of the vast ridge that rises above Ostanitza, and saw beneath us the pretty town of Konitza, with its castle and river, together with the rich plain of the Tcharkos, above which rose, in picturesque grandeur, the central range of the Pindus. A dense forest of noble oaks now received us within its bosom, where, in addition to being nearly suffocated for the want of air, we had to contend against an army of tormenting insects, as numerous as the sands of the sea. This continued till we came to a beautiful plateau, verdant as a lawn, where we encamped for the night, evidently a favourite halting-place with the caravan, from the remains of fires that lay scattered about, selected, no doubt, for the abundance it offered of the finest spring water and pasture grounds.

At break of day we caught and saddled our horses; Pietro, as usual, like a pious member of the Greek Church, devoutly crossed himself; while our Mahometan Bey, and Hadji Ismael, not only threw themselves on their knees, but touched the earth with their faces—that earth from which they came, and to which they must return. In this custom of the Mahometan, there is something very touching, very significant, of the abasement man ought to feel when addressing the Most High.

CHAPTER IX.

Republic of the mountaineers of Sagori—Their civil and religious institutions—Manners and customs—Elysian fields—Locusts—Arrival at Jannina—Description of the town—Its ancient and contemporary history—The Lake of Acherusia and its island—Inhabitants of Jannina—Their sociability—Visit to the ruins at Gastritza—Supposed to be those of the temple and town of Dodona—Epirus, its ancient and modern history—Description of the country volcanoes—Earthquakes.

On leaving the bivouac of the preceding night, our route lay through a wild uninhabited district, composed of rocky mountains, for the most part barren, or only here and there partially covered with aromatic plants, and an occasional clump of brushwood; this continued till we arrived at the basin of Sagori, with its tiny lake.

We had now entered the little republic of Sagori, consisting of a commonwealth of forty-five villages, inhabited by Christians, and under the protection of the Sultan, to whom they pay a yearly tribute. Twelve of these villages are peopled by Zinzars, and the remainder by Albanians, Greeks and Slavonians, all professing the Greek ritual; the names of the villages, as well as the mountains, rivers and rivulets, prove that

this was originally an Illyrian settlement. The inhabitants occupy all the high lands, included between Mount Mitchekelli and the central ridge of the Pindus, in which are several parallel valleys separated by a high ridge, called the Pleovina.

One of the most remarkable features, in the character of the inhabitants of these provinces, is their attachment to self-government, patriarchal in its form and customs; we have already alluded to this while travelling among the Slavonians, we have seen the same system carried out by the Miriditi, and now again in this mountain district. Whenever they are sufficiently strong, from combination or position, to extort this privilege from the weakened power of the Osmanli, their first object is to elect their own chiefs, and virtually establish a republic; conforming to the laws, and paying the tribute due to the Sultan, as chief of the empire. We may therefore conclude, should any political convulsion overthrow the authority of the Crescent, these provinces (if the inhabitants were left to themselves) would become divided into a number of petty governments, and confederacies of races and creeds, for which the mountainous nature of the country offers so many facilities. This, while it would pacify the country and gratify the self-love of the people, solves the difficult question of: "What is to be done with European Turkey?" and in the event of such a convulsion, those Western powers, interested in the fate of these provinces, should be prepared to countenance and support this system of federal government.

We have frequently alluded, in the course of this

work, to the village rule of the elders, so popular among the Slavonians. A similar system is pursued by the mountaineers of Sagori, with this difference, that here the people are in actual possession of their communal rights and privileges, and recognized by the Sultan, to whom they pay an annual tribute. The government has continued faithful to its engagement, and the mountaineers, who never ally themselves to any political party hostile to the Turkish rule, live in their seclusion happy and contented.

The original inhabitants of Sagori appear to have been Christian refugees, driven by the tyranny of the Turks from the plains of Jannina, who, having settled here, by almost superhuman industry, transformed a mountain desert into a land literally flowing with milk and honey. The wine they produce is said to be the best in Albania, while their honey, cheese, lamb, kid, and mutton, fetch the highest prices of any similar productions in the market of Jannina; but owing to the want of roads, and the expense of carriage, their rural merchandize does not yield them much profit, which obliges the men to seek employment, during the summer months, among the indolent agriculturists of the plains, in order to obtain a sufficient amount of specie for the payment of their tribute to the Sultan. During the absence of the men, the women not only perform all the agricultural work, but act as substitutes for the police, and mount guard on the frontier of disturbed districts, where these intrepid amazons may be seen, armed with gun, pistols and sword, accompanied by

their ferocious dogs, of the ancient Greek race—the Moloss.

We have neither space nor time to enter into detail, on the admirable administration of these interesting mountaineers, so utterly unknown to the great world—their virtues, morality, hospitality, mild and sociable manners, their quickness of intellect, and the utter absence of fanaticism in their religious opinions, would appear almost fabulous, were not the accounts I received confirmed by our Consul, Mr. Damaschino, and several Franks, established at Jannina. Education is universally diffused among all classes; every commune has its own schoolmaster and clergyman, the latter is elected by the people, as well as the bishop, who here, unlike those in other parts of European Turkey, are neither political agents of the government, nor of other interested foreign powers, but patterns of virtue and morality.

An interesting ride through the little commonwealth of Sagori, conducted us to the plains of Jannina—the Elysian fields of the ancients. This fine plain is bounded to the north by the snow-capped summit of the Tomoritza, to the south by the Pindus, over which rises in the far distance the gigantic Djoumerska, to the west by the mountainous country of the ancient Elea, and to the east by another encircling chain the Mitchekelli, at the base of which we find the town and lake of Jannina.

A few days before our arrival, this beautiful plain had partially suffered from a swarm of locusts, which imparted to it a sterile aspect. Locusts do not often

visit Albania, but when they do cross the mountains, their havoc is most destructive. The inhabitants have no warning of their approach, either from the heat of the atmosphere, or the prevalence of any particular wind; they appear to be particularly attracted to the cotton plant and maize. In certain districts of Macedonia and Thrace, their ravages are more frequent; there it is not unusual to have the fields ploughed and sowed twice in the same year, when, by using these insects as a manure, the peasants assured me, that the abundant crop produced repaid them for their ravages. The worst kind of locust, that occasionally visits these provinces, is the *grylli migratori*; those generated in the country are never found in sufficient numbers to be termed a plague, forming as they do the principal sustenance of storks, cranes, and other birds.

After fording a small river, which antiquarians pretend to be the ancient Dodona, we came to the famous causeway, about half a league in length, thrown over the marshy part of the lake; there is no tradition recorded to tell us at what epoch, or by what people this great work was constructed. From thence we had a pleasant ride through meadows and pasture land to Jannina.

Perhaps there is no town in Albania, or European Turkey, better known to the English reader than Jannina (or, as the Greeks pronounce it, Joannina), connected as it has been with the name of Ali Pacha, and many a dark deed in the history of the Ottoman Porte. The tyrant died the death of a rebel; and so long as Parga and the mountains of the Souli exist, his name

will be chronicled to posterity, as that of a man sent by Heaven to be the scourge of the human race. We must, however, admit that he was possessed of all the energy and courage of his race—a true Albanian; and had he succeeded in throwing off the yoke of the Osmanli, the country would ultimately have prospered under his rule. During the time he held the reins of government, he caused roads to be constructed across difficult passes, bridges and causeways over rivers and dangerous marshes, and even encouraged commerce. In his time, Jannina, with its forty thousand inhabitants, was rich and commercial; but following the fortunes of its chief, the population decreased to one-half, while its ruined fortifications, falling houses, and dilapidated towers, tell a melancholy tale of the ravages of a war, in which the fierce tribes of Albania were arrayed against each other; the one battling to support the pretensions of the rebel chief, and the other as stoutly endeavouring to put him down.

The early history of Jannina is quite as obscure as that of Dodona, the home of Jupiter. The Sabastocrator, Michael Lucas, fortified and embellished it with public buildings; afterwards it was taken and retaken by the Bulgarians, Servians, Normans, and Neapolitans, and so completely devastated, that we vainly seek for some monument of its former greatness. Of the famous castle Litharitza, so long deemed impregnable, there remains but a solitary tower converted into barracks for the Nizam. The avenue of the Castro, so often deluged by the blood of the victims of

Ali, still remains; and of his own stately koula, enough has been left to serve as a dwelling for the present Pacha of Jannina.

Jannina owes much to its situation, and even now is one of the most important towns in Albania; but unhappily the fine lake that bathes its walls, and which might be made so great an embellishment of the town, is fast becoming, owing to the neglect of the inhabitants, a poisonous marsh, with its forests of reeds, sedge, and papyri, the home of the croaking frog, and clouds of mosquitoes; hence intermittent fever, dysentery, and all other maladies produced by malaria, are frequent. The Nisi, or island in the lake, is highly romantic; here is a monastery and village, with their pleasant gardens and wide-spreading plane-trees, together with the remains of the house where Ali was slain, and which has become a sort of pilgrimage to every traveller who visits Jannina; the torrent of *dobra voda* (the good water) is well worth seeing, as it rushes into the lake from a subterranean channel in the centre of the mountains. The little island is entirely inhabited by Christians of the Greek Church, who live in constant dread of being one day swallowed up in the waters of lake, and which it would appear, from the number of earthquakes that occur, with explosions like the report of a cannon, reposes on a volcanic foundation. These frequent alarms, however much they may shake the nerves of the inhabitants on *terra firma*, do not diminish the numbers of the finny tribes; for, like all the other lakes and rivers in Albania, the Acherusia

abounds in fish, particularly cray-fish: and I never before saw such quantities of water-snakes. Janniña contains a rich bazaar, several mosques and churches, with a library, and a well-endowed Greek college, which seems by enchantment to have escaped the general wreck. The industry of the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews still imparts some life to this dreary place, while their silks, brocades, cottons, and morocco-leather, uphold, in some degree, the former character of the town for manufacturing skill; its confectionary is also pre-eminently excellent.

The Djami tribes, of which Jannina is the capital, are a mixed race of Albanians and Greeks; and taken altogether, whether they inhabit mountain or valley, town or village, are the finest race of any in Albania; their features the most expressive, and certainly the most industrious, intelligent, and wealthy. In 1424, when Thessaly and Macedonia fell under the yoke of the Osmanli, Jannina, with its little territory, was an independent republic, wealthy, commercial, and flourishing. Strong in its own mountain fastnesses, and the bravery of its people, the commonwealth of Jannina might well have defied the Turks, powerful as they were; when unhappily the *élite* of the people, the chiefs and wealthy traders—the one to preserve their lands and fiefs, and the other, their commercial privileges—opened the passes of their mountains to the enemy, and embraced Mahometanism, drawing after them a multitude of their friends and dependants. Another party, adhering to the creed of their fathers, formed a confederacy of phars,

and entrenched themselves in the Souli mountains, and the other strongholds between Jannina and the fortified town of Parga, on the Adriatic, which enabled them to communicate with the republic of Venice and the other Christian states of Western Europe.

In process of time, these mountains became the asylum of every brave spirit, who would not submit to the intolerant government of the Crescent; and who in our day, under the name of Souliots, filled all Europe with the fame of their heroism and sufferings. As in the other mountain districts of these provinces, where the Christians have congregated together for safety and mutual protection, every spot capable of tillage was brought into cultivation. Thus they continued to multiply and prosper, and at the same time maintain their independence, till the advent of Ali Pacha, who, full of his own ambitious designs, cloaked under the pretence of subduing them to the rule of the Sultan, turned against them the whole force of his arms, which led to one of the most heroic struggles perhaps on record. This resistance is the more extraordinary, when we remember the numerous armies Ali had at his command, their bravery and fanaticism; while the Souliots, with the Philatis and the Margariti, together with the citizens of Parga, never numbered above thirty thousand inhabitants; the destruction, however, has been so complete, that we now seek in vain for a village, or even a hamlet. The beautiful town Philatis, which was then so commercial, and adorned with public buildings, is now a heap of ruins;

Margariti, equally prosperous, fared the same fate; Parga alone escaped, owing to the interference of the British Government, but with the loss of its liberty, commerce declined; and what was then a flourishing sea-port, may now be termed a straggling village, inhabited by a sickly-looking, miserable population, which might be taken for paupers. Ali, however, has left a memorial of his horrible work in a fort, which now commands the passes of Souli, and, like the nest of a vulture, stands alone in the desert.

When we contrast the lot in life of the natives of the British Islands, with that of the inhabitants of these beautiful provinces, whose cruel fate doomed them to fall under the rule of a barbarian, a stranger to their creed, their language, race, customs, and manners, how thankful we ought to be to that kind Providence, who hath so long, and so mercifully preserved to us the mild and enlightened rule of our native princes; and how tenacious we should be of that pure faith, and those laws and institutions, which have proved for ages the bulwark of our liberties, and gradually elevated us to the highest state of morality and civilization among the nations of the world. It is only by travelling, and with a philosophic mind, carefully studying the defective state of the religion, laws and institutions of the various nations, among whom we sojourn, that we fully appreciate the inestimable blessings we enjoy, and which it is our duty as men, and at every risk, to transmit intact to posterity.

Although Jannina is a town of considerable com-

mercial importance, there is no society whatever that can amuse a Frank; several merchants of Vienna, Belgrade and Semlin, furnished me with letters to their correspondents, which were responded to by sundry invitations to eat sweetmeats, drink coffee, and smoke the tchibouque; these solemn-looking traders, whether Christian, or Mahometan, denying me altogether a sight of their pretty wives and daughters, whom they incarcerate in the *sanctum sanctorum* of their houses, with all the tender solicitude of a true Turk. Then their conversation is so grave, and they have an air so thoughtful and care-worn, that we might presume we were in the company of a set of felons condemned to the gallows. It is true, my fellow-traveller, the Miriditi Bey, whom I hauled out of the flood by the Prophet's lock of hair, introduced me to the Pacha, and all his Mahometan friends, which obliged me, in conformity to Turkish politeness and good manners, to swallow rivers of coffee; and consume a mountain of the fragrant weed latakia.

As an agreeable interlude to the dull monotony of a town so perfectly Turkish in the character of its inhabitants, I experienced a most cordial reception from the French Consul, and our own worthy representative, Mr. Damaschino. I was also indebted to these gentlemen for advising me to make a most interesting tour of a few leagues to Gastritza, presumed to be the site of the famous temple and town of Dodona.

On leaving Jannina, our way lay in a south-western direction, through a fine plain, we then ascended a

lofty mountain with several monasteries hid in its recesses, and having reached the summit,. we saw beneath us a most romantic plain, or rather an extensive basin, surrounded by an encircling chain of mountains. The first object that strikes the traveller, is the remains of the largest amphitheatre yet discovered, supposed to be erected by the ancient Greeks. It is constructed of hewn stone, with seventy tiers of seats cut out of the solid rock, which rise above it. Attached to this is the Acropolis, which appears to have been of great strength and large dimensions. The ancient Greeks usually built their fortresses on a hill, but here, we presume, relying on the sanctity of the place, selected a plain. There is no difficulty whatever in tracing the circumference of the town, in the remains of its walls, gateways, and towers, exhibiting here and there traces of Cyclopean architecture, in the enormous magnitude of the blocks of stone. In the interior we discovered the site of fourteen columns, with a part of their fragments. Was this the temple of Dodona? the residence of the celebrated oracle of Jupiter. It certainly agrees better with the accounts given by the ancients, than any other except the plain of Jannina, but its lake, which must have existed in those days—is the great objection. We have here a fertile plain, and springs, with their marshes at the base of Mount Olitzka; there are also sulphureous mines, and it is exactly two days' ride from Arta, the ancient Ambrasia, and four days' from Buthrotum, now Buthrinto.

This part of Albania, to which the Greeks gave the name of Epirus (continent), to distinguish it from the Ionian Isles opposite, is as interesting to the antiquarian as any part of Ancient Greece. According to the account of the earliest Greek writers, the first inhabitants of Epirus, were Deucalion and Pyrrha, who took rufuge in its high range of mountains from the deluge. Here they found the celebrated oaks of Jupiter, which gave rise to the most ancient oracle on record. In process of time a temple was built, priests and priestesses were consecrated to the service of the God, and the oracle continued to be consulted by people from every part of the known world, till the establishment of the more magnificent one at Delphos, with its oracle, contrived with far more care, art, and cunning, to impose on the ignorant and superstitious. That at Dodona, merely consisted of brazen vessels suspended to the sacred trees, and on being shaken by the wind emitted sounds that were construed into words, and received as oracles in an age when superstition peopled every river, glen, and mountain with protecting deities; and when feeble-minded man believed that by consulting them the veil of futurity would be drawn aside.

Thus it has ever been with man, as he advances in intellect and civilization, he sighs after a purer form of worship; despising the superstitions of a former age, he establishes one more consonant with the advanced spirit of the time in which he lives. As it was with the Greeks that produced a Socrates, who taught man

the worship of the one invisible and true God; so it is with man in the nineteenth century, he goes on protesting and dissenting as he advances in intellect, till he returns to the simple truths of Christianity, as taught by our Divine Master, with one only, infallible oracle, as his guide to salvation—the Bible.

The descendants of Hercules seem to have reigned at Dodona about the time of the siege of Troy, for we find after the destruction of that city, when Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, came to establish himself in Epirus, he carried away with him Lanassa, the Princess of Dodona, great grand-daughter of Hercules, who shared the nuptial bed with Andromache, the widow of Hector. The savages of Epirus, who at this time lived on acorns and roots, owed their civilization to the captives taken with them from Troy: they first taught them how to sow, reap, and build houses; and in return, on the death of their King Pyrrhus, showed their gratitude by electing Hellenus, one of the sons of Priam, King of Troy, to be their Sovereign.

Epirus, after having been for centuries a province of Macedonia, again became independent, and under its heroic King, the well-known Pyrrhus, rose to great fame in the history of Greece and Rome. On the death of this great Prince, whom Hannibal esteemed as only second to Alexander the Great, the Romans under Paulus Emilius avenged their numberless defeats by falling upon Epirus with fire and sword. History tells us that seventy towns and cities were utterly destroyed, and a hundred and fifty thousand of the principal inha-

bitants carried to Rome in chains to adorn the triumphal entry of the Conqueror.

Epirus never recovered this terrible catastrophe, for although it became nominally a Roman province, the people were never wholly subdued, and continued to harass their cruel rulers till they were finally driven out of the country. These unceasing wars have been productive of an evil, from which the country can never possibly recover. Previous to the invasion of the Romans, history tells us that Epirus abounded in splendid forests; these were burnt down, consequently the rocky mountains denuded of their foliage, and the rains of centuries having washed away the soil, and for the want of moisture dried up the rivers, the climate of the country and its character for fertility has been entirely changed. Even in the most favoured countries a tree is a valuable acquisition to the soil; but in this province everywhere intersected by vast chains of rocky mountains, and only here and there partially covered with a few inches of earth, and exposed the greatest part of the year to the influence of a burning sun, the want of forests is severely felt, and if once destroyed they can never be replaced.

Greece, Albania, Macedonia, and Thrace have all suffered more or less from the same cause; for the barbarous custom introduced by the Romans of burning the forests of the countries they wished to enslave, has been too faithfully followed by their successors, the Turks. Still, if the barbarity of man has stripped the mountains of their verdant clothing, the valley and the

plain, the glen and the ravine still exist in all their ancient fertility, and only require inhabitants and an enlightened government to take their place among some of the most highly-favoured countries in Europe. As to the marshes and stagnant waters of lakes and rivers, to which we have so frequently alluded, so detrimental to health, they have all their separate issues, worked out by the hand of nature, and have only become noxious through the indolence and barbarism of the people and their rulers.

Among the most interesting objects in these provinces that deserve the attention of the traveller, are the number of dried-up lakes and rivers which have left proofs of their existence in the highlands and lowlands, and even on the highest plateau of the mountains. Next to these are the caverns and subterranean canals that communicate with the various lakes and rivers, and draw off the surplus water to the ocean. These far-famed grottos and caverns have long ceased to send forth their prophetic inspirations; but there cannot be a doubt that in bygone days volcanic exhalations issued from them, and only ceased when the subterranean fires became extinguished, which an imaginative superstitious people like the Greeks ascribed to a voice from the gods.

Again, wheresoever we extend our excursions in the mountain districts of these interesting provinces, we are presented with the image of a chaos, the remains of some mighty convulsion of nature; here we see stupendous mountains torn asunder, there naked and blackened,

as if they were reft by the fires beneath them, or heaped together in detached masses as if the gods had been battling against each other, and used the fragments that we see scattered about as their weapons. The Lake of Acherusia at Jannina, still thunders with the fire beneath it, and nearly the whole of the lesser chain of mountains are subject to volcanic shocks; the mighty Komm, the monarch of the mountains in European Turkey, to which we have already referred as the central point of the mountains of Upper Albania, Bosnia, and Macedonia, is formed of granite, and appears to be alone immovably fixed upon the centre of the earth, while the lesser chain being of a calcareous nature and subject to earthquakes, are mined by immense caverns and bear undeniable marks of having been at one time volcanoes. As a proof of this, it is a well-known fact, that during all the great earthquakes which have taken place in these provinces, and agitated more or less the calcareous and shistous mountains, the shock was always arrested when it approached Mount Komm or any of its ramifications.

We make these observations for the benefit of future travellers, who may take an interest in these phenomena of nature. During my excursions in these provinces I repeatedly experienced these commotions of the earth, particularly in the year 1850, which proved so fatal in several parts of Dalmatia. While I remained at Zante in the Ionian Isles, there was scarcely a day we did not feel one more or less violent; and on my way home, on arriving at the Balkan, we had a smart shock at

Bazardjah, and another still more violent at Philippopoli, without causing any damage to the town or the surrounding country; it appeared as if enormous masses of stone were rolling in subterranean caverns and not to affect, except in a slight degree, the surface of the earth.

CHAPTER X.

Journey from Jannina to Arta—Rule of Ali Pacha—The mountains of Epirus—Subterranean rivers—The plain of Arta—Marshes—Arrival at Arta—Sketches of the town and its neighbourhood—Fertility of the soil—Productions—Remarkable ruins—Visit to the church of the Panagia—Singular antique image of the Virgin—Superstition—Climate of Epirus—Its mountains—Rivers—Inhabitants—Ancient bridge over the Arethon—Monasteries, with their orchards of oranges and lemons—Journey over the Marsh of Arta—Arrival at Salagora—Unexpected friends—Voyage to Prevesa—Hospitality of the English Consul—Sketches of Ali Pacha and the French—Visit to the ruins of Nicopolis.

HOWEVER much my love of adventure might have tempted me to prolong my stay in Albania, where the insurrection of Guilika was steadily progressing, I determined that Jannina, now suffering from cholera, dysentery and intermittent fever, should not become my residence; and having made an agreement with my amusing kiraidji, Hadji Ismael, I lost no time in setting out for Arta, Prevesa, and the Ionian Isles.

On leaving Jannina we passed through the neat village of Bonilla, inhabited by a colony of Bulgarians. Here we replenished our provender bags, and procured a plentiful supply of wine and raki, sufficient to serve us while crossing the mountain desert, that separates the Elysian fields of Jannina from the town of Arta.

The late Ali Pacha of Jannina, though somewhat tyrannical in his mode of governing, was at least sensible of the utility of roads to a country, and that over which we now travelled had evidently been constructed with great labour; but the entire absence of villages render a journey through these solitary mountains highly dangerous. On viewing the confused heaps of naked rocks towering to the heavens, enclosing deep tunnels, the multiplication of narrow chasms, with their jagged points, and broken summits sparely covered with vegetable soil, and the thermal springs so frequently met with, sufficiently prove how recent has been the commotion that rent these enormous masses of rocks into fragments.

We passed the night at the han of the Five Wells (Pente-Pigalia), from hence our route was one continued descent to Arta, skirting for the most part a magnificent defile, but there was not the slightest appearance of spring or rivulet, and that which lay at the bottom of the defile was so offensive to the smell, that our horses even turned away from it in disgust. The want of water in these mountains, where the sun's rays reflected from the calcareous rock, renders the heat almost insupportable, is a great misfortune to the traveller. In addition to this,

we had to contend against swarms of gnats, which nearly drove our poor horses wild. At length we caught a glimpse of the plains of Arta and the snow-capped summit of the Djoumerska, rising to a height of more than six thousand feet, and soon afterwards heard the loud and refreshing roar of a cataract. The welcome sound was not lost upon our horses, and though only a moment before scarcely able to crawl, they now pricked up their ears, and neighing for joy, set off at full canter, and never stopped till they gained the long-wished for object of their desires.

These springs, which burst with the force of a cataract from the sides of a mountain, are presumed to be one of the subterranean discharges from the Lake of Jannina, and having no regular channel, they inundate the low lands, and are the primary cause of the extensive marsh we find in the centre of the plains of Arta on to he Ambrasian Gulf.

Arta, with its rapid river, its domes and minarets, its turretted castles, monasteries and churches, the fine bridge thrown over the Arethon; the shelving banks glowing with the many tinted foliage of the orchard, the stately cypress, the wide-spreading plane; cannot fail to arrest the attention of the traveller, and induce him to believe that he is about to enter a rich and populous city, possessing all that can minister to the wants of man. Alas! on a closer inspection, he finds it to be a duplicate of the other towns he visited in European Turkey; here a cluster of straggling huts, there dirty unpaved streets, surrounded by ruins. Even the vast

plain, so beautiful a contrast to the rocky mountains, is for the most part a marsh, poisoning the atmosphere with its exhalations. Yet, however insalubrious this district may be to man during the great heat of summer, part of the plain lying at the base of the mountains cannot be exceeded in fertility, and in the varied and choice productions of the soil. The sunny slopes, covered with vines and olive-trees, produce the finest wine and oil in Epirus; the orchards are famous for their oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and figs. The tobacco grown in the rich alluvial soil of the plain is equal in aromatic flavour to Latakia; the cotton plant also attains to the highest perfection, and the maize may be seen growing to a height of seven feet. Among the forest trees on the shelving sides of the mountains we find that rare tree the white oak, and shrubberies of shumach, so valuable to the tanner. The population, however, is inconsiderable, and the climate so unhealthy, that beyond the vicinity of the town, and the more elevated districts above the marsh, there is no cultivation.

A canal sunk in the centre of the marsh to the Ambrasian Gulf would at once deliver the inhabitants from a pestilential nuisance, bring into cultivation a district as large as a petty German kingdom, and repay the enterprize a thousand-fold. But why allude to works of public utility, in a country under a government so indolent and careless of its own interests as that of the Ottoman Porte?

Arta takes its modern name from the river Arethon. On viewing the town and its antiquities, there cannot be

a doubt that this was the ancient Ambrasia founded by the Corinthians. The fortress, with its painted mosque and minarets, the erection of a later period, reposes on the foundation of some edifice of the ancient Greeks, shown by the massive blocks of marble beautifully put together, differing altogether from the flimsy architecture of the buildings that surmount it.

The most interesting remains of the works of the Corinthians are to be found near the Church of St. Isidora; here was situated the Acropolis, and from thence the massive walls of the old town may be distinctly traced to the extent of at least half a league, and one of its gates of entrance is still visible near the church of the Panagia, which is said to have been at one time the temple of Minerva.

In this church I was introduced to a miraculous image of the Virgin, most diminutive in size, and carved out of some species of black wood, but so moth-eaten from age, that a mere touch would be sufficient to crumble it to pieces. It was only after much time spent in prayer and crossing, as a preparation, that the Papa dared venture to take upon himself the awful responsibility of exposing the sacred image to the gaze of a heretic Frank. At length the silver-spangled veil was withdrawn, the good priest assuring me that no infidel could regard it without being instantly struck with blindness! If I had been of a satirical disposition, I might have remarked, what a formidable ally in a war with the Turks!

This was the only carved image of the Virgin I met

with in a church dedicated to the Greek form of worship, except another of the same description at Ocrida; for although the followers of that creed fill their churches with paintings of the Virgin, and all the saints and angels in the calendar, they obey literally the second Commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image;" but this relic having been carved by St. Luke! we presume was thought worthy to form an exception. It is secured in a wooden sanctuary, and never exposed to the gaze of the people except on some extraordinary occasion, and then with great solemnity.

With respect to the tradition that it was executed by St. Luke, I heard the same thing of the famous one at Loretto, in Italy, and hundreds of others in the various Catholic countries through which I have wandered. It is singular that they should all be of the same size, and of a black colour, strictly resembling each other.

During the reign of Ali Pacha of Jannina, Arta made some advances in commercial prosperity; it was then the depôt for the merchandise of Lower Albania, and carried on an export and import trade with the Ionian Isles, Trieste, and Italy, by means of a road executed by their energetic ruler, Ali, which brought the town into direct communication with the port of Salagora, on the Ambrasian Gulf. After his fall the town became involved in the late struggle of the Greeks for independence, when it shared the fate of many others in these provinces, being plundered and burnt by the Mahometans. Before this catastrophe, Arta numbered

eight thousand inhabitants, we now find it reduced to less than half of that number.

With the exception of the Governor, the military and civil officers, who are, as usual, Mahometans, nearly the whole of the inhabitants of Arta, with the adjoining districts, are members of the Greek Church, who enjoy to the fullest extent their civil and religious liberties; their laws are administered by a Greek bishop, appointed for that purpose by the Ottoman Porte; and they have nothing to complain of with the exception of that degrading imposition, the poll-tax, which the Turkish Government still exacts from its Christian subjects, and which implies, according to the ancient laws of the Turkish empire, a payment, to redeem their heads, as Giaours, from decapitation!

The climate of Epirus, like that of Albania, is subject to frequent and sudden changes; this depends, however, in a great measure upon the aspect of the valleys, and height of the mountains. In some of the gorges and narrow valleys the heat would be insupportable were it not for an occasional breeze from the mountains, which blowing over the snows and glaciers of the higher peaks, brings with it a salutary and refreshing coolness. The early frosts which so often afflict our countries in Western Europe, the smut which injures our corn, and the worm which ravages our fruit-trees, are here nearly unknown. The winters are usually very severe in the higher latitudes, and when the north wind prevails a great deal of snow falls, and the rivers and lakes become frozen, and continue so till the spring, when the wind

suddenly veers round to the balmy south, always a time of great peril to the inhabitants, owing to the fall of the avalanche, and the overflowing of rivers, which then become torrents and sweep away everything in their progress to the sea. It is in order to allow a free passage for this volume of water that we find the arches of many of the ancient bridges rising to a height of from eighty to a hundred feet.

If the inhabitants suffer inconvenience during the spring by a superabundance of water in some districts, they are equally distressed in summer by its scarcity, when they are obliged to seek it at a distance of several miles; this is owing to the abrupt descent of many of the rivers, and the short distance from their source in the mountains to the sea, requiring only a month or two of dry weather to cause their total disappearance; while several of those that remain are totally unfit either for drinking or domestic purposes, on account of the decomposed vegetable substances, and disgusting animalculæ they contain. Mineral springs abound, but pure water is a rarity, which obliges the inhabitants of several towns to collect most carefully the rain in cisterns, but this is never drank without being filtered and cooled in ice.

We left Arta at early dawn, crossing the Arethon over a massive stone bridge, evidently of great antiquity, the centre arch is built in an ogive, and may be about four score feet in height. The inhabitants, who regard everything that differs from the ordinary routine as the work of supernatural agency, say that according to

tradition it was erected in one night by a famous enchanter, who accompanied Theseus on his march to the Arethon.

So long as we continued our ride along the shelving banks of the mountains, nothing could exceed the beauty of the landscape, the fertility of the soil, and its varied productions; groves of oranges and lemons were intermingled with the choicest fruit-trees, enclosed in hedges of bamboo and cactus; these were varied by fields of maize, cotton and tobacco, with plantations of melons, all growing in extraordinary luxuriance. This fertile district is the private property of the caloyers of the neighbouring monasteries, and how the worthy friars have contrived to keep their rich inheritance from falling a prey to some rapacious Mussulman, ought to be numbered among the most striking miracles of their Church.

We were soon obliged to leave this little Eden and cross the extensive marsh we saw spread out before us, the whole of which had to be traversed before we could arrive at the Ambrasian Gulf. The road across it was however excellent, the best indeed I found in European Turkey; it was constructed with great ingenuity by an Italian engineer in the service of Ali Pacha. On each side of the road, there is nothing to be seen for many miles but forests of reeds and bulrushes, here and there interspersed with immense ponds, in which may be seen every species of aquatic bird, from the lordly pelican to the humble water-hen. I discharged my gun, to see what effect it would produce among these aquatic tribes,

rarely, we presume, disturbed in their recreations by the destroyer, man. The report, as it reverberated through the silent wilderness and neighbouring mountains, was startling, and caused such a screaming and fluttering among the frightened feathered population as I never witnessed before, the air was immediately filled with them, like dense masses of clouds, ever and anon bearing down upon us with evident hostility, even approaching within pistol-shot. Hadji thought his last hour was come, and muttering a short prayer to the Prophet, with a doleful Amaan! Amaan! threw himself under the belly of his horse for protection. Another discharge again dispersed them, they however gallantly kept up the fight, which obliged me to expend as much powder as would have sufficed to storm a Turkish garrison, and they never left us till they saw us clearly out of their domain.

We, however, derived from their pugnacious disposition a most unexpected benefit, the fluttering around us of so many myriads of wings created a refreshing breeze, at the same time the smell of the gunpowder dispelled our tormentors, the mosquitoes, consequently we managed to get to Salagora without suffering from malaria, or from the *ennui* likely to arise from travelling through so solitary a district.

Of every other country, Turkey is the one best adapted to teach man patience and resignation to all the little crosses and vexations of life. There was only one boat at Salagora for the conveyance of passengers to Prevesa, and as the owner was laid up with intermittent

fever, no offer of mine, however liberal, could induce any of his helps to tempt the dangers of the sea, consequently I was obliged to submit to the decrees of fate, and make this miserable place my residence till chance should send some strange bark to Salagora. I had however one consolation, there was no fear of starving, the forests in the vicinity abounded in game, the sea with fish, I had only to return to the marsh to find a wild boar, and if I was disposed to vary my diet with a savoury stew the whole face of the country was covered with the land tortoise. And I must not forget to add, for the benefit of those who may feel inclined to speculate in sea-onions, that a ship load of them may be found within a few minutes' walk of the coast.

After the lapse of a day and a night, our solitude was suddenly broken in upon by the report of fire-arms, and the arrival of a troop of pandours escorting a lady and gentleman to Salagora. From their dress and manners, and the style in which they travelled, I concluded they must be English, and though in this respect disappointed, I had the pleasure of finding them to be the Vannias of Corfu, relatives of the English Consul at Jannina, whom I had already met at that gentleman's house. To avoid the disturbed districts of Albania, they had taken this circuitous route on their way home. In the evening, we had the satisfaction of seeing the pretty boat of the English Consul, Mr. Saunders, enter the port to convey us to his residence at Prevesa.

Nothing could be more truly delightful than our voyage to Prevesa, across the Ambrasian Gulf, the slight

breeze that fanned the sails of our little boat tempered the great heat of the weather. There was agreeable society, and, owing to the provident care of Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, who were determined to welcome their guests before they even saw them, we had abundance of the choicest provisions, and to add to our enjoyments we were being wafted over the most beautiful and romantic gulf in the world, more resembling a lake than an arm of the sea. We had on one side the bold coast of Acarnania, with its numerous bays and promontories, and on the other the dark mountains of Souli, overcapped by the gigantic summits of the Pindus.

On nearing Prevesa, the picture gathered classic interest from the view we caught of the ruins of Nicopolis and the promontory of Actium, where two of the greatest chiefs of ancient days, Marc Antony and Octavius, met to dispute the empire of the world. How fatal have been the changes that time has wrought in the aspect of this once populous region! How hard the destiny which has not only swept away its towns and cities, entombed their inhabitants, but changed the name of the country! as if it was ordained that everything human should have an allotted time of existence. A few small trading vessels lying in the harbour of Prevesa, alone gave indications of some commercial industry, and these were all that we had seen since we left Salagora.

On landing at Prevesa, we found our worthy Consul, Mr. Saunders, waiting to receive us, who, with all the

hospitality of a true Englishman that has not forgotten home and country, conducted us to his residence—a *bijou* of neatness and comfort. Everything was English except the Albanian pandour, armed to the teeth, that kept guard about the house. To me, the change from a life of barbarism to civilization, was as sudden as if the wand of a magician had transported me in an instant to the shores of dear Old England, and the illusion was complete when we received a cordial welcome from Mrs. Saunders, and a group of pretty children.

Perhaps no town in European Turkey has suffered more severely from the ravages of war than Prevesa. This is principally owing to the invasion of the French in 1798, who, in their mad career of conquest, having driven out the Venetians and established themselves on this coast and the Ionian Isles, became involved in a war with the Turks. Ali Pacha, himself the Napoleon of Albania, taking advantage of the weakness of the French garrison, marched upon the town at the head of seven thousand fierce Albanians, and in a general engagement defeated the French, and made their commander, Lassalette, prisoner. The inhabitants, who had been trained to arms, as a species of national guard, like true Greeks, auguring defeat to the French from the number of their enemies, at the first shot threw down their arms, and in some instances fired upon their allies. Their perfidy had its reward. The town was given up to plunder, and then burnt, accompanied with all the horrors a ferocious Mahometan soldiery is capable of perpetrating; and so dreadful was the carnage, that

Prevesa (according to the accounts of the Greeks), which at that time numbered about fifteen thousand inhabitants, was reduced to three thousand.

Ali Pacha, who it appears was fully aware of the importance of Prevesa as a military and commercial station, had it strongly fortified, made it a naval depôt, and his principal residence; and that his new favourite should not want for inhabitants, civil and religious liberty, with immunities from taxation, were granted to all the new settlers. With so many advantages, Prevesa again became one of the most flourishing towns in these provinces. This continued till Ali finding he was strong enough to declare himself independent of the Porte, the unlucky town of Prevesa was besieged, taken, and plundered by the imperial troops of the Sultan, when the fortifications were destroyed, and everything that could remind the sanguinary government of Stamboul of the existence of the rebel, even to his stately palace, was blown to the four winds of heaven.

This is not a solitary instance in a country, and under a government in which there is no continuity of action, the redeeming element of every other despotism but that of the Osmanli. If a Pacha dies, or turns rebel, all the good that he has done during his life is too often left to go to decay in the one case, and destroyed in the other. Still Prevesa, even in its ruins, is one of the most agreeable towns, as a residence, in these provinces. Its noble and capacious bay, its blooming orchards and olive plantations, with their hedges of cactus, aloes and bamboo, render it charming, and if the Turkish Govern-

ment could be induced to make it a free port, it might become, as it was under the Venetians, a great commercial station.

To the antiquarian, the country around Prévesa possesses great interest, for upon this coast stood Augustus Cæsar, the conqueror of the world; and here, at a short distance from the town, we find the extensive ruins of Nicopolis, the creation of that mighty emperor, who in the fulness of his pride, lavished upon it the wealth of his leviathan empire, with the object of perpetuating for ever the glory of his name. The investigation of the causes which led to the total destruction of a city of such great magnitude as Nicopolis, one of the most wealthy and commercial in the Roman empire, has long occupied the attention of the learned. From their researches it would appear, that the advance of Christianity, which deprived the Actium Games, instituted by Augustus, of their importance, was the first blow to its prosperity. This was succeeded by the decline of the Roman empire, when these provinces became infested with brigands and pirates by land and sea.

It was first taken, and plundered by Alaric the Goth, and afterwards laid in ruins by his more savage successor Totilla and his Huns. Justinian the Emperor of the East, repaired it; but in those degenerate days when brick was substituted for stone, it fell an easy prey to the Scythians and Bulgarians, who totally destroyed it. From this period history is silent respecting Nicopolis, whence it would appear, that it remained a desert. On viewing the ruins of the city,

its distance from the sea, and the shallowness of the water in the bay, we are lost in astonishment as to how it ever could have been a sea-port. From this circumstance, we are inclined to believe that a more fatal inroad than that of the barbarians has been the cause of its destruction. Some convulsion of nature which heaped up mountains of sand in its bay, and engulphed a part of the town, might have happened in those dark ages, when events of this nature were of secondary importance to the wreck and ruin of nations that followed the fall of the Roman empire. Among the interminable labyrinth of broken columns, the ruins of temples, baths, theatres, towers, gateways and aqueducts, a small building in the form of a Pagan temple is the most interesting, which tradition asserts, was used by St. Paul as a house of prayer; but how it escaped the general destruction of the town is confessedly no mystery to the inhabitants, who say that neither fire, earthquake, nor the progress of the barbarians, had any power over an edifice hallowed by the preaching of the greatest of the Apostles.

CHAPTER XI.

Voyage from Prevesa to the Ionian Isles — Santa Maura— Miseries of the quarantine—The author attacked by fever— Hospitality and kindness of the English officers—Voyage to Corfu—Improved appearance of the town—Sketches of the island—Its ancient and contemporary history—Observations on the state of the Ionian Isles—Factious spirit of the inhabitants—Dreams of Young Greece—Prejudices of race— Character of the people—The representative system of government—How appreciated by the Ionians—Voyage to Zante—Lord Byron and Mr. Barff—Production of Zante— Currants—How prepared for exportation—Observations on the commerce of the Ionian Isles—Concluding remarks.

A FEW hours' sail in an open boat, took us across the little strait that separates Prevesa from Santa Maura; and truly I felt not a little thankful when I once more saw the British flag, waving from the summit of the fortress. The undulating hills of the ancient Leukadia rising up into a chain of mountains of no great elevation, interspersed with villages and hamlets surrounded by terraced gardens and plantations, has a

most picturesque effect. This is considerably heightened as we approach the town and harbour; the well-built houses, the church with its lofty spire, the stately fortress, the throng of well-dressed people that filled the neatly paved streets; the number of pretty boats that floated on the transparent sea, filled with the gay and the idle, the ringing of bells, the chiming of clocks, the loud hum of human voices, the animation of the sailors loading and unloading the cargoes of their various ships, imparted an air of pleasure and business to the scene.

This was all so new, and burst so suddenly on the vision of the traveller fresh from Turkey, that had he indulged in a nap during his two hours' voyage, he might conceive himself transported by magic into another hemisphere; so startling is the change from listless monotony, indolence and neglect, to comparative wealth, industry, neatness and happiness. In the enthusiasm of the moment, I could not refrain from exclaiming, Happy little isle! thou at least hast been spared from falling under the leaden rule of ignorance and despotism!

The hawk's eye of the ever-watchful officer of the quarantine, soon spied our little bark, and he signaled us with a peremptory wave of the hand to cast anchor in the bay of the quarantine. Now commenced that odious ordeal, so much dreaded by the poor traveller, to the despotism of which he has no choice, but to submit. Confided to the custody of a guardian, who fills the double office of sentinel and servant, I was

conducted to my place of residence, something in the form of a horse's crib, built of unplaned boards, and plastered inside and out with pitch; it measured exactly five feet by seven, about six feet in height, without chair or seat of any kind whatever; and this was one of the abodes for the higher class of travellers. Those erected for the use of the ordinary traveller, consisted of a shed similar to a market stall.

We presume no traveller from Western Europe ever takes this route during his excursions in these countries, and having been found to suit the wants and conveniences of the half-savage hordes of Turkey, who may from time to time visit Santa Maura, the quarantine establishment has not been interfered with, otherwise we cannot believe that such an enormity would be allowed to exist in any civilized country, without having long since met with the public censure it deserves. To add to the other disagreeables of my prison, the quarantine establishment was situated in close proximity to a pestilential marsh, without either tree or shrub to shelter me from the burning sun of July, at a time when the thermometer ranged from 32° to 33° Reaumur; and in this horrible confinement I was obliged to pass five days and nights; the temperature of my sleeping-room being equal to that of a baker's oven, a colony of croaking frogs my musicians, and swarms of mosquitoes, with occasionally a crawling scorpion, my companions. In short, during the whole range of my travels in Asia and Europe, even in the most uncivilized districts, I never met with the equal of this for the utter wretched-

ness of its accommodation, and the insalubrity of the situation.

I had already wandered through some of the most unhealthy districts in the Old and New World, borne the heats of Asia and America; exposed myself to the freezing winds of Russia and Canada; made my bed alike on the arid steppe, the mountain-top, and in the valley with its swamps; hardened in constitution, and temperate in my habits, I had become indifferent to the effect of climate, and fearless of disease; but my confidence was doomed to meet with a most disagreeable check at Santa Maura, the pestilential marsh, the burning heat of the sun, the clouds of mosquitoes, all these combined and aggravated by imprisonment, threw me into a dangerous fever.

Happily, there were friends at hand; I was immediately visited by Colonel Williams, the resident at Santa Maura, by Major Goodenough, and the other officers of the 34th, together with Dr. Frazer, the regimental surgeon, to whose skill and kind attention I am probably indebted for my life. Major Goodenough vied with my medical friend in rendering me every aid that sympathy for my sufferings could suggest. He furnished my wooden crib with bed, bedding, and every luxury necessary for the comfort of an invalid. His servants were ever at the railing of my prison to administer to my wants, and to supply me with everything that would tend to relieve the burning thirst and fever that reduced me in a few days to a skeleton.

On the fifth day, the one which was to release me

from my horrible prison, I summoned sufficient strength to pass the examination of the quarantine doctor, and with the help of a couple of English soldiers, I gained the apartment of Major Goodenough, where I found a comfortable room prepared for my reception. The change of air, the enjoyment of liberty and agreeable society, operated like a charm upon my enfeebled frame, and at the expiration of two days I found myself sufficiently recovered to continue my route, but still occasionally subject to those distressing fits of alternate heat and cold, more or less violent, and which only yielded to large and repeated doses of quinine. In fact, Santa Maura, surrounded as it is by salt lakes and stagnant marshes, is one of the most unhealthy of all the Ionian Isles; the hospital was full of English soldiers, suffering from fever, and Colonel Williams, Major Goodenough, and one or two other officers stationed here, had only recently recovered.

We have been somewhat diffuse in our description of the Santa Maura quarantine and its horrors, hoping that what we have suffered may prove a warning to other travellers; we have also learned that the British Government, in its character of Protectorate, is not responsible for the arrangements of the quarantine establishment, since the administration of all financial matters is left to the Senate, who control the revenues of the country. This has been the cause of much ill-feeling between the Protectorate and the Senate, and no two people can be more opposed in their view of the duties incumbent on a government, than the Anglo-

Saxon and the Greek. The first, full of the native energy of his race, desires to press forward in the path of improvement, proposes that such and such roads should be laid out, bridges built, and various other useful works executed, so necessary to the advancement of commerce, civilization and industry. This is, certain to be opposed, under the plea of being an extravagant waste of the public money, by a people who regard any change from the usages of their ancestors as unnecessary. Their horses could ford the rivers; what then is the use of bridges? Their merchandize might be transported on the backs of horses and mules; where then is the utility of roads?

To show how opposed these people are to improvements when money is required, a few years since an English engineer prepared a plan for draining the marshes of Santa Maura, which, during summer, exhale the most pestilential miasma, exceedingly detrimental to the health of the inhabitants. The expense, though inconsiderable, compared with the advantages to be derived, was deemed extravagant by the authorities, and the bill was negatived, as usual, relying on a lucky turn in the chapter of accidents for its accomplishment. Some wealthy Lord High Commissioner, or superior English officer, might have it done, through philanthropic motives, at his own expense; or the Home Government that had already effected so many ameliorations, would, perhaps, feel itself called upon to remove the nuisance, in its desire to preserve the health of its troops.

However sorry I might be to part from so many kind friends at Santa Maura, I felt not a little pleased when I found myself on board the Ionian steamer; knowing that change of air, and a return to my usual active habits, were the best medicines I could have chosen for restoring me to health. With this view I made arrangements with Mr. Forrest, the captain of the Ionian steamer, and kept cruizing from island to island, when, thanks to the sea-breeze, a good constitution, and quinine, I had so far overcome the enemy, as to be able to land at Corfu.

We remained a few days at Corfu, and to a traveller like myself, who had been accustomed to visit these islands from time to time during the last twenty years, the contrast was most striking, and told much in favour of the system of government introduced since these fortunate islands came under the Protectorate of Great Britain. Corfu in particular has made rapid advances in prosperity; and whether we regard the cleanliness of the streets, the neatness of the private houses, or the rich and well-stored shops, we are equally reminded of home, and recognize the characteristics of a race, who, wherever they settle, are certain to carry with them the seeds of civilization, morality and industry. Crime has become rare, and criminal immorality has been eradicated from among the people; and although the Anglo-Saxon may be dissimilar in habits, customs and manners, from the Ionian Greeks, still his haughty reserve, engrafted on the amiable frivolity of the other, has been productive of advantage in effecting an agreeable change

in their manners and customs; and when they are not infected with the Panhellenism of Young Greece, they are the most amiable, hospitable, and delightful people in society to be found in any country.

With a desire to establish a reciprocity of kind feelings, and a more extended intercourse with the natives of Great Britain, we wish we could prevail upon some of our countrymen, who are now wandering, through economical motives, or love of change, in search of a home, to bend their steps towards Corfu, the most delightful and salubrious among the Ionian Isles, where all the necessaries and luxuries of life may be had at the cheapest rate; at least they would have nothing to fear from war and revolution, as Corfu may now take its rank with Malta, or Gibraltar, for the strength of its position and impregnable fortifications.

The town of Corfu is pleasantly situated on a noble bay, ornamented with a fine esplanade. There is also an air of wealth and grandeur about the principal streets, and an elegance in the architecture of the houses, that reminds one of Venice; and being the seat of government, the residence of the Lord High Commissioner, as well as the principal military station in these islands, the very best society may be met with, whether English or Ionian. The roads and drives in the environs are remarkably well kept, and if we extend our excursions into the interior of the island, our admiration is excited at every step. At one time we are wandering through groves of olives, orchards and vine bowers, or valleys teeming with fertility; now ascending picturesque hills,

or diving into romantic glens, surrounded by every species of beautiful scenery that can charm the eye; the whole interspersed with pretty villages and hamlets, monasteries and churches, exhibiting all the marks of a well-regulated community, evidently a stranger to want, and in the full enjoyment of what is most dear to man—civil and religious liberty.

If we are tired of hill, ravine and valley, and desire a change of air, and at the same time to enjoy a very delightful and extensive prospect, we have only to ascend one of its mountains when we have spread before us the most perfect panorama of the town of Corfu, with its fine bay, citadel and fortifications, and in the far distance the mountains of Albania and Epirus, in all their varied forms, over which rise in lofty grandeur the majestic Djoumerska. Even the Ambrasian Gulf at Arta may be seen, with the river Acheron, the Isle of Paxos, and a faint outline of Santa Maura on the horizon, and if the day is fine—no unusual thing in this lovely climate—the harbour of Brundusium in Italy is distinctly visible.

Homer, when he sung of the city of Alcinous, and its delightful gardens, bequeathed immortality to Corfu, yet where the town of the Grecian bard was situated remains a problem, unsolved by the topographer; its situation does not coincide with that of the modern town but exactly with the Corcyra of Thucydides, Aristotle remained here some time in exile, and its inhabitants witnessed the armaments of Alexander the Great, which had such an influence on the fortunes of

Greece. During the period of the Olympic Games, Corcyra took its rank among the States of Greece, and more than one of its gallant citizens carried home with him the crown of victory.

Founded by a colony of the Corinthians, it would appear that the inhabitants of Corcyra were not more dutiful children than our own transatlantic offspring; since we find one of the most memorable pages in the history of the island records their contest with the mother country. From this period we may date the misfortunes of Corfu.

After having fallen under the rule of the Syracusians, and Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, it became for some time subject to the barbarous rule of Teuta, Queen of Illyria, from whom it passed to the Romans; but so utterly ruined, depopulated and insignificant had it become, that were it not for the political commotions which then distracted this part of the world, Corfu might have remained unknown to history. It was here that Cicero met his friend Cato, after the battle of Pharsalia, and here was celebrated the fatal marriage of Antony and Octavia.

In later days, now struggling under the tyrannic rule of the Byzantine Greeks, then under that of the Normans, or exchanging the degrading slavery of one pirate chief for another, Corfu enjoyed but little repose until it fell under the protection of the winged lion of St. Mark; still we might record many a dark deed perpetrated by the Council of Ten during its administration of this island, many a lamentable episode of

the sufferings endured by the inhabitants, as members of the Greek Church, from the persecution of the Venetian clergy of the Church of Rome, in their endeavours to convert the inhabitants.

On the destruction of the Venetian Republic, Corfu was again doomed to change its rulers, again to pass through the ordeal of war, rapine and violence, now subject to the despotism of Russia, then to the licentiousness of the soldiers of Republican France, groaning under the weight of military exactions, and an expenditure disproportionate to the resources of the island. This state of things continued till the advent of British power.

On taking a calm, unprejudiced view of the general condition of the Ionian Isles, since they have come under the protection of the greatest maritime nation in the world, and no longer in danger of being captured and transferred like a bale of goods from the rule of one successful adventurer to another, we must come to the conclusion that they have gained immeasurably by the change. They are entirely under the administration of their own Sept-insular form of government, and enjoy at the same time a political and commercial influence among the States of Europe, which they never possessed at any former period. The flag of the Ionian Isles waves on every sea, commerce has brought their inhabitants wealth, and introduced among them the arts and sciences of civilized life. Strangers to the burdens of taxation, the squalid misery and military despotism of other countries, they have every cause to

be thankful to Providence for the blessings they enjoy.

It is true we have entered an epoch of great excitement; opinions are prevalent which threaten to destroy not only the machinery of government, but the very framework of society. Amongst the mischievous results, which the spirit and temper of the times has provoked in these islands, and which foreign agencies, actively working through various channels have widely circulated, is a desire to emancipate themselves from the Protectorate of Great Britain. "Greece for the Greeks," is the rallying cry of the day.

This spirit principally exists among the factious inhabitants of the island of Cephalonia, supported by a few Radical members of the Senate, briefless barristers, students, and other patriots of that class, who fancy they might rise to wealth and political power by the change.

We trust, however, that all this clamour about the sympathies of race is destined to pass away, since the change is opposed to the interests of the industrious classes, and cannot suit either the views or the policy of the nobility and gentry of the islands, who are well aware of the advantages they enjoy, under the Protectorate of a great and wealthy empire. Still the "Unionists," or rather the "Revolutionists," fortified by the talismanic cry of a Greek Empire, with Constantinople for its capital, will be certain to find numerous converts among a people of a warm impetuous temperament, as frivolous as they are inconstant, and may lead to an outbreak which can

only terminate with defeat, and perhaps involve with it the loss of all their newly-acquired privileges.

Independent of every political consideration, the elevation to power of a people like the Greeks, in their present state of civilization and resources, would be the greatest curse that could befal these countries. They must bide their time, and if by any fortuitous turn in the chapter of accidents, these beautiful islands, now so prosperous, should fall under the rule of the factious chiefs and turbulent demagogues of "Young Greece," whose political honesty and public virtue are empty sounds, they would speedily become the retreat of bandits—the home of pirates. Even now, were it not for the dread these Greek pirates entertain of falling into the claws of the British lion, not a single merchantman could venture among the Greek islands, without being accompanied by a man-of-war. In making these assertions, we but repeat what we heard a hundred times, from well-intentioned, industrious inhabitants of these islands and continental Greece.

Every nation has its peculiar features and tendencies —the result of its moral, social and religious institutions; and without being prejudiced in favour of one race above another, we must be of opinion that if ever a people were formed to guide the destinies of man—to advance his progress in civilization and industry, the task has devolved upon the Anglo-Saxon race. They were the first. who successfully erected the standard of constitutional and religious liberty upon the ruins of despotism and bigotry, and consequently they alone

have attained to true freedom and national greatness; ever restless, as if impelled by some supernatural agency they pour forth their myriads to every region in the known world, erect impregnable fortresses, which give them the command of the sea, plant colonies destined to become empires, and in conjunction with their children of another hemisphere, promise to break down the barrier of race, and encircle the globe with their language, religion and institutions.

We know not whether it was O'Connell's agitation when he endeavoured to revive the old animosity between Celt and Saxon, and Old Ireland for the Celt; or Russian Panslavism, which originated the mischievous appeal to the sympathies of race, and having found an echo in Germany, Italy, and among the Slavonians of Hungary, Austria, and elsewhere, hastened revolution and anarchy, and embittered mankind against each other in the dreadful struggle which shook the thrones of as many European monarchies.

Let our friends, the Ionian Greeks, take warning by the misfortunes of others, and beware how they allow their better feelings to be perverted by the prejudices of race, excited by factious demagogues whose patriotism is selfishness. Let them regard England as what she really is — a protecting power, performing her part in the Divine mission intrusted to her for the dissemination of enlightened civilization. Let them imitate the indomitable energy of her sons, their love of truth, straightforwardness, and social virtues; and by following their example, introduce more generally a spirit of industry—

a determination to keep pace with the enlightenment of the age. Let them unite heart and soul with the Anglo-Saxon in developing the resources of their beautiful islands, and in reconstructing on principles of sound wisdom their political and social system, and by discountenancing all animosity, prejudice of race, or estrangement from their rulers, bind still closer the bonds of union with a great and wealthy empire which offers them so wide a field for enterprize, and which alone preserves them from sinking into their former poverty and insignificance.

England herself has not a more liberal system of representative government than her Majesty the Queen, as Protectorate, has granted to these islands. The national wish has even been gratified by the nomination of a civilian, as her representative; but instead of showing their gratitude and justifying the belief that they were sufficiently advanced in political knowledge to appreciate the advantages of rational liberty, it will hardly be believed by our readers when we say, one of the first measures of the demagogues who crept in as members of the Ionian Sept-insular Parliament was to propose the abolition of the Protectorate of Great Britain! and a declaration of their own independence!

On our voyage southward from Corfu we passed the little Island of Paxo, touched at Santa Maura and Cephalonia, and landed at Zante, so justly termed the "Flower of the Levant." The town surrounding the bay with its neat houses of Italian architecture, the Acropolis above it, and the dark green hills forming an

amphitheatre, constitute a charming picture. Every place, however insignificant it may be, has its lions, and every people their traditions. The most popular here is that the island was first peopled by a colony of Trojans, who landed under their chief, Zacynthus, who gave his name to the island, which it still retains. Homer mentions it as having formed a part of the kingdom of Ulysses, when it was notorious for its marshes, fevers and forests, and remained so till 1673. About this time an Italian nobleman, Angelo Barbarigo, who deserves to have a monument erected to his memory by the inhabitants, drained the marshes and brought the whole of the low lands into cultivation, now filled with the choicest fruit-trees and that peculiar species of vine, the corinth, which here forms the principal employment for the industry, and a great source of wealth to the inhabitants.

The good Zantiots, if they have not yet erected a monument to the memory of their benefactor, cannot be accused of dyeing their hands in his blood like their neighbours, the ever-factious inhabitants of Cephalonia, who rose up and assassinated Count Carberry, their wealthy countryman, in the midst of his projects for ameliorating the condition of the people. This excellent nobleman had already rendered whole districts salubrious, introduced the coffee-tree and other exotics, with a view of increasing the prosperity of the island, when he fell a victim to the jealousy of a people too barbarous to comprehend the motives of an enlightened mind.

A pressing invitation from my banker, Mr. Barff, to

make his house my home till my health was somewhat re-established, induced me to remain a few days at Zante. This gentleman, whose high character and unbounded hospitality sheds a lustre on his name of Englishman, may be numbered among those of our merchant princes that we find here and there established in foreign countries, but who never forget home. His residence, a perfect palace, built and furnished at a great expense, is so perfectly English, that were it not for the sunny clime and bright skies of this lovely island, we might fancy ourselves living in Old England.

Mr. Barff, during the time I remained with him, kept open house, which afforded me an opportunity of meeting several members of the most respectable families in the island, and at the same time enabled me to form a just estimate of the social character of the higher classes, who cannot fail to impress the stranger favourably, English reserve being engrafted upon their own natural lively Greek temperament, of whom his own estimable wife Mrs. Barff, of the noble family of the Volterras, is a most favourable specimen. In some degree still a sufferer from the ravages of the severe fever I caught at Santa Maura, it would be ungrateful in me did I not acknowledge the kind attentions I received from my host and hostess, who left no means untried that might conduce to my recovery.

Mr. Barff is also in some measure an historical character, from the circumstance of his having been the intimate friend and correspondent of Lord Byron, from the time of his arrival in Greece till his lamented death.

He favoured me with the perusal of several of the noble author's letters, both published and unpublished, and also some documents connected with the contest between the Turks and the Greeks.

It is but justice to the memory of Lord Byron to say, that these letters and papers exhibit his character in a very favourable point of view, more especially as regards the aid he rendered by personal exertions and pecuniary sacrifices to the cause of Greek independence. He does not appear to have been actuated by any selfish motive, but solely by a desire to see the country his heart had adopted free and happy. Mr. Barff, who had been intimately acquainted with his Lordship for several years, assured me he had ever found his conduct to be honourable and straightforward in every transaction, and for his disinterested labours in her behalf to merit the eternal gratitude of Greece.

My visit to Zante was during the season of the currant vintage, which gave me an opportunity of witnessing the method of preparing this fruit for the foreign market. The vines which produce these delicious little grapes were originally natives of Corinth, whence they derive the name which modern usage has corrupted into currant. They have been found to thrive remarkably well at Zante, and no produce yields so great a profit to the cultivator.

When sufficiently ripe they are taken from the vine in the same manner as the common grape, and placed on a drying ground, expressly prepared for them, in layers of about half an inch thick. During the time they are

exposed to the sun they are occasionally turned and swept into heaps, till they are entirely detached from the stalk, when they are fit for exportation.

The only danger to be apprehended to the vintage at this time is rain, which causes the fruit to deteriorate in value, or become utterly worthless; but this is a disaster of rare occurrence in a climate where it seldom rains in summer before the middle of September. It appears that England consumes more currants than the whole world put together; should, therefore, the whim of fashion cause any change in the national taste for plum-pudding and mince pies, not only the cultivators of Zante, but those of a great part of the Morea, would be utterly ruined; for, however excellent these tiny grapes may be when applied to their present uses, they are utterly valueless for making wines, or any species of liqueur.

The independence of Modern Greece has not been favourable to the commercial prosperity of the Ionian Isles. Previous to this event the inhabitants carried on a very extensive trade with Italy, Trieste, the Morea, and the Greek islands; it has now taken its natural course, and found among one of its most favourable stations, Patras, situated at the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto. Besides, the population of the Ionian Isles scarcely amounts to two hundred and twenty thousand, while that of the kingdom of Greece is little short of a million; and since their emancipation from the thraldom of Turkish rule they have continued to transact their own affairs with the foreign merchant, and to attract

to their ports the trading vessels of the surrounding nations.

This is the principal cause of the decrease of trade in the Ionian Isles, which must continue to decline unless the inhabitants exert themselves to seek new channels of commerce; European Turkey still lies open to them, Albania with its long line of coast is within a few hours' sail, Italy is not far distant, and no islands can be better situated as depôts for merchandize, and all the purposes of commerce and navigation. The best intentioned government can effect but little for the trade of a country, unless the people themselves are animated with a spirit of enterprize, and enter the lists with courage and perseverance. There is no want of money in the Ionian Isles, since many of their traders and retired merchants are said to be *millionnaires*.

CHAPTER XII.

Voyage from Zante to Patras—Beautiful scenery—The town of Patras—Commercial position—Trade with England—Exports and imports—Sketches of the modern Greeks—Disturbed state of the country—Brigands—Administration of King Otho—Observations on the political and social state of Greece—Intrigues of the diplomatic agents in Greece—Electioneering in Greece—Novel method of obtaining a ministerial majority—Death of M. Coletti—French Revolution, and fall of the Triumvirate in Greece—Concluding remarks.

In the absence of any direct steam communication between Zante and Patras, my only alternative was to remain waiting a week or ten days for the English Government steamer, on its way from Corfu to Malta, which calls here every fifteen days, or to engage my passage in a small Greek sailing vessel; I decided on the latter. This to a traveller in search of health and pleasure, was no inconvenience, and rather heightened the charms of the voyage on a sea like an inland lake studded with islands, and beneath a sky without a cloud. To add to my enjoyments, I met with an old friend, the only passenger, M. Sandrini, attaché to the Russian

embassy at Athens, and who, like myself, was bound for the city of Theseus.

Notwithstanding we were twelve hours at sea, and our little bark was not quite so commodious as a steamer, we were amply compensated by the enjoyment of the most romantic and beautiful scenery: there were the isles of Cephalonia, Ithaka, and Santa Maura, the mountains of Epirus, Acarnania, Ætolia and Lokirus, with their fine bays and promontories; these were succeeded by Cape Kruo Nero, and the Panagia, the majestic heights of Achaia, Arcadia, and Elia, with a distant view of Clarinza, which is said to have been once a possession of England, and to give the title of Duke to one of our royal princes. These ever-changing panoramic views continued to increase in beauty till we hove in sight of the ancient Patrae, on the Gulf of Lepanto, over which was seen rising in lofty grandeur the mountains of Achaia, to their highest summit, Mount Vodi.

Patras is prettily situated at the base of the Panachaikos. The old town surrounding the Acropolis, remains in the same state as when the Turks held possession; but the modern town, adjoining the harbour, has several elegant houses, with hotels, coffee-houses, bazaars, and wine-shops, which give to it something of a European aspect. I counted sixteen English vessels in the harbour, waiting for cargoes of fruit, particularly currants, besides a few Italian and Greek vessels. There was an English war-brig, and also a French and an Austrian; altogether I could not but be impressed

with the idea that Patras was progressing, and promised to take its place among the most favoured commercial stations in the Levant.

In addition to currants, which are produced in the Morea, and quite equal to those of Zante, the exports at Patras consist of silk, oil, wax, honey, wool and juniper berries; the import trade is also considerable, and if we may judge of the commerce of Modern Greece with England by what we witnessed in this town it must be extensive, having met at my hotel a Manchester manufacturer, Mr. Wolf, who appeared to be taking orders as fast as he could write them down in his pocket-book.

Nearly the whole of the commercial classes in Patras are composed of foreign adventurers, particularly Greeks, who, when Greece became independent returned to the home of their ancestors, bringing with them the wealth, industry, and civilization they had acquired in the land of the stranger. As to the natives, they are but little changed from those of their nationality who still vegetate under the rule of the Turk—Asiatic in their manners, customs and habits, with the exception that, now they are at liberty to follow their own inclinations, their dress is more gorgeous, and they are less industrious. Nearly the whole of the labour in the country is performed by Bulgarians, Albanians, Zinzars, and natives of the Ionian Isles, particularly the Zantiots, who, growing no corn in their own little island, are accustomed to come to the Morea, and cultivate the ground, dividing the profits with the proprietor.

To my great surprise, on visiting the farm of the professor of botany, Signor Pietro Doxa, I found two strapping Irishmen, deserters from the British army in the Ionian Isles, employed as his husbandmen; poor fellows, they had just recovered from a dangerous marsh fever, and, with tears in their eyes, lamented the unhappy fate that compelled them to become exiles, and, in order to escape punishment, slaves to a Greek master. Repenting of their folly, and feeling desirous to return to their duty, I furnished them with letters to several military officers, my friends in the Ionian Isles; but whether they availed themselves of the advice I gave them, I have not been able to ascertain.

But to return to the modern Greeks, the mania of the whole people is the possession of costly attire. In winter, a mantle, lined with fur and in summer; a richly-braided jacket, the white fustanell or kilt, of many folds, a gay silk shawl, tied round the waist, filled with the jewelled-hilted poniard and pistols, is the glory and ambition of these people.

The women are equally fond of finery, such a display of gold ornaments, bracelets, armlets, necklaces, tiaras, and rings, as quite dazzles the eye of a sober-thinking Frank. Truly, it is no exaggeration to say that the value of the dress of one of these modern Greeks, even among the poor classes, often amounts to a sum not less than thirty pounds, while that of the wealthy is almost beyond computation. But visit any of their houses, and you will find it often without a bed, or even a chair,

and their food at best composed of bread, onions, fruits, melons and raki.

The grand object of all is a place under Government, some authority with a little stipend, to enable them to live in idleness, play the petty tyrant, and if they can with impunity resort to extortion, still when money is in the way, and " Greek is opposed to Greek, then comes the tug of war." Others of a more adventurous disposition, and possessed of sufficient courage, try their hand at revolution, or take to the highway, and levy contributions on friend and foe—anything but work.

On arriving at Patras, it was my intention to have hired a guide and a pair of horses, and cross the mountains to Athens, but our Consul, Mr. Wood, and indeed all the foreign Consuls and respectable merchants I visited, cautioned me against an enterprize which would be certain to subject me, at least, to the loss of my saddle-bags. Now, a traveller who had just crossed European Turkey, and passed through Bosnia and Albania in a state of insurrection, without receiving the slightest molestation, might be supposed to possess a sufficient share of courage to venture anywhere; but whether the Santa Maura fever had damped my spirits, or that I concluded my character of Frank would not be a protection against the bullet of a mountain klepht of Young Greece, I resolved to wait for the Austrian steamer, and go by sea.

During the few days I remained at Patras, the inhabitants were kept in a constant state of alarm—

such beating of drums, such crying of proclamations in the streets. At one time, we were told that the rebel Griziotti was killed! and his adherents cut to pieces! at another, that the rebel Grivas had escaped from Turkey, and was marching on the town, at the head of his brigand countrymen of Acarnania! One fine morning we were awoke from our slumbers by the loud roll of the drum, and the call to arms; this time, there was really some cause of alarm, owing to the escape of a number of prisoners, confined in one of the ruined towers of the Acropolis. It was feared that these desperadoes, composed of political delinquents, convicted assassins and brigands, on uniting in sufficient force with the disaffected klephts of the adjoining mountains, would return, attack the town, and plunder it. I verily believe that a few hundred of them would suffice at any time to sack Patras, or any other town in Greece, so wide is the difference between the sickly, enervated inhabitants of the one, and the robust devilry of the other; to which we may add the military are not always to be depended upon, particularly at a time when the entire country was distracted with political parties, and when it merely required the presence of a clever adventurer to hoist the colours of his party to be certain of finding adherents.

It is true, a traveller ought to be cautious how he depicts the character of the people among whom he may chance to be sojourning, yet he cannot shut his eyes to notorious facts. We must, however, in justice attribute a great deal of the demoralization of this

unhappy people to the government of the weak, vacillating bigoted Prince, that fate selected to be their ruler, at a moment when they were just emerging from the barbarism of centuries—at that critical period, when the first signs of returning life appeared in the national spirit, and when a community is so easily moulded for good or evil.

The flagrant abuses then introduced, the shameless refusal of their liberties, and the venality and worthlessness of the men called to power, exercised a most pernicious influence on the character of the people. Knowing this, and that Modern Greece is not without men of the highest virtue, education and talent, whose patriotism would be an honour to any country, we sympathise with this poor, worried, ill-used people. How different might have been the result, had they fallen under the rule of an enlightened legislator, who knew how to avail himself of the traits that distinguish the national character: the brilliant imagination, the ready conception and quickness of intellect, which now plunge them into vice, if properly directed by example and education, might have been the means of leading them to habits of industry, and rendering them peaceful members of society.

Prejudiced in favour of caste, divine right, and all the forms and etiquette of a petty German Court, the Bavarian Prince introduced among a people, ruined by war and devastation, and scarcely numbering nine hundred thousand, those expensive habits of administration which are only appropriate at the Court of a

great, wealthy nation. Instead of establishing schools of industry, model farms, and other useful institutions, so necessary to a people who had been so long the victims of Mahometan misrule, and were just awaking from the sleep of ignorance, marshals and generals of the army, and admirals and captains of the navy, were created, together with lords and ladies of the bed-chamber, and a host of paid menials, favourites and pensioners of the royal bounty, eating up the revenues of the country, and causing dissatisfaction, envious feelings and jealousy among all classes of the population.

Again, it was impossible that a Prince of the illustrious house of Wittelsbach, could submit to any control, but his own royal will; but the unruly Greek, so different from the patient Michel of his own "Deutschen Fatherland," headed by Kalergis, the Jupiter of the day, burst upon the slumbers of the bewildered despot, and offered him the choice of two things—either to grant a constitution, and be content to reign according to the laws of the country, or to step on board a vessel lying at the Piraeus, ready to convey him to his own fatherland.

This was a most impudent proposal from a contemptible Palikari, dressed in a white fustanell, red cap, and belt full of pistols; however, there was no contending against an armed multitude, who had even the audacity to plant a cannon at every door of the palace of their King. The long-promised constitution was granted, sworn to on the Evangelists, and proclaimed. The

people were mad with joy; Athens was illuminated, feasting and rejoicing became the order of the day; and that nothing should be wanting to prove the sincerity of the constitutional King, a new Ministry was formed, with Mavrocordato at its head, whose high character is too well known to require any praise from the pen of a traveller. It is sufficient to say, that under the enlightened administration of that able minister, the revenue continued to increase, and industry and commerce to flourish, to an extent before unknown in Modern Greece.

In the meantime, the mortified King, absolved from his oath by the priests of his own faith, the Roman Catholic, and aided by the despotic party, resolved on revenge. Agents were employed to sow dissensions among the people, and when their plots were matured, the fickle multitude, their pockets lined with silver, and their heads crazy with raki, rose up in arms, and with tumultuous cries surrounding the palace, demanded the expulsion of the Anglo-Greco Ministry of Prince Mavrocordato. They also insisted that their former hero Kalergis should be delivered up to them to be instantly put to death; and he would have been massacred, as the patriot himself informed me when I met him at the Island of Zante, had he not found means to escape. Thus on the 16th of August, 1844, King Otho had the satisfaction of hearing himself proclaimed by the mob of Athens "Despotic monarch of Greece!" From henceforth this ill-advised Prince was influenced to regard England and every Englishman as his secret enemy. General Church, a distinguished

officer, who fought so nobly and so long in the cause of Greek independence, was marked out as the first victim, by being deprived of his command as Inspector-General of the Forces. The royal displeasure was next aimed at our worthy representative, Sir Edmund Lyons, at all times and on all occasions the ardent friend of Greece, who now found himself received at Court with a coldness bordering on incivility.

From this time till the *dénouement* of the drama, in 1849, the petty kingdom of Greece with its lilliputian capital, Athens, became the centre of political squabbles—the arena where the battle was to be decided, as to whether man was to be ruled by constitutional or despotic principles. Poor King Otho was regarded as a martyr to the crooked and ever-grasping policy of perfidious Albion, which under the plea of supporting constitutional principles, sought in his downfall the annexation of Greece to its other possessions in the Ionian Isles, to be erected into a monarchy for His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge!

This, and a thousand other absurdities, were everywhere circulated, and obtained credence not only among the ignorant multitude in Greece and other countries, but found their way into the palace, and were believed by many a cabinet minister. The other petty despots of Europe, whose thrones already tottered beneath them, could not understand from whence came the pressure—the determination of intellectual man to be governed by free institutions. Taking their cue from King Otho and Greece, they poured out invective after invective

against Lord Palmerston, till it became fashionable in every town on the continent to abuse *Palmerstone!* His lordship was denounced as a species of republican Mephistopheles—the sworn enemy of kings—the brand to kindle the fires of anarchy and revolution. The servile press of Germany, France, Spain and Italy teemed with the abuse of the obnoxious minister, that all the world feared. In the salon, at the dinner-table, on the promenade, at the theatre, in short, everywhere that man congregated, nothing else was heard in every language, and among every people but the name of *Palmerstone!* who, like the Wandering Jew, was to be found everywhere, the prime mover of every agitation, the night-mare of Czars, Kaisers, Königs, Princes, and diplomatists of every degree.

We left King Otho in the plentitude of despotic rule, surrounded by his lazzaroni guards, at Athens. Still there was one great difficulty to be surmounted, the wheels of government were clogged by an overwhelming majority of constitutional members, who, maddened with defeat, cemented their bonds of union yet closer, and defeated every ministerial measure brought before the house. At the mandate of the King, the Assembly was dissolved, and now commenced the tug of war; and as we happened to be in Greece at this time, a slight sketch of the manner in which electioneering is there carried on, may not be altogether uninteresting to the English reader, who knows from experience, the degree of excitement consequent on the election of a representative in Parliament, even

in his own more temperate clime. At this time Louis-Phillipe of France was at the very height of his popularity, and having out-manœuvred the English cabinet, in the affair of the Spanish marriage, was regarded as the Ulysses of European politicians—a worthy antagonist to be employed against the English Mephistopheles. We forbear to dwell upon the means he employed, it is sufficient to say, that apprehensive an act of such flagrant bad faith and duplicity might involve him in a quarrel sooner or later with his powerful neighbour, he threw off all reserve, and entered the lists at once with Austria, in a crusade against the political and commercial interests of England in Greece and elsewhere, and commenced by declaring himself the supporter and confidential adviser of King Otho, hoping by this means to secure to France a *pied-à-terre* in the Mediterranean, in the event of hostilities. To facilitate his design, M. Coletti, who was then the representative of Greece at the Court of the Tuileries, returned to Athens, and became the prime minister of Greece, and the *âme damné* of Louis-Phillipe. Supported on one side by M. Prokesch, the Austrian ambassador, whose object was to carry out the principles of his government, which wars against everything liberal and constitutional; and on the other by M. Pescatory, the French minister, who, in opposing the constitutional party, was only fulfilling the orders of his government, to weaken the interests of England by every means in his power, the Greek minister, as might be supposed, with such able coadjutors carried all before him.

Since we are not writing the history of Greece, we must pass over the various disgraceful scenes which now took place in every part of Greece, and which reflect so much disgrace on the political character of Louis-Phillipe and his minister M. Guizot. Besides the French minister, M. Pescatory, who ruled supreme at Athens, and might be termed the *Directeur-Général,* there was the French Consul at Syra, M. Roujaux, a sort of half Frenchman, half Greek, *commandant-en-chef* to conduct the electioneering tactics. This expert manœuvrer had two interests in view, those of France, and his father-in-law, M. Coletti, the prime minister. To ensure success, he was liberally furnished with money, at the expense of the triple alliance; he had a steam-boat, and soldiers at his command, and he was to be found in every place where there was likely to be a contested election, employing bribery, force, and intimidation to support the ministerial candidate, till "a dollar or a bullet," for the man who voted for, or against, the interest of M. Coletti became a by-word among the Greeks. Where it was practicable, the constitutionalists were denounced as traitors, and in the most arbitrary manner shut up in prison, till the election was over; and we do not exaggerate, when we say, through the all-powerful influences of bribery and intimidation, fraudulent bankers, captains of banditti, and, in one instance, a convicted assassin, were elected as members of the memorable Greek Parliament of 1847.

We do not wish to be personal in publishing the names of certain individuals who were elevated to the

dignity of legislators, in the hope, that now they have advanced a step in the scale of social life, they may be induced to mend their evil ways; neither do we wish to be too severe on the character of those over whom the tomb has closed. But how strikingly remarkable was the *dénouement:* on my arrival at Athens, I found the Greek Minister, M. Coletti, a martyr to a severe disease, and a few days afterwards followed his remains to the grave. The loss of so clever a man was a terrible shock to King Otho and the despotic party. "Misfortunes, however, seldom come single." An alliance got up for the avowed purpose of weakening the power and influence of England in the Mediterranean, conducted with so much baseness and low intrigue, was not destined to prosper; and, if we were inclined to be superstitious, we would advise France and Austria never again to form an alliance, as it ever appears to lead to a catastrophe, equally fatal to both. The marriage of Marie Antoinette with Louis XVI. was followed by the French revolution!—the destruction of monarchy! —the death of the King!—and a thirty years' war! Again, from the moment that Napoleon chose for his wife an Austrian Princess, his fortunes declined! And last of all, we have seen Louis-Phillipe at the very height of his power—his ill-gotten throne, as it were consolidated by his secret and open alliances with the despotic Princes of Europe, hurled to the ground! and he himself forced to become an exile in the country whose counsels and interests he sought to undermine; and the unlucky House of Austria, how manifold were

its dangers? and how narrowly did it escape destruction!

To deluded Greece the alliance has been also productive of evil. Had its weak-minded monarch followed the counsels of the only power that really sought the welfare of Greece, and whose interests as a commercial country must ever be to see it rich and flourishing, the events which followed, so distressing to the generous nature of an Englishman, and so fatal to the prosperity of a young country, never would have taken place. Poor people, they have been taught a rude lesson! This is still more lamentable, when we reflect that the industrious classes have been the principal sufferers. Yet we cannot see how this could have been avoided—the systematic hostility—the repeated insults rendered forbearance any longer an impossibility, and having witnessed a great deal of this during my wanderings in Greece, I may be allowed an opinion, and truly those powers who, to gratify their own selfish purposes, trained and marshalled their credulous victims, the Greeks, in their hostility towards England, ought in all justice to be made responsible for the loss sustained by the Greek people.

During the ascendancy of the Triumvirate, it is but justice to add that Russia did not openly interfere in the politics of Greece, nor, truth to say, was it necessary, for the agents of Louis-Phillipe and Austria were advancing her cause—the progress of despotic principles, by every means ingenuity could devise. However, from the mind of a people like the Greeks, so quick-witted, and withal

so ignorant of the great world and its politics, so vain-glorious, so self-sufficient, so open to adulation, and so easily influenced by the counsels of strangers, the effects of all this political intrigue may not be easily eradicated.

Among other absurdities they have been taught to look forward to the establishment of a Greek empire. In consequence of these warlike dreams, industry and laborious pursuits are abandoned by the majority of the people for the *ignus fatuus* of enriching themselves by Turkish conquest; and how demoralized have they become. Every where around us we see turbulence and discord—here a military mob headed by contending chieftains—there public functionaries rivalling each other in fraud and rapacity, and the entire country infested by highway robbers. Truly this cannot be wondered at under an administration so vicious, when so late as the year 1847, the Minister of Police himself was tried as a robber, which profitable profession it appears he had exercised very much to his own advantage, and that of his subordinates, ever since he had been placed in office by his friend and patron, the late prime minister, M. Coletti.

As one of the contributors to the Greek loan, we may be allowed to ask: What has become of the millions lent to the Greek Government for the purpose of improving the condition of the country and the people? There is no colonization, scarcely any new roads, no security to the traveller. No doubt his Majesty has spent the money like a King. At all events he may if he pleases

regale the bond-holders in his palace of Pentelican marble, which cost three hundred thousand pounds. As to the public revenue, it scarcely suffices to uphold the dignity of the court, and to pay the host of placemen who have nothing to do but to prey upon the vitals of Greece.

We regret we have been obliged to pass so severe a censure upon the administration of King Otho and his Government; the error commenced, however, with the Bavarian, Count Armensperg and the regency, and truly the great powers never committed a greater mistake than the attempt to impose upon a people, Asiatic in their manners and customs, the complicated machinery of a European government, more particularly the abominable despotism of the German bureaucracy. Had the Greeks, like the Servians, been left to select a ruler among themselves, and to model their laws and institutions in a manner suited to the habits and wants of the people, we should have found them far more prosperous and contented.

We do not, however, despair for a people who, though deteriorated by an admixture of inferior races, resemble in many points of their character the ancient Hellenes; the enthusiasm and devotedness they display only require the guiding influence of a modern Cadmus, to place them upon a level with the most enlightened and talented races of modern times; but that they will ever again play a prominent part in the great theatre of the world, as some Philhellenes would make us believe, is utterly impossible. Among the great and powerful

nations that have gradually grown up in Europe, they are but as a drop of water in the ocean; again, as a nationality, the Greek is not in favour with the other races in European Turkey, to whom they are inferior in numbers and in many social virtues, and who even if the Turk was driven from Europe would never submit to their rule.

Nations, like individuals, even the most energetic and enterprising, do not jump in a moment from poverty and insignificance to wealth, power, and dominion. In the great strife of nations, the Greek has much to learn and many hard trials to encounter. Knowing this, we would recommend our friends, the Greeks, to abandon the *ignus fatuus* of a Greek empire, at least for the present, and to turn their attention to the large territory already in their possession, with its fine seas and harbours, inviting the commerce of the world, and so fertile as to be capable of maintaining, at the lowest calculation, five million of inhabitants. Therefore, instead of feeling any jealousy towards Great Britain for its occupation of the Ionian Isles, they ought to be thankful that Providence has placed under its enlightened tutelage such a large portion of their race, who may hereafter serve as a nursery of well informed intellectual men to guide and direct the destinies of their race. They have been too long the dupes of intriguing agents, and late events must have taught them how dangerous it is to tease the British lion. But we are turning preacher instead of traveller, so we will end with hoping the Greek will take the hint and profit by it.

CHAPTER XIII.

Steamboat voyages to Athens—Advantages of steam navigation — Austrian steamers—Passengers—Missolonghi—Scenery of the Gulf of Lepanto—Vostitza—Greek soldiers—Insalubrity of parts of Greece—Causes—Arrival at Lutrachi—Corinth—View from the Acropolis — Passage across the Isthmus of Corinth — Calamachi — The Piræus — Greek touters — The troubles of a traveller—Passports and custom-house officers — Increasing prosperity of the Piræus — Sketch of the inhabitants—Environs.

WHILE I sat at the open window of my hotel moralizing over the rise and fall of nations, the Austrian steamer came roaring and splashing into the harbour of Patras, crowded with passengers, natives of Europe and Asia, speaking all the languages of Babel, and habited in every costume.

Oh Steam! immortal Watt! the nations of the world that benefit so largely by the operations of thy great mind, ought to erect to thy memory a monument which should surpass in grandeur the loftiest pyramid of Egypt. Through thee the process of regenerating the inhabitants of the most benighted countries has

commenced. A little longer, and we shall see all national prejudices of religion and race removed, and regions that are now a desert, become the home of civilized man.

In the fair land of the Crescent, we already behold some of the most beautiful countries in our hemisphere, rising into a new state of existence, and attracting to them the attention of the commercial and political world. In truth, the whole of these waters, the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, and the Archipelago, the Euxine, and the Sea of Marmora, with many of the inland lakes and rivers, offer every facility for steam navigation; and if the Heterists and Panslavists, with the non-reforming Mahometans, will only remain quiet for a few years longer, we shall see them crowded with steamboats, which will introduce such numbers of intellectual Europeans among the people who inhabit their shores, as cannot fail to have a favourable effect upon their character and habits.

With the exception of a few English and French steamers, which occasionally visit these seas, the Austrian Steam Navigation Company may be said to monopolize the trade. The vessels they employ in this service are but indifferent, and constantly getting out of order; still, bad as they are, they have driven the tall mast with its flowing canvas out of the water, and flounder on in spite of wind and weather, and their servants being more accommodating, and their charges less expensive to the ordinary traveller, than either the French or the English, they are always crowded with passengers. If

we may draw an inference from the receipts of the Austrian Company, there cannot be a doubt a few additional English steamers, well conducted, containing proper accommodation for travellers and merchandize, and the charges reasonable, would prove a most profitable speculation.

But to return to our steam-boat expedition, we found the deck covered with passengers, and, truth to say, it required no little care to pick our footsteps so as not to incommode them, for nearly the whole, according to oriental custom, were squatted about on their carpets. In addition to European travellers, there were Jews, Turks, and Armenians, Greeks and Albanians, Zinzars and Slavonians of every tribe, all habited in their respective costume, or distinguished by some national trait easily known to the experienced traveller.

The orientals, who would require the pencil of an artist to do them justice, decked in all their flimsy finery, lay about in groups, smoking the tchibouque, or telling their beads—here devouring bread and garlic, and there swallowing copious draughts of rakia. The stench from these nomades was intolerable when the wind happened to blow from their quarter, and to add to our discomforts, at least for a cabin passenger, the deck was portioned off to make room for the first class deck passengers, a nuisance which, while it curtailed our promenade, exposed us to the near vicinity of companions who, to the horror of the traveller from Western Europe, were busily employed in removing from their garments certain little tormentors; at the same time, displaying

their merciful dispositions by placing the tiny plagues quietly on the deck in the full enjoyment of life and liberty.

On descending into the cabin, we found a more select party. There was the Austrian minister at Athens, Baron Prokesch, the autocrat of the circle, together with several distinguished travellers from nearly every country in Europe. Among them I was glad to find an old acquaintance, Prince Constantine Soutza, of Moldavia—Mr. Jean, a professor from Oxford—and one or two English gentlemen not come out in search of the true church! like some of our dreaming travellers in the present day, but to pay their homage to the classic soil of immortal Greece.

Our companions of the cabin were nearly all citizens of the world—men who had travelled far, and mingled freely with the inhabitants of every country in Europe, and having studied their laws and institutions, they had learned to think for themselves, and expressed their sentiments with that freedom of opinion which disdains anything in the shape of national prejudice, or this or that policy, at variance with the enlightenment of the age.

Our conversation was alternately in French, German, Italian, and English, and being now in Greece, Grecian politics naturally formed the principal topic of discussion. This all-absorbing subject led to an animated contest between the Austrian minister and the gallant but unfortunate B——! The fiery Hungarian, after reviewing the dark policy of Austria at Tarnow, in

Poland, and her intrigues among the Slavonian subjects of Hungary, reverted to the events now passing in Greece with so much acrimony as to overthrow the equanimity even of the practised Austrian diplomat, who, after foaming and blustering, gave up the contest, and retired to his cabin during the remainder of the voyage.

Our tub of a steamer, here classically termed a Pyroschape, made about three knots an hour. True, we were in Greece, and the Austrian directory, in its laudable consideration for the instruction and amusement of the traveller, does not wish to hurry him through such classic scenes! Indeed, our voyage was the very *beau ideal* of sailing, for unless a thunder-storm should occur, or a sub-marine shock of an earthquake, no uncommon occurrence in these seas, this beautiful gulf is seldom agitated by even a swell during summer, and thus we kept gliding from bay to bay with agreeable society, and a tolerable *cuisine*, sufficient to satisfy every reasonable desire.

Greece has been already explored and described till the subject is almost exhausted, still, with my classical friend, M. Sandrini, and a learned professor from Oxford, Mr. Jean, at my elbow, with their books and maps spread out before them, we may be excused if we now and then make an allusion. But the reader need not fear; we are neither rapt, nor inspired, or even sufficiently versed in classic lore, to plunge too deep into antiquities.

On leaving Patras, the eye of the traveller is involuntarily attracted towards Missolonghi, immortalized as

the spot where one of England's greatest poets breathed his last, and where one of the most sanguinary contests during the war of independence between the Greeks and the Turks took place. Apart from the classical recollections attached to the Gulf of Lepanto, there was nothing to interest the general traveller. The Gulf itself, winding through a double chain of mountains, piled upon each other, is picturesque enough, but the repetition of cold naked rocks, with here and there a miserable village surrounded by a patch of fruit trees and vines, conveys to the mind of the traveller an impression of poverty in the people, and sterility in the soil. We must, however, penetrate into the interior, and see the number of beautiful valleys which only require inhabitants to teem again with fertility, as in the days of the ancient Greeks.

Our steam-engine having become somewhat irregular in its action, we remained upwards of an hour at Vostitza till it was again put in order, which afforded us an opportunity of seeing something of the little town and the country in its vicinity, and if this was in reality the ancient Egium, it does not contain a single vestige of the grandeur of a city where history tells us the chiefs and mighty men of ancient Greece were accustomed to assemble and hold their congress, and where the hero Philopœmen, "the last of the Greeks," formed a league for the defence of Greece against the Romans, and who, if he had not been opposed through the jealousy of the other States, might still have arrested the impending fate of Greece. Since the introduction of steam-

navigation the little port of Vostitza may be said to be in a progressive state of improvement. Among an assemblage of huts we see a few houses of European architecture, these with one or two English vessels in the harbour waiting for a cargo of currants, imparted an aspect of commercial enterprise. Whatever the old town might have been, the modern Egium bears the character of being extremely unhealthy, owing to the marshes in its vicinity, of which we had a lamentable proof in the ghastly features of a detachment of Greek soldiers we took on board—the commander assuring us he had lost nearly half his men during the time they were quartered here, aggravated no doubt by incessant fatigue, as the men were obliged to be always on the alert to maintain their position against the number of rebels and brigands, who held undisputed possession of the neighbouring mountains.

The insalubrity of so many districts in Greece is referrable to a variety of causes. The fall and consequent depopulation of a country ever exercises a pernicious effect on its soil and climate. Rivers hitherto restrained within their proper channels being neglected, obstructions have arisen, leading to the formation of vast marshes. Again, the forests by which the mountains were formerly covered, so sacred to the ancient Greeks and so valuable in a southern climate, on account of their tendency to attract rain, having been cut down by the Romans and other barbarian invaders, the loss to agriculture has been irreparable. Even the rivers, the source of health and fertility in other coun-

tries are not so in this, the action of a burning sun, and the sluggish pace at which they pass onward, renders the water so noxious during the heat of summer, that a fever is certain to be the consequence of drinking it.

The setting-sun with its departing glory, lighted up Corinth and its Acropolis as we cast anchor at Lutrachi, appearing from the deck of our steamer as if the barbarians had just set fire to them. "Corinth the wonder of the world! the cradle of liberty! the seat of heroism!" was heard echoing from lip to lip with enthusiasm by the passengers. Having visited this wonder of the world at a subsequent period, we will break the chain of our tour and describe what we then saw.

Corinth is now a miserable heap of ruins, with from twenty to thirty huts inhabited by fishermen, whose character for honesty will not bear investigation. The unimportant remains of an amphitheatre, the ruins of the church where St. Paul is said to have preached, the walls of a tower of enormous thickness, a few columns of Jupiter's temple, and the baths of Venus, are all that the barbarism of a rude age and the Greek revolution have left to posterity.

A party of Franks and their guides armed to the teeth, struggling up the hill, drew forth the whole population of Corinth, and we were presently surrounded by a crowd of half naked women and children, screaming in good Italian, "Carita Signori!" In vain I sought among the throng for some descendant of the beautiful Lais, whose statue turned the heads of the gallants of

Corinth; in features they appeared to be a mixture of Tatar and Grecian, and the dress of both matrons and damsels was the same as that which Penelope might have worn at this season of the year. Unhappy Corinth, so often sacked and plundered, and its inhabitants carried away into captivity, we doubt whether it now contains a single descendant of its ancient masters. The great attraction, and indeed the only one to the traveller who now visits Corinth, is the view from the Acropolis one of the most extensive and interesting in Greece, hallowed as it is by so many associations to the scholar and the historian.

Plutarch says that Corinth was the ornament of Greece—the rival of Athens, surpassing it in wealth, painting, and sculpture. Standing on the isthmus commanding the Adriatic and Ægean Sea, its situation, could not fail to render it a great commercial emporium. With so many advantages, it is to be regretted that Corinth had not been selected as the capital of modern Greece. It is more central than Athens; its Acropolis might be made a Gibraltar in strength, and as to a commercial position it has not its equal in Greece, owing to the facilities with which its inhabitants could carry on the trade of the Levant and Asia, and at the same time that of the Western World.

We said that our steamer arrived at Lutrachi, here we passed the night on board. The directors very civilly charging the first-class passengers half a dollar each, for permission to stretch themselves on the benches and floors of the cabin! In the same manner you are

charged for so many meals a-day whether you partake of them or not! In short, there is a great deal of despotism about these steam-boat functionaries of his Kaiserliche, Königliche Majestät of Austria; but having as it were the monopoly in those seas, they can do just as they please. Any other Steam Navigation Company that would run their vessels equally cheap and conduct them better, would drive them completely out of the water, for in addition to being dirty they are full of rats; several of the passengers were bit during the night, particularly my friend M. Sandrini rather severely in the ear.

The next morning our baggage was landed, and after a great deal of confusion, we were stowed away in every species of vehicle from a *char-à-banc* to a Tatar two-wheeled car, and driven over the Isthmus to Calamachi, exposed to the heat of a sun sufficient to have produced a *coup-de-soleil.* The narrowest part of the Isthmus is about six English miles in width, and it does not offer a single obstacle to the laying down of a line of railway, or what would be better still, cutting a canal to unite the Adriatic with the Ægean Sea. The ancient Greeks would have done it, had they been united under one government. Vestiges of the wall built by the Peloponnesians, when they apprehended invasions by the Persians, are still to be seen. On this spot also were celebrated the Isthmian games, and a grove of gnarled pines in the vicinity, is still pointed out from which garlands were said to have been made to crown the victor!

At Calamachi we remained till the steam-boat arrived to take us to the Piræus, which we did not reach till late in the evening; at this time the Piræus presented a most warlike appearance, there was the English fleet on one side of the bay and the united French and Austrian on the other, looking at each other most fiercely, as if they were about to decide by force of arms whether the Greeks were to be governed according to the principles of representative government or despotism; behind them lay at a little distance a Russian frigate, perhaps meditating on what might be its own fate in the struggle! The despotic princes of Europe, when they attempted to crush the liberal tendencies of young Greece, appeared to be little aware that democracy was then secretly winding in a thousand streams through their own States, and only a few months afterwards burst forth in a mighty flood terrifying nations with its violence.

In the midst of this warlike assemblage we cast anchor, when presently we were boarded by a host of porters, boatmen, and hotel jackals, sufficient to throw even Boulogne, of touting celebrity, in the shade. Such screaming in all the various patois, Italian and Greek; such scrambling after luggage, fighting, and roaring "Capitano! Ladri!" as I never heard or saw before. Here some luckless passenger was to be seen lamenting over the loss of his luggage; there another seeking after some article of wearing apparel which he never found. As for the carpet bags belonging to the first class passengers, they were attempted to be taken by storm; this

continued till a guard of soldiers arrived, and with some difficulty cleared the deck.

As for myself, and several other experienced travellers, having secured our luggage, we determined to pay the half-crown to the directors, make the steamer our resting-place for the night, and wait for broad day-light before we landed among such suspicious-looking characters. Surely such a scene as this is sufficient to damp the ardour of the most enthusiastic traveller, who comes to admire everything in this land of demi-gods and heroes.

On landing, we were surrounded by a party of men armed with Albanian guns, pistols, and yataghans, of such a cut-throat appearance, that had we met them in the mountains we should have trembled for the contents of our saddle-bags; they, however, proved to be the civilest custom-house officers I ever met with, and seeing that we had nothing of the contrabandist in our appearance, immediately signed our passports, and allowed us to pass with our baggage. So much politeness made us forget the scene of the preceding night, and with more pleasurable anticipations, we commenced investigating the wonders of the land of Attica.

The old harbour of Athens promises to become a flourishing town; there were hotels, coffee-houses, ranges of warehouses, and all the hurry and bustle of a rising little port in Western Europe. The day was exceedingly warm, and no doubt the better classes, to preserve their complexion, remained at home, for those that we saw loitering about the streets appeared dirty

and squalid in their dress and appearance, and were it not for the moustache, the men, who were of a very diminutive stature, might have been taken for fish-women, the light waistcoat looking like a bodice, and the fustanell, give it what name you please, is certainly a petticoat; and when not over clean, and somewhat in rags, is by no means a becoming garment. The seamen, probably natives of the Isles, were a fine set of fellows, and in some measure redeemed the national character; they were dressed in a tight vest and embroidered jacket, and instead of the fustanell wore an ample shalwar, secured round the waist by a red sash, with a long knife stuck in it; while a red fez with a long black tassel jauntily stuck on the side of the head, gave to their features, which were Grecian, an expression of spirit and intelligence. There was a boldness and daring about them, a sort of rakish swagger, which might impress a stranger that they were exactly the men who, under certain circumstances might exhibit themselves as illegitimate naval heroes—in plain English, corsairs. With regard to the surrounding country, so rich in classical recollections by land and sea, we shall say but little; they are already well known, and there can be no mistake about the localities. The traveller now, as in bygone days, has only to take a boat at the Piræus and visit the island of Egina and Salamis, and if he is inclined he can ascend the throne of Xerxes, and at the same time admire the prudence of that prince, who showed his wisdom in the selection, particularly as there was no danger of a chance shot in those days of darts,

bows, and arrows; and surely the traveller, above all an Englishman, cannot leave this coast without paying his homage to the tomb of Themistocles, the glorious patriot, the deliverer of his country, the most ardent, enterprizing, and brave of all the Greeks.

CHAPTER XIV.

First impression of Athens — Classical recollections — General observations on the ruins of Ancient Greece—The Elgin Marbles—The Areopagus—St. Paul and the Athenians—The prison of Socrates—The influence of Athenian civilization on posterity.

THE world is marching onward even in Greece, the conservatives of whatever creed or opinion may lament, but cannot arrest the movement. On landing we found the newsman crying the 'Athens Gazette' about the streets of the Piræus! and an omnibus ready to convey passengers to Athens at a drachmé each. M. Sandrini, myself, and one or two other travellers, from force of habit took to the saddle, and sent our luggage by the public conveyance. The Greeks have not improved the breed of their horses nor their accoutrements; in these respects they are still behind the Turks. The horses, although miserable little animals, struck us as having a somewhat knowing look as they peered out from beneath an enormous saddle made of wood, which reached from

the neck to the tail; we were followed by the owners on foot, who kept belabouring them with sticks and stones, and when these failed they shouted and threw up their red caps to frighten them. In this manner we contrived to advance, except when we diverged from the highway to inspect some ruin, in which case we were sure to stick in the sand!

Our first view of Athens excited a feeling of disappointment, which even the distant prospect of its classic ruins failed to dispel, and it must be confessed that the aspect of the arid plain of Attica, with its groves of ill-grown olive trees, and bare rocky mountains; the broiling sun, and the clouds of dust that were ever and anon whirled aloft, almost blinding both man and beast, were none of them calculated to create a favourable first impression. The temple of Theseus, standing alone on an elevated plateau, surrounded by a barren sandy soil, appeared insignificant. Even the far-famed Acropolis, situated on the summit of a naked rock, looked little superior at a distance to a ruined fortress, with its ugly tower built in the rude style of the architecture of the middle ages.

In the midst of my reverie I heard one of my German companions exclaim to his friend, "Der Teufel! ist das die berühmte Athene! Bei'm Himmel! Heidelberg mit seinem schönen Schloss! Seinem Fluss! Seinem immer grünen Berg und fruchtbaren Ebene ist ein Tausend millionen mal schöner!" It is most true! nature has done but little for the land of the Athenian, and gazing on the landscape, which does not present one picturesque

object either in the outline of its mountains, or the fertility of its plain, we are more and more astonished at the industry and patriotism of its ancient inhabitants, who not only cultivated the ungrateful soil, but adorned it with so many works of immortal fame.

Yet, however unfavourable may be the first opinion formed by the traveller, he soon finds reason to modify it when viewing in detail the splendid works which the barbarism of ages has mercifully spared to our admiration—monuments of the genius of a people who excelled the whole human race in all that is admirable and beautiful in the art of construction, so perfect, in comparison with the productions of modern days, that we might imagine, had we no records of the existence of the people who reared them, that the Heavens had opened and deposited on a barren rock the labour of the gods. So transcendently beautiful is everything we behold, that every fragment of the crumbling column—the broken statue, and the shattered frieze—bear witness to the inimitable touch of a master hand. The majestic Parthenon, the finest edifice, and the most perfect in its construction ever erected by the hand of man, cannot fail to surpass all our anticipations; and it is with equal delight and wonder that we turn to the Temple of Theseus, the only one in Greece that has been preserved almost entire through so many centuries of barbarism.

If these buildings, in their present dilapidated state, chain us to the spot with admiration, what must have been their effect when they first, in all their majestic

grandeur, rose from the hand of the architect? How great must have been the enthusiasm, the pride of the Athenians, when the scaffolding was removed, and they beheld these immortal monuments of the genius and the industry of their race!

I learned from my friends at Athens, that King Otho's government intends to raise a subscription in Europe, for the purpose of restoring the public buildings of the ancient Greeks at Athens, and that a demand would be made upon the British Government for the restoration of the Elgin marbles! With respect to the first, it is merely a flimsy expedient of a bankrupt government to fill its empty exchequer! At the same time, we feel certain that the British nation would willingly resign the Elgin marbles, if there was a possibility of replacing them in their original position.

Much has been said and written by foreigners, indeed now and then by some of our countrymen, not very favourable to the character of Lord Elgin and the British Government, for having deprived Athens of so many beautiful works of Grecian art. Those who are so ready to censure, ought to remember that at the date of their removal the Turks were masters of the country, who, in conformity with their Mahometan prejudices regard every representation of the human form divine, as a violation of the second commandment. If therefore Lord Elgin had not removed them, it is highly probable that Turkish bigotry would have destroyed these incomparable friezes. Again, even assuming that Turkish moderation had spared these treasures of art,

can it be supposed in the deadly struggle that subsequently took place between the Turks and the Greeks, that either party would have paused to spare any crumbling buildings that stood in their way. With these considerations in view, every admirer of the matchless works of immortal Greece ought to feel deeply indebted to his Lordship, who, in preserving these beautiful friezes, conferred a benefit upon the artist of every country.

Indeed, it has been doubted by men of the highest taste, even if the Parthenon were restored, whether it would produce the impression upon the beholder it does now; there is a reverential enthusiasm excited by viewing the successive dilapidations of ages, for, however mutilated, or defaced, enough remains to call forth our warmest admiration; and where is the modern artist that would attempt to imitate and replace the productions of Ancient Greece—ornaments chiselled with a delicacy and a skill, surpassing in beauty of effect any thing of which it could be believed marble was susceptible. The triumph of art consists not alone in the simple majesty of the design, we see it also in the elaborate finish of the details. The Bourse and the Madeleine church at Paris, with their forests of columns, abundantly testify the inability of modern art to compete with the demi-gods of Ancient Greece; and the expense! the Parthenon alone, were it possible to erect a fac-simile of it in any of our great capitals of the West, would require an outlay of at least six millions sterling.

The Erecthean has suffered more severely than the

Parthenon; of the six splendid columns that adorned its northern portico, there are only three standing, the others were destroyed, with the greatest part of the roof, during the siege of Athens in 1827. The pillars of the adjoining temple, dedicated to Minerva Polias, are the most perfect specimens of the Ionic existing. We can still trace in the frieze of the beautiful little Temple of Victory, the sculptured figures of the Greeks and Persians battling on the plains of Marathon. On leaving the citadel of the Athenians we pass under the Propylæa, which, although mutilated and ruined, enough remains to shew that it was one of the most magnificent portals ever reared by the hand of man.

Winding round the base of the Acropolis, we come to the Areopagus, the steep steps still exist in the rock, by which the Athenian judges ascended at midnight, to pass sentence on criminals, under the idea, that obscurity prevented partiality.

To the Christian, this hill possesses a still greater degree of interest, when he reflects that it was from here the greatest of all the Apostles, St. Paul, addressed the Athenians in these memorable words, "Men of Athens! in all things ye are too superstitious!" and then, pointing to the temples of idolatry rising up before him in all their splendour and magnificence, with a boldness unparalleled in the history of any other orator, ridiculed their images, adorned with all that art and wealth could achieve. How strong must have been his conviction in the truth of his inspirations, how fervent his faith, how ardent his desire to convert mankind, when he thus

dared to combat the prejudices of a people, who believed themselves immeasurably superior to the rest of the world.

Truly a belief in the One living and true God, and the immortality of the soul, as taught by Socrates and his disciples, must already have made many converts among the citizens of Athens, and prepared them to receive the glad tidings of salvation ; otherwise we cannot believe that a people so easily excited, would have listened patiently to such severe denunciations upon religious institutions that had existed from time immemorial. The blind credulity of fanaticism would endeavour to make us believe that the forbearance of the men of Athens, was the effect of a miracle! What a libel on the divine truths of Christianity to assert it had no intrinsic merits, but was obliged to resort to miracles for its advancement? All outward forms have no endurance, make no impression upon an intelligent mind, the soul must be kindled, a religious sentiment awakened, founded on common sense, divested of superstition, and all the craft and devices of juggling priests to mystify and enslave mankind. The creed of our Divine Master requires no miracle to trumpet its worth, no idiom of language, no figures of rhetoric, to express its doctrines, no tradition to enhance its value. Simple in all its forms, there is no comprehension, however weak, that cannot understand its heaven-born truths.

In every age there has been a great leading nation, possessed of generous sentiments and willing to stand forth for the interests of religion, justice, and humanity.

The Greeks, particularly the Athenians, having passed through all the gradations of a nation rising from infancy to mature age, had become a reflective, a philosophical people—in other words they had outgrown the superstition of ages. The delusion of fables, the voice of the oracle, the craft of the priesthood; and all the pomp and pride of the temple could not satisfy the inquiring mind; in a word, their faith in the old creed was utterly gone, when the Great Apostle of the Gentiles appeared among them, and in accents full of peace and charity breathed a new life—a religion of the heart, into the desponding souls of the multitude, who stood entranced around him. It may be said, that from this time the Athenians became the ardent champions of the Cross, they broke down with their own hands the idols of the country, banished the priests, laid bare the secrets of a hierarchy that had for thousands of years mystified the world, and converted the temple, which was hitherto a den of thieves, into the house of God.

Descending from the Areopagus, and rising towards the summit of another hill we come to the Bema—the first tribune created by a free people in the world. The view from here, although shorn of its ancient splendour, is still interesting: there are the ruins of the Acropolis, with the old town beneath it somewhat disfigured by the barrack-like palace of King Otho, and the cluster of white-washed modern houses in front of it. The plain of Attica, alas! no longer teemed with gardens and orchards, the groves of Academus no longer shaded the

preceptors of man, even the Illysus refused to meander as of old, and fertilize the parched-up soil; nor do the marble mountains, Pentellecus and Parnes, now destitute of their forests, tend to enliven the landscape. It was, however, some consolation to know that we were treading the footsteps of some of the greatest men that have adorned the human race.

I had for my ciceroni two intelligent companions, my friend M. Sandrini and Mr. Sydney Malthus, both residents of Athens, who now conducted me to what is called the prison of Socrates—a wild broken cliff, with a dark cavern in the centre. However doubtful may be the tradition, it is not uninteresting to enter the gloomy recess—now the abode of bats, toads and lizards, where the wisest of all the Greeks died a martyr to his belief in the existence of the one living and true God.

The prison of Socrates, with all the recollections it is calculated to revive, might have led me into a train of moralizing, not much perhaps either to the edification or amusement of the reader, had not my friends reminded me of an engagement to dine with our worthy representative, Sir Edmund Lyons, whose hospitable house I should have made my home, in compliance with his kind invitation, had I not been previously engaged by my friend M. Sandrini; indeed, to the friendly attentions of these two gentlemen during my stay at Athens, I shall ever consider I am most deeply indebted. Such is the extraordinary interest excited in the traveller, who has trodden for the first time the classical soil of

Athens, that we had scarcely finished dinner, when I was desirous to resume my wanderings; this time I was accompanied by Sir Edmund. The moon was at the full when we came to the ruined temple of Jupiter Olympus, and in this imperfect light, its gigantic columns rose up before me like a vision of enchantment, for standing as they do in a solitary position, at some little distance from the town, they appear as if situated in a desert.

The impression these columns made upon me, then so dimly seen, was so great, that I arose the next morning, at early dawn, to view in truth-telling daylight, the remains of a fabric so stupendous, that history tells us six hundred years were required to complete it. It was built of the purest white marble, having a front of two hundred feet, and upwards of three hundred feet in length, and contained a hundred and twenty columns, sixteen of which alone remain and these with their rich Corinthian capitals; fluted and rising, to a height of more than sixty feet, are sufficient to give the spectator an idea of its beauty and grandeur, and to excite a regret that fate had not spared it to posterity.

We may ask, as no doubt, other travellers have done, what has become of the remainder of these stupendous columns? when we remember the vast size of the blocks of marble used in their construction, we must believe that they cannot altogether have disappeared. There is no fragment of them to be seen here, and if they have been removed, they must still exist in whatever part of the world they have been

transported to. Did the Emperor Adrian really complete this prodigious edifice? or did an order go forth to that effect, which was never executed?

While contemplating the magnificent buildings of the Athenians, beautiful even in decay, and which still serve as models for the most admired structures in every part of the civilized world; the mind of the traveller is inspired with a feeling of triumph, for he sees in these monuments of the creative genius of the ancient Greeks, another evidence of the existence of the spiritual part of man's nature, which has ever shown itself at different epochs, and in different countries, when man has attained a high state of civilization. The proofs of the extraordinary intellect of this immortal people, survives not only in their material productions, but in the writings of the philosopher, the historian, the inspiration of the poet—the eloquence of the orator, and in their language—which through the genius of the people is still cultivated and cherished by the civilized world, and was adopted by the disciples and evangelists of our Lord as a medium for the propagation of the gospel. Thus we behold the little state of Attica, about fifty miles in length, and thirty in breadth, has exercised, and still continues to exercise an enduring influence on the intellect of man.

CHAPTER XV.

Modern Athens—Inhabitants—The brigands of Mount Hymetes —Their capture of an Italian Duchess — Character of the Modern Greeks—Their superstitions—Similar to those of the Ancient Greeks—The Oriental Church—General view of its doctrines and ceremonies—Its influences on the character of the people—Venality of the Greek clergy—Popular superstitions — Comparison between the Oriental and the Latin Church—Mr. and Mrs. Hill, American missionaries—Their religious system of education—The diplomatic corps at Athens —Modern Greece contrasted with the Principality of Servia— Politics and religion—Concluding observations.

THE city of Theseus has already become the habitation of a host of needy adventurers and bankrupt speculators. There are European shops and hotels, coffee-houses, and billiard-rooms; French hair-dressers and mantua-makers; Italian confectioners and German pipe makers; English drapers and Armenian money-lenders; Eastern bazaars and Jews' shops for the sale of old clothes. In the streets we meet with kilted Greeks and

Albanians, Asiatic Turks, and Europeans of every nation. If the march of utilitarian improvement should continue, we shall see the temple of Theseus converted into a warehouse, the Parthenon into an hospital; and workmen have already commenced enclosing the temple of Jupiter Olympus within the area of the King's private garden, which the satirical inhabitants of Athens say is to be converted into a German *Lusthaus!*

Notwithstanding the heterogeneous assembly of foreigners and natives, the general aspect of Athens is sombre. In the old town, one meets with half-decayed houses, fragments of buildings, pieces of ruined wall, and huts built of bricks burnt in the sun! and in the new town, showy structures in lath and plaster, which, however elegant they may be in appearance, oblige you to come to the conclusion that the builder when constructing them, anticipated another inroad of the barbarians! In the midst of this gay assemblage, the huge ugly palace of the King, with its innumerable windows, is seen rising high above all. A stranger would be very apt to mistake it for a hospital, or barracks.

We regret that we cannot extol the character of the present inhabitants of the classic soil of Attica. Thucydides says, that a great part of Greece, even in his day, was far from being civilized, and that certain mountain districts were infested with robbers. If such was the condition of Greece in her best days, before her children had deteriorated by an admixture of so many inferior races, we fear that there are certain vicious tendencies in the character of the Greeks difficult to eradicate.

In the best regulated countries, we find a sufficient number of ill disposed persons, ever ready to prey upon the industrious part of the community, but deeds of brigandage appear to be perpetrated here with an audacity unparalleled, and so systematic, that a stranger might conclude they were carried on with the connivance of the authorities. There are gens-d'armes and nightly patrols established on the highway and in the towns, still we are every day told, with the greatest *nonchalance*, of travellers being plundered, as if it were an event of daily occurrence.

During the time we remained at Athens, no one could stroll beyond the environs of the town without danger of being captured by a famous brigand chief named Bibes, who, having established his head-quarters on Mount Hymettus, continued to levy his tax, in defiance of the government, upon every person who dared to enter his domain. An Italian lady, the Duchess of P——, enamoured of the classic soil of Athens, made it her home, purchased a farm, and built a summer residence, in the vicinity of the mountains. Relying on the gallantry of her neighbour the brigand chief, or perhaps still more on the bravery of an escort of between twenty and thirty gentlemen, on a fine summer's morning she left the broiling streets of Athens with the intention of enjoying the bracing air of the mountains, but whether Bibes was in want of funds, or that he felt indignant at the lady's want of entire confidence, the gallant cavalcade was met at an ugly pass, by a file of ferocious looking Greeks, armed

with long Arnout guns, and brought to a stand; when on quietly surrendering every thing valuable about them, the whole party were allowed to depart unmolested, with the exception of the unlucky Duchess, who probably anticipating some mishap, had left home without her watch and purse. Such commendable foresight not suiting the views of Bibes, she was detained a captive, till he received the ransom of a thousand drachmé!

Without referring to similar acts in other parts of Greece, this is but a solitary instance among many of the depredations of this brigand chief, and others of his fraternity, almost within musket shot of the seat of government. Making every allowance for the misrule of centuries, and the infusion of so many hordes of barbarians, the more we study the character, manners, habits, and customs of the Modern Greeks, whether here or in those districts, still subject to the Turks, we are reminded of many of the vices and defects, which so glaringly appear in the history of the ancient Hellenic race.

The same jealous and intense hatred now exists between the inhabitants of certain islands and countries, as that which formerly gave rise to the eternal wars between Athens and Sparta, and the petty Kingdom of Greece itself is as much a prey to cabals and factions as the commonwealth of Ancient Greece, there is the same tact displayed in undermining competitors, the same venality, subtlety, and intrigue, resorted to in obtaining preferment. A like similarity may be traced

in many of their superstitious and religious observances, which have always such an influence upon the morals and civilization of a nation. If the ancient Greeks worshipped their legion of gods; their descendants adore as many saints, and they seem merely to have changed the form of their oracles, placing as much faith as ever in divinations, spells, relics, miracles, and amulets. If the ancient Greeks brought rich offerings to the shrine of their gods, the moderns are not a whit behind them in the gaudy toys and tinsel rags they hang up around the sanctuary of their Saints.

It is well known that the Greek Church, or as it is more generally termed, the Oriental, arrogates to itself the title of being the only true and primitive church of Christ, and differs from the Roman Catholic on certain theological questions, particularly in denying the supremacy of the Pope, and also that he is the successor of St. Peter. We will, however, leave these theological questions to be settled by the divines of each, and proceed to review those abuses in the discipline of the Oriental church, which so glaringly obtrude themselves upon the attention of the traveller, and which prove that the Greeks are the same credulous people as they were in the days of the great apostle St. Paul, when he denounced their idolatry and superstitions.

Among the long catalogue of abuses, there is none productive of more fatal results to the well-being of society than the confessional! Equally open to censure is the avowed traffic, carried on by the clergy, in the sale of absolution. Every crime has its price, from

murder down to petty larceny, rising in proportion to the rank and wealth of the offender. Divorce is a dreadful source of corruption, even in the best ordered countries, when not restrained by the laws of a wise administration, but here, at the intercession of a husband or wife who is able to pay the clergy, the sacred tie of marriage is dissolved on the slightest pretence, and without a trial.

Happily for the pockets of the poorer classes, the expenses attending the ordinary services of the church are regulated by a Government tariff; but this does not include those superstitious ceremonies so peculiar to the Greek church, which ignorance and a designing, rapacious priesthood have perpetuated among the credulous multitude, and from long usage have become a part of religion itself.

We will merely allude to a few of the most flagrant—the sale of amulets, relics, the exorcism of maniacs and idiots, the bewitched, and those afflicted with the evil eye, the demoniac, &c., &c.—for all of which money! money! is demanded. The prayers of the priest are also sought and paid for, to cure diseases in cattle, to preserve silk worms, to prevent the blight in corn and fruit trees; and if they fail, it is not supposed to be the fault of the clergy, but the want of faith in those that purchased them! Then comes the blessing of the sea, the rivers, fountains, and springs, by throwing little wooden crosses into them—not to mention the multiplied uses to which holy water is applied—all forming a source of profit. Extreme unction which must be per-

formed by seven priests, and excommunication is entirely in the hands of the higher clergy, and brings them a large revenue.

Excommunication, so much dreaded by the Greeks, is not often inflicted, for a man once condemned by the anathema of his church, is expelled from society in this world, and damned to all eternity in the next, still when the threat is held out by those who have the power to execute it, the desired effect is certain to be produced upon the weak mind—the extortion of money.

Fasting is considered in the Oriental Church as one of the most important duties of a Christian; and so numerous are the days prescribed, that there are only a hundred and thirty in the year free from the obligation. As for the vigils, they are without end. The long abstinence from nutritious food, particularly during the whole of Lent, in addition to the unfavourable effect it has upon the health of the people, renders them morose, gloomy, and irritable; indeed it has been proved that more murders have been committed during Lent than at any other season of the year. These fasts are always succeeded by festivals, then the numbers of holidays, the midnight masses, the endless processions to the shrine of some favoured saint, all tend to licentiousness, idleness, drinking, and carousing, in short, to the destruction of the morals and industry of the people.

Again the gross ignorance of the inferior clergy, not only in theology, but in the common rudiments of education, the dissolute habits of too many of the higher

ecclesiastics, and the infamous practices carried on in the monasteries, have become household words throughout all Greece; but what does this signify to a class who hold the power of confessing and absolving each other; and who act as they will, appear immaculate in the opinion of the ignorant multitude.

The fanatic hatred of the followers of the Oriental Church against the Roman Catholics, and the poor Jews, exceeds all bounds. Protestants are somewhat in favour, not from any similarity in faith, but because they are, like themselves, opposed to the domination of their old enemy, the Pope. In every part of European Turkey, where there is a community of Oriental Christians, they follow the ancient custom at Easter, of dressing an effigy of Judas Iscariot in the costume of a Latin monk, which is thrown into the centre of fire-works, and blown into the air, to show their contempt for the Jews, as well as the followers of the rival creed. In Greece, out of respect for King Otho, who is a Roman Catholic, the monkish dress was abandoned, and the correct one of a Jew substituted; but in 1847, the Lazzaroni at Athens, who, since they were the first to declare for the despotism of King Otho, exercise a sort of mob sovereignty, thought proper to dress their puppet in the uniform of an English soldier, by way of showing their contempt for constitutional government. After burning it amidst shouts of triumphant exultation, the excited multitude, led on by their fanatic priests, and the son of the Greek Minister of War, crying, "Tchifout! Tchifout Ingleski!" (English Jew) proceeded to

the house of Mr. Pacifico, who, unluckily for himself, was doubly the object of their hate, as a Jew and an Englishman, which they plundered of every article of value, and destroyed the furniture.

If we turn from religion to the superstitious practices, so general among the people, we shall find a wide field open to the animadversion of the traveller. The great mass of the population here, like the Rayahs in European Turkey, with some slight difference according to the usages and customs of the various races, firmly believe in apparitions, witches, sorcerers, the evil-eye, love-potions, vampyres, and all the other wonders cherished by mankind in a state bordering upon semi-barbarism. You will even hear tolerably well-informed persons tell you most gravely, that they were then suffering from a stroke of the evil-eye, or that they were under the spell of a witch! Sybils are to be found in every village and hamlet, who maintain themselves by selling their pretended knowledge in divination. These impostors are looked up to, caressed, and feared; and nothing of importance is undertaken, without consulting them. They interpret dreams, fabricate amulets, explain signs and omens, make up love-potions, and perform à hundred other offices, whose efficacy is admitted by credulity.

The very name of the evil-eye, the *Arimanes* of the ancient Persians, terrifies the most courageous. In consequence of their belief in this superstition, no one thinks of congratulating another upon his prosperity, for then the demon would be supposed to have the

power of blasting him, his wife, children, and property, with some misfortune; and should the stranger, unacquainted with this popular delusion, in his desire to appear amiable, compliment him on any acquisition, or advantage, the beauty or talents of his children, his success in trade, &c., the influence of the evil-eye must be removed by instantly crying out, "Scorda! scorda!" (garlic), and spitting on the ground.

Scorda holds a high place in the estimation of the Greeks, as an antidote against misfortune. You see it hung up in every house, to keep out the entrance of the evil one, and in every sailing-vessel as a preventive against shipwreck; many of these superstitions have become completely interwoven with the ceremonies of the Oriental Church. For want of space, we must confine ourselves to a detailed description of one, so full of poetry, that it must have suggested to Pope his pretty machinery in the "Rape of the Lock."

When a child is born, an amulet is hung round its neck, and it is marked on the forehead with the sediment taken from the bottom of a vessel, in which consecrated water has been lying for some time. A few days afterwards, the little stranger is prepared for a visit from certain fairies, who have been chosen by the parents as patronesses of their child. This is done by decorating a room with all the finery they can bestow upon it, in order to conciliate the expected sprites. The baby must also be dressed with the greatest care, and placed in the cradle in an elevated position. When everything is ready, the windows and

doors thrown open, the parents and friends standing around in gala costume, the father, at the exact moment marked by the sybil, with a loud voice, invokes the invisible patronesses by name; who are supposed to enter, and take charge of their *protégé* through life.

When a reasonable time is allowed for the performance of the invisible ceremony, the child is carried to the church for baptism, and not as with us merely sprinkled with water, but entirely immersed, without any regard to the time of the year, or the delicate age of the child. Thus preserved from the effects of the evil eye by the application of an amulet, rendered fortunate through life by having such powerful protectors as the fairies, and regenerated from original sin by being immersed in holy water, everything has been done that parental love can effect, to insure the future happiness and prosperity of the infant.

Taken collectively, the Modern Greeks, like every other nationality, are characterized by certain customs and manners; still it must be observed, that in a mountainous country like Greece, divided by the hand of nature into distinct cantons, each within its natural boundary, inhabited by tribes differing from the other in extraction, dialect, and tradition, we must expect to find considerable variety. This is not the case with their religion, which we before observed, while travelling among their co-religionists, the Slavonians in European Turkey is regulated by a synod of bishops, from whose decision there is no appeal, and which extends through-

out the entire country, for although the Oriental Church professes to acknowledge no other head than our Lord Jesus Christ; the sentence of its Synod of patriarchs, whether on the banks of the Neva, or the Bosphorus, in all matters relating to church affairs, is in its effects equal to the thunder of the Vatican, and being now supported by the Czar, as political pontiff of the Oriental creed, these spiritual fathers wield a power wherever the influence of Russia extends, not much inferior to that of the Pope.

We must, however, admit that the Oriental Church, with all its abuses, is far more tolerant than the Roman Catholic; it has never been in any age what may be termed a persecuting church, and would be less so than ever in our day, were it not for the political influence exercised over it by Russia. Every religion is tolerated in Greece, and protected by the laws of the land; the English have their own church at Athens, and have never suffered the slightest insult from the Greek clergy or the people.

The press is a powerful engine for correcting abuses, and what a blessing to mankind there is at least one country in civilized Europe, where a man may proclaim his opinions on those great absorbing questions, politics, and religion, without danger of being immured in a dungeon. Our remarks respecting the state of religion in Greece and its abuses, but express the opinions of every intellectual man you meet with in the country, who while he laments the errors of his church, and the superstitions of the people, laments also that the intel-

lectual minority are still too weak to grapple with an evil, which would array against them a powerful hierarchy, certain to be supported by the influence of the Czar, as political pontiff, and the ignorant multitude. But now that the intelligence of the age is advancing with such rapid strides, a little longer, and we shall see the truth, the simple truth, again shed its light over a land, that was one of the first to embrace it.

This age will not much longer permit one man to say: "I am the fountain of religion." Nor another in the plenitude of his power to exclaim: "I will oppose an *iron* will to the propagation of any religious opinions, but those allowed by the state." The intellectual world is on the eve of a mighty revolution, and though the outburst may be accompanied with the convulsion of states, the march has commenced, and no human power can arrest its progress.

When we reflect upon the ordeal of persecution through which the Oriental Church has passed, now suffering from the violence of Pagan Rome, then from hordes of barbarians, from nearly every country under heaven, exposed for many centuries to the hostility of the Latin Church on one side, and on the other, trodden down by Mussulman fanaticism and intolerance; can we wonder at the numerous abuses and superstitions that have crept into the Greek Church, when the poor ignorant clergy, in many instances, had no other knowledge of theology, than what they acquired from the tradition of their fathers.

If we turn from poor benighted Greece to many of

our own civilized countries of the West, with their printing presses, seminaries, and universities, and all the accessories which can possibly elevate man to the highest state of civilization, and see them still debased by superstition, and practising many absurdities quite as great as those of the Greek Church, the comparison does not tell favourably for the intelligence of the people. Assuming, therefore, the superiority of the Oriental mind, we should not be surprised now that the intellectual horizon is brightening in the benighted countries of the East, if its inhabitants should again become the teachers of mankind, and we have seen enough of the Greeks, to feel assured that they are destined at no distant day, when education shall have become more generally diffused, to lead the way in reforming the abuses of the Oriental Church.

Every friend to the advancement of religious knowledge, and the cultivation of the mind of man, must feel deeply indebted to the labours of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, American Protestant missionaries, established at Athens; and what an interesting subject for contemplation is it to behold an Anglo-Saxon—the native of a newly-discovered world—teaching the Greeks the same pure faith which St. Paul preached to their ancestors more than eighteen hundred years ago.

Mr. Hill's system of education is conducted with great prudence, in order to avoid offending the religious prejudices of the Greeks; the school professes to diffuse elementary education, introducing at the same time, with great tact, the important object he has at heart, the

conversion of the people from the superstitious mummeries of their church.

With this view the school opens with prayers, and ends with a hymn, sung by all the scholars. On Sundays they have the usual prayers, with the Creed and the Ten Commandments; after which the Gospel for the day is read aloud by one of the scholars, and an appropriate hymn, or two, sung during the service. Thus they are brought under the influence of the pure and moral principles of the Christian faith, without any apparent attempt being made to interfere with their religious prejudices.

The female department, under the direction of Mrs. Hill, owing to the influence women ever exercise in society, may be the means of becoming a powerful instrument in the civilization of Greece. Men cannot remain ignorant, if women receive a moral and religious education. In Mrs. Hill's school they are instructed, not only in reading and writing, but in all the necessary feminine accomplishments, to enable them to fulfil the duties of their station in domestic life, founded upon the principles of morality and religion. The amiable Queen of Greece, herself a member of the Reformed religion, takes a great interest in the education of the female scholars of the American missionaries, and we only regret that these schools are not more numerous in Greece. Such establishments would do more to elevate the Greeks to a rank among the civilized countries of Europe, than all that European diplomacy has yet been able to effect.

If the potentates of Europe, interested in the welfare of Greece when it was declared independent, had sent schoolmasters instead of representatives, we should not have found the country in its present demoralized state. Representatives who appear to have no other object in view than to wrangle with each other, and to sow discord among all classes and shades of political opinion, in their endeavours to gain a party favourable to the interest of their respective courts. Add to this, the jealousies and heart-burnings their fine horses, carriages, and servants must always excite in the mind of the poor Greek official, who has not the means of keeping pace with them in the race of fashion, without resorting to bribery and corruption to fill an empty exchequer. A consul, to fulfil the duties of political agent as we see in the independent principality of Servia, would have been much more suitable to a petty State scarcely numbering a million, with a ruined aristocracy, a pauperized clergy, and a population decimated and impoverished by a long revolutionary war.

It might be presumed that Greece, governed by the united wisdom of a German Prince and an army of plenipotentiaries, chargé-d'affaires, consuls, and vice-consuls, with their attachés and secretaries from every court in Europe, would have made rapid strides in prosperity—quite the reverse. We see the country a bankrupt, and its inhabitants more demoralised than when they were under the rule of the Turk. While the

principality of Servia, as we before observed,* left to its own resources and under the rule of its native Prince, has continued to advance steadily in all that can add to the dignity and well-being of a young country, and what few Governments can boast of in the present day; it has an increasing revenue, together with several millions overplus in the National Bank at Belgrade.

Even in the more civilised countries of the West, politics and religion too often exercise a paralyzing influence on the pleasures of social intercourse; but among this vivid, easily excited people, so well schooled by their European teachers, you find a perfect tissue of political intrigues and plots, weaving by the inmates of every house you enter, from the King's palace down to the dwelling of the lowest mirarque. You hear no other conversation but politics, and the same eternal song, "Down with the constitution," and *vice versa*, according to the opinion of the performers. Viewing the unsettled state of Greece and the rancour of parties, we must be of opinion that had the hero of the day, General Kalergis, when he compelled the King to grant a constitution, at the same time given the foreign diplomats their congé, he would have conferred an enduring and substantial benefit upon his country.

During my stay at Athens, I happened to be on intimate terms with M. Persiani, the highly respected representative of Russia, making the house of one of his

* See page 109, Vol. 1.

attachés my home, by whom I was frequently accompanied, together with one or two Russians, travellers like myself, to visit the lions of the town and the neighbourhood. Less than this, would have been sufficient to excite the curiosity of the wonder-loving politicians of this little gossipping town. An inquiry was immediately instituted, to solve the mystery which shrouded a man who was constantly wandering from the palace of the English minister to that of the Russian. It must be admitted when the united intellect of a Greek and a Frenchman is brought to bear upon a question, no secret can escape their penetration, with the additional advantage that if they fail in giving a true solution, a most fruitful imagination supplies one. Consequently the mysterious stranger was suddenly metamorphosed into an agent of perfidious Albion, and iron-willed Russia employed on some deep intrigue, having for its object a division of European Turkey between the cormorant of the West and the vulture of the North! and this absolutely led to a violent article in the "Journal des Débats" and the "Constitutionnel" at Paris, under the head of a letter from their correspondent at Athens! The French Revolution followed shortly after, together with the fall and exile of Louis-Phillippe—the grand abettor of the political movements in Greece. These events completely broke up the school of intrigue at Athens, whose students now having no better employment amuse themselves with games of chance. Even poor King Otho, aware of the lowering clouds gathering

around him, found it more congenial to his health to try a change of air and retired to Fatherland, leaving his excellent and highly popular Queen, by her amiable and condescending manners, to allay the popular discontent.

CHAPTER XVI.

French steamer—Passengers—A hint to manufacturers—Smyrna—Inhabitants—Beauty of the women—Increasing prosperity of the town—Observations on the English Consular system in the Levant—Description of the town—Spanish Jews of Smyrna—Their hospitality—Gratitude of a Spanish Jew—Visit to Ephesus—Travelling in Asia Minor—Caravan—Turkoman Tatars—Ai-Soluk—Bivouac—Ruins of Ephesus—Descriptions of the country—Characteristics of the inhabitants—Bards and story-tellers—A scene at the han.

We left the Piræus in the French steamer the 'Tancred,' and gladly exchanged the heated atmosphere of Athens for the cool and bracing sea-air. Of every other place, the deck of a steamer is the one best adapted to facilitate the formation of acquaintance. In addition to several of my friends from Athens, Prince Constantine Soutza, M. de Grille, and M. Lintz, bound for the city of the Sultan, we had Mr. Rawdon Power and Major Charlton, on their way to India, Mr. Purdy, a Queen's messenger, who brought us the latest news from England, with the usual compliment

of Greeks and Armenian merchants, intermingled with travelling clerks from every manufacturing country in Europe.

A sharp, quick-witted little Parisian, dressed in the latest fashion, half filled our deck with boxes of trinkets, gewgaws and ornaments, intended to adorn the fair inmates of the harem and the saloons of the rich Turks at Constanstinople, who have, it appears, a perfect mania for gilded toys, looking-glasses, painted porcelain, watches, snuff-boxes, &c., &c. Besides these, our cargo consisted of bales of paper and Manchester printed cottons, together with immense hampers filled with window-glass, the manufacture of Austria, the Turks having at length discovered that glass is better adapted for keeping out cold and rain than paper!

We shall not expatiate on the interesting objects that momentarily met the view—monuments of a great age: they have been already described by other travellers; it is enough to say, that we were floating on the classic waters of immortal Greece, while every thing around us, land and sea, sun and breeze, contributed their bewitching influences to recall to our memory the land of the hero and the poet, the patriot and the philosopher. After a delightful voyage we came within sight of Smyrna, the queen of the cities of Anatolia—the pride of Ionia. The red flag with the Crescent waving over the fortress, and a Turkish frigate lying off the harbour, told us we were again about to resign ourselves to the protection of the followers of Mahomet; these, however, with a detachment

of the tacticoes in their barracks, is the sole indication of Turkish rule, for the inhabitants of every religious denomination enjoy the utmost liberty of conscience. There are mosques and churches, synagogues and meeting-houses; and even the women, except a few Turkish, Armenian and Greek, of the old school, are seen wandering through the streets without enveloping their pretty faces in the yashmak; and, truth to say, it would be cruel if such lovely features, rosy lips, white teeth, and dark, dazzling eyes, were hid by the envious folds of muslin.

The fair dames of Smyrna, in race partly Greek, partly Asiatic, unite in the character of their beauty the form, features and expression, which distinguish both. In the Greek islands, and the mountain districts of continental Greece, we frequently meet with the most perfect specimens of feminine beauty; but the expression is cold and inanimate, compared with that of their more graceful and voluptuous sisters of Asia Minor. They are, however, represented to be the most indefatigable coquettes; and though the art of improving the personal appearance may be well understood in other parts of Greece, our fair Smyrniots seem to have reduced it to a science. In addition to a costume admirably adapted to improve their natural charms, the face is painted, the hair coloured, the eyebrows penciled, and a hundred other secrets of the toilet practised with so much art as almost to defy detection, so that the novice from Western Europe when he finds himself for the first time surrounded by such a blaze

of bright eyes, blooming cheeks, raven hair and alabaster necks, is lost in admiration and wonder.

The population of Smyrna, like that of every other town in Turkey, profess three different religions, and observe three different Sabbaths. The Christians Sunday, the Jews Saturday, and the Mahometans Friday. This is a very great inconvenience to the traveller, who may find it necessary to transact business with the inhabitants, who are very strict in refraining from secular employment, however much they may choose to indulge in festive pleasures.

The day on which we landed was Sunday, so that we had an opportunity of seeing the Christian population, Franks, Greeks and Armenians, in their gala costumes; and as they promenaded the quays, the streets, and all the avenues leading to Mount Pagus, I could not but admire the gay, animated scene, and the display of the wealth and prosperity of the good citizens of Smyrna. There was scarcely a poor person to be seen; and what was still more singular, very few military. The town has certainly benefitted largely by the introduction of steam navigation; and if it continues to advance in the same ratio that it has done since my last visit in 1836, it may become the Marseilles of the Levant. There are elegant hotels, lodging-houses, reading-rooms, and a casino; a fine building containing a ball and concert-room, with a suite of apartments appropriated to card playing and billiards.

The best society in Smyrna is purely mercantile, for the most part Frank merchants, who, although they

possess princely fortunes still cling to the counting-house. They are exceedingly hospitable, and live splendidly; and if they happen to have emblazoned over their doors the arms of some foreign power, indicating them to be Consul or Vice Consul, then they have attained the summit of their ambition; a position in society which enables them to appear on public occasions in uniform, and to be attended by armed pandours, and also confers the office of judge in those civil and criminal cases which affect the rights of the members of the nation they represent.

In fact, the post of Consul in Turkey is more important than that of ambassador at any European Court; on account of the unlimited power they exercise independently of the Turkish laws, which I regret to say is often abused, and among others, by some who represent Great Britain; such things would not be borne by any Government but that of poor enfeebled Turkey. A fruitful source of abuse is the practice of Consuls, investing foreigners with the rights of British subjects, and which ought to be discontinued, as the privilege is too often desired for no other purpose than to enable the possessor to carry on a system of extortion and fraudulent commerce. For instance, a Frank trader, no matter of what nation, commencing business, in virtue of his newly acquired rights resorts to some mal-practice in his trade, contrary to Turkish law; yet on being detected by the Turkish authorities, they have not the power to punish a man, who is under the protection of a foreign Consul. As we do not

wish to be personal we will not mention the names of these persons, nor the locality; but such things do occur, we can vouch for the truth of one or two instances from personal knowledge, others have been confirmed to me by respectable Turkish and Frank merchants.

The post of Vice-consul is likewise much abused. In wandering through Turkey, we frequently see the British arms emblazoned over the door of some Greek, Italian, Jew or Armenian trader, indicating the residence of the representative of Great Britain, in the person of its Vice-consul. The pecuniary interests of these gentlemen is certain to be mixed up with all the petty political questions of the place; and receiving little or no salary from the Government, they are utterly indifferent to our interests, and make their place entirely subservient to their own importance and commercial advantages. Nay, in one or two instances, we found these *gentlemen*, actively engaged in advancing the interests of a Power, commercially and politically opposed to England.

With respect to the office of Consul, there are two distinct classes in Turkey—those who receive a fixed salary, and are prohibited from engaging in trade, and those who have only a small stipend, and are allowed to follow some commercial pursuit to enable them to support the dignity of their station. This latter system might work well in the great commercial States of Europe, with their courts of justice, civilized usages and customs, sufficient in themselves to protect the rights of British subjects, and where, consequently, the neces-

sity does not exist for the Consul to exercise judicial power; but here, where the Turkish tribunals have no jurisdiction over the person of a foreign resident, a Consul takes a higher rank, as his office invests him with judicial authority, and he becomes in reality the guardian of his country's honour and the protector of the rights of her citizens, from whose fiat there is no appeal; and as such, they should in all cases receive an adequate salary to enable them to uphold the dignity of their station, without having recourse to commercial employments.

But to return to the office of Vice-consul: the whole system, we repeat, is injurious to the character and respectability of Great Britain. As we before observed, with scarcely an exception, the place is filled by foreigners, adventurers, or natives of the country, ignorant of our language, our habits and customs, and for the most part indifferent to the interests of a country they know only by name. This calls loudly for reform. Surely, in our crowded commercial cities and towns, there are a sufficient number of intelligent, well educated young men, the sons of merchants and traders, with the feelings of Englishmen—energetic and enterprizing —who would willingly take upon themselves the duties of Vice-consul; more especially if they received a small yearly stipend, to enable them to engage in commercial speculations, which would repay the country a thousand fold, by introducing our manufactures more extensively for, as we have already noticed, our commerce is losing ground in Turkey, while that of other manufacturing

countries is advancing, entirely owing to the defects in our consular system, and the supineness, want of tact and ability, in so many of its members.

If we desire to increase it, let the number of our Vice-consuls be multiplied; but they must be natives of Great Britain; and if we are to diminish the expense of our foreign agents, it would be advisable to commence with our Ambassadors and political Consuls at the little European Courts, who in reality have nothing to do.

It may be said, What could an Englishman effect in a country where he is a stranger to its language, its laws and its customs? To which we reply—The energy, activity and enterprize of an Englishman, enables him to surmount every obstacle: besides, every succeeding year would decrease these difficulties; while, at the same time, it would serve as a school to educate them for the more important duties of Consul. Again, how often have we met, during our travels, newly appointed Ambassadors and Consuls, with their train of attachés and secretaries, not one of whom knew a syllable of the language of the country to which they were accredited; yet they contrive to transact the affairs entrusted to them with the aid of an interpreter.

After this long digression on consular reform, we will return to Smyrna. The following day, Monday, early in the morning, we set out on our tour of inspection. All was changed; the gay Smyrniots, having retreated to their hiding-places, the shop and the bazaar, their

place was now occupied in the streets by bustling Frank merchants, Greeks, Jews, Turks and Armenians, so easily distinguished from each other by their national costume. After wandering through its narrow, ill-paved streets, and visiting its bazaars, shops and caravanserais, all interesting to the traveller, from their novelty, and the display of European and Asiatic manufactures, we ascended Mount Pagus, where we found, lying at its base, what may be termed the Turkish town, still and motionless, perfectly in keeping with the retired habits of that indolent people: streets, with gardens, surrounded by high walls; houses closely shut up by their mistrustful, inhospitable owners, as if they were so many convents.

From the summit of Mount Pagus, amidst the ruins of an old fortress, we obtained a fine view of the town, the beautiful bay, and the surrounding country. There was the river Melas, the subject of Grecian song three thousand years ago—winding its silent way to the sea through a valley blooming with evergreens, meadows, and orchards filled with the golden fruit of Asia: and if tradition speaks true, the banks of the Melas was the birthplace of the immortal Homer.

As to the ruins of temples, monuments, and other reminiscences of days which are past; there is hardly a vestige remaining, war, siege, and the earthquake, have upset, engulphed and carried away everything. In vain the antiquarian and the devotee have grubbed and grubbed, in their endeavours to find some trace of its ancient church, mentioned in the revelations as being

one of the seven churches in Asia. Still not even the rule of the Saracen, nor the Turk could utterly destroy the aqueducts, that once supplied Smyrna with the purest water; there they remain an enduring monument of the rule of the Romans, who if they were not equal to the Greeks in the production of works of art, were never surpassed by any other conquerors in the works of utility they constructed.

On descending, we passed through the quarter inhabited by the children of Israel, the most miserable in appearance of any other in Smyrna—the streets narrow and dirty, and the houses with latticed and paper windows, almost falling to pieces.

In Turkey, where "might is right," was long the established maxim of its rulers; we must never infer the weight of a man's purse from his outward appearance, nor that the inmates of a hut are poor. Taken collectively, the Jews of Smyrna are a wealthy class; and though comparatively secure under the Turkish Government of the present day, they have suffered too often from the fanaticism and rapacity of former rulers, not to remember the danger a rich man incurs by living in a fine house. A remembrance which will never be eradicated from the descendants of these tribes, who were first decimated, then plundered, and finally driven from Spain by its bigoted monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella; and who after being hunted from country to country, and enduring all the contumely and persecution the religious fanaticism of the age could inflict; found a protector in a Mahometan sovereign.

Here, as elsewhere, in the Turkish empire, the children of Israel live completely secluded from their neighbours of any other religious denomination, holding no intercourse with them, except in mercantile transactions. Still, however unsocial they may appear, their manners are lively, they are fond of dress and society; and if you touch the right chord none are more hospitable, and generous, or more deeply grateful, for kindness conferred.

I arrived at Smyrna at a time when the most powerful States in Europe were crumbling to pieces, and even the credit of mighty England was not sufficient to procure cash for a bill of exchange; in short, all confidence was lost in the money-market; and although I was furnished with a letter of credit from my bankers, Messrs. Coutt's, I could not obtain a farthing of specie from any of the bankers, or my friends, the merchants to whom I carried letters of recommendation. The moment I mentioned money, I was regarded as a man infected with the plague. With one, the excuse was, come to-morrow, with another, he must mention it to his partner; the morrow was certain to find my friends not at home. Even our Consul was shy of a man, who had no other resources but patiently to wait for a remittance from his banker.

There is no incident, however trifling, without its moral. In my dilemma, I remembered my Jew fellow traveller in the wilds of Albania, had given me his address at Smyrna. Perhaps the reader has not forgotten him, nor the interest I took in his recovery

when bit by a snake; and subsequently the accident which led to his being driven from our society. We parted with expressions of regret on both sides, and I determined to seek his advice in my present emergency. Knowing that the masquerading garb of poverty was frequently assumed by these people when travelling, I was prepared to find him rich; but not that he was a diamond merchant, one of the most respectable and wealthy men of his nation at Smyrna.

On mentioning my present dilemma to my Hebrew fellow traveller, my letter of credit was instantly converted into mahmouds of gold and silver, or bills payable at sight, wherever I should find the counting-house of a Jew; but this service alone was insufficient to express his gratitude and friendly disposition; he insisted I should make his house my home, during the remainder of my stay at Smyrna. And though the exterior gave no sign of the wealth of the owner, I was conducted to a room elegantly furnished, with a silk mattrass and velvet cushions, surrounded by a mosquito net, fine as a spider's web. At the same time, his excellent wife with her pretty daughters and hand-maidens, busied themselves in preparing a variety of delicacies for the table to gratify him, whom their lord delighted to honour. Each day, entertainment succeeded entertainment, to which he invited all his friends and relatives; and truly, it rarely falls to the lot of a Christian to behold such a blaze of beauty, diamonds, and precious stones, vessels of gold and silver, and the richest silks and satins from the looms of Asia. These Spanish Jews settled in Euro-

pean Turkey, being justly considered to be the handsomest of all the tribes of Israel.

The attentions of my kind host did not end here; for on expressing a desire to visit the ruins of Ephesus, he procured me a faithful guide and a pair of horses; and that there should be no danger of falling into the clutches of brigands, it was arranged that I should travel in company with a caravan of camels, under the escort of a troop of dashing Arnouts.

To avoid the great heat of the weather, we left Smyrna at one o'clock in the morning, lighted on our way by the broad full moon, and myriads of stars glistening in a firmament without a cloud, or the slightest haze or vapour in the atmosphere to obscure the brilliancy of the light they shed around our footsteps.

Our caravan consisted of between twenty and thirty camels, with a knowing-looking donkey, marching at their head as a sort of pilot, to sound the way before them; for the camel, notwithstanding his strength and value as a beast of burden, patient, laborious, and capable of enduring great fatigue, is, in disposition, timid as a hare. It was highly amusing to witness the air of importance our little guide assumed as he led the way; every now and then, like a good general, throwing a glance behind him to see how his gigantic followers kept their ranks. When we came to a marshy district, he appeared fully aware of the importance of his office, and with an air of great self-complacency struck the ground repeatedly with his feet, to ascertain whether it would bear with safety the huge weight of his companions,

ever bringing the cavalcade to a full stop, till he sagaciously indicated to them, by a rapid movement of his ears, that they might pass onward. Again, when we ascended a hill, he showed his wisdom by choosing the broadest path, turning to the left or the right, according as he found a free passage among the brushwood and rocks, for his followers and their bulky packs; giving the signal to advance, by the same expressive movement of his ears.

Our prudent leader was not one of those abortions of the Asinine tribes that we see in Western Europe; but a splendid specimen of his race. His form was tall and graceful; limbs clean, well formed and muscular, as those of a racer; and he carried his head as high and proudly as a charger.

On leaving Smyrna, we wound our way along the banks of the Melas, while our Arnouts kept moving on the brow of the hills above us, appearing to be on the look-out for the enemies of social order, who sometimes assemble in sufficient force and daring to disperse the guards, and levy their contributions on the caravan, a rouleau of Mahmouds being more acceptable to those gentlemen of the road than a bale of merchandize. In justice to the robbers of Asia Minor, we must, however record, that they are not of a sanguinary disposition, and rarely maltreat the traveller, except when a battle takes place between them and the pandours, which is also a rare occurrence; the practiced eye of each measuring to a nicety the strength and determination of his antagonist. In these cases, either the

pandours gallop away, leaving the caravan to its fate, or the robbers retreat to their mountains. When travellers are murdered, it is generally through the villany of a guide, who robs his master and then destroys him, in order to escape detection. This danger is of course avoided by travelling in company with a caravan.

We were not destined this time to be favoured with a visit from the bandits of Asia Minor; and if they had been hanging about our trail, the cheerful songs of our pandours and caravan drivers must have told them we were possessed of sufficient pluck to give them a warm reception. Consequently, our tour was not marked by any striking event, and the landscape, as we advanced, offered but little variety in a country as desolate as if it was removed a thousand miles from the haunts of civilized man. Yet the soil was rich and fertile, except when we got among the rocks, admirably adapted to every species of culture. At one time our pathway was carried along the brow of a yawning abyss, much to the annoyance of our camels, who dislike mountain travelling. This was afterwards exchanged for a romantic valley, where we found a grove of magnificent plane-trees, offering in their expansive foliage, a cooling retreat from the heat of a burning sun, which poured down upon us a blaze of heat almost insupportable.

Here we encamped for an hour or two, to prepare the noonday meal, in the near vicinity of the black tents of a tribe of Turcoman Tatars, with their wives and children, flocks and herds. They lost no time in

paying us a visit to barter their wild honey, wax and skins of animals, together with parcels of gold, silver and precious stones, collected in the rivulets of the mountains, for some of the luxuries of social life.

It was interesting to see the raptures of these children of the desert, when after long haggling they had succeeded in exchanging their wares for the sparkling trinket, gaudy shawl, and striped printed cottons of the cunning merchant, and then felicitating themselves on the advantageous bargains they had made, although the exchange was entirely in favour of the trader, who, as might be expected, often realizes a little fortune in this species of commerce. Coffee, sugar, tobacco, powder, salt, and various other articles, so indispensable to the comforts of a nomade, were exchanged for articles worth a thousand times their value.

During our travels in European Turkey, we have frequently had occasion to refer to Turkish cemeteries, often situated in the most desolate districts, far from the abode of man. Some little distance from the place of our bivouac, we found one on an unusually large scale, with its thousands of turbaned head-stones, shaded by the mournful cypress; but like the others, it was impossible to ascertain its date, neither were our fellow-travellers acquainted with any tradition respecting it. Had whole armies been smitten with pestilence in these districts? or had towns and cities once existed in their immediate neighbourhood? are questions that naturally suggest themselves to the mind of the traveller. In European Turkey, which may in some

sense be termed the tomb of the race of Othman, for there they had to contend against a more warlike and determined people than their usual enemies, the enervated sons of Asia Minor, we almost invariably found the solitary cemetery placed in the near vicinity of one belonging to the Christians, indicating that that particular district had been the theatre of a sanguinary battle between the armies of the opposing creeds.

As we approached Ai Soluk, the landscape became highly interesting, recalling, as it does, the history of the Christian Church. There were two ranges of mountains, with the Kayster in the centre, leading to the sea; but the convulsion of earthquakes has so completely changed the aspect of the country, that we doubt even if the original inhabitants were called into existence they would be able to recognize the land of their birth; for not only have mountains been changed into valleys, but the sea, that once bathed the walls of Ephesus, has receded to a distance of several miles.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at Ai Soluk, which can boast of a decent sort of han with a coffee-house, kept by an honest Osmanli, where the traveller who is not over fastidious and has courage to withstand the assault of a cloud of mosquitoes and fleas, may find accommodation for himself and his attendants. With respect to myself, being somewhat of an irritable temperament, I retreated with my guide and one or two experienced traders to a shady clump of plane and sycamore trees, where we spread our mats, lighted a

fire, and began to examine the contents of our provender-bags.

On seeing this, Isaac, my Hebrew guide, laughing slily, drew forth from a capacious leathern bag that had been dangling from his saddle-bows, a number of small packages, which proved to be an assemblage of pies, cakes, dried fruits, and preserved meats, in all their tempting forms, such as rarely falls to the lot of a hungry traveller in the wilds of Asia Minor. For this welcome feast, I was indebted to the same kind friends who had already so hospitably entertained me at Smyrna, and whose provident care still followed me on my route to Ephesus. In addition, there was a most capacious flask of Cyprus wine, together with coffee and other delicacies. In short, there was nothing omitted, not only to furnish a capital supper, but sufficient for the following day.

On awaking in the morning, the first object that met my view was a wide waste of ruin, so extensive that I could scarce refrain from thinking my comrades had carried me during my slumbers to Ephesus. We were, however, still in Ai Soluk, with its fine name (the City of the Crescent), built by the Turks during their day of glory, from the remains of Ephesus, which has now in its turn become a shapeless mass of ruins, the home of jackals, wolves, scorpions and serpents, as if the curse of the inspired writer clung to the very fragments of a city, doomed to destruction by heaven. Everywhere around we see crumbling forts, roofless domes

of mosques, fallen minarets, ruined baths and caravanserais, streets overgrown with thistles and briars; and the few people who divide this home of desolation with a population of half-wild dogs and storks, are a mixed race of exiled Arnouts, Bosnians and native Greeks, gaining a precarious maintenance by attending the caravan, and now and then stealing a package. They have exactly the appearance of men we should not like to meet on the top of a mountain, or in the depth of a defile.

A morass, nearly half a mile in breadth, lies between the ruins of the Turkish town and Ephesus, through which the Kayster drags its sluggish pace in the midst of reeds and bulrushes. This was once a sea, and bore upon its bosom the tall-masted ship, filled with the merchandize of the world. After making a detour of nearly a league, we entered Ephesus, by what is presumed to be the gateway, into a sort of street, lined with remnants of a colonnade, their broken fragments lying about in every direction. In fact, the whole hill-side is covered with a confused mass of mouldering walls, ruins of theatres, aqueducts, fountains, temples, baths, and every other indication of the magnificence of the richest and most prosperous among the ancient cities of Asia.

To the Christian traveller, the ruins of Ephesus possess a peculiar interest, associated as they are with the history of the Apostles; for here, upon the wreck of Pagan idolatry, was established one of the earliest Christian Churches of the Gentiles. At every instant

the imagination wanders back to the days of St. Paul, when he preached to the Ephesians, and the excited multitude, in return, shouted, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!—the image which fell down from Jupiter; and whom all Asia and the world worshipped!" In wandering through the thistle-grown streets, we are reminded of Demetrius, the silversmith, who in his fury, lest the temple of the "great goddess" should be despised, and his own handicraft in making images cease, raised a tumult; and "having caught Caius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions in travel, rushed into the theatre crying, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' and 'Death to the Christians!'"

All is gone!—the Church of the Christians has followed the Temple of Diana; because the inhabitants of Ephesus, having, as recorded in the Revelations, "left their first love," and relapsed into idolatry, and would not repent, "the candlestick was removed," and they were swept away, with their city, by war, pestilence and earthquakes!

From ancient writers, we learn that the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was four hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and two hundred and twenty in breadth; that it was adorned with a hundred and twenty-seven columns, each the present of a king, and chiselled from a single block of the finest Parian marble, sixty feet high. They also tell us that the splendour of the interior, with its costly ornaments, its statues of gold, silver and ivory, of the most exquisite workmanship, surpassed all that the imagination of man could conceive. This

cannot be wondered at, when we remember that this famous temple had taken two hundred and twenty years in building, and that it contained the *chef-d'œuvres* of the greatest artists in the world—Apelles, Praxiletes, and others, very little inferior, and who were all actuated by the same spirit, the same ambition to secure immortality, by having their works enshrined for ever in the Temple of Diana!

The temple of the "great goddess" must already have fallen very low during the reign of the Emperor Constantine; for we find that Christian Prince appropriating its beautiful columns to support the dome of St. Sophia at Constantinople. From this time nothing could withstand the united force of Imperial power, and the fanaticism of the supporters of the new creed, accelerated by the famous edict of the Emperor Theodosius, for the demolition of the temples of the Pagans, which swept away so many splendid edifices of ancient Greece. What the Romans left, the Goths, Saracens and Turks totally destroyed, even to the bronze statues, which were melted down, and coined into money; and, perhaps among them, Apelles's famous Jupiter, which cost the citizens of Ephesus fifty talents of gold.

Notwithstanding that Ephesus suffered severely from an earthquake during the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, it remained a town of some importance for a century or two after the introduction of Christianity. However, from the moment that St. Paul preached, and the nations became aware of the grossness of the cheat that had been practised on their cre-

dulity—the villany of the priests, the machinery of the oracle, the mysteries of the vestals, and all the other idolatrous and immoral observances of the temple—the prosperity of the town declined. Devotees no longer came from every part of the world to worship at the shrine of "the image that fell down from Jupiter!" and to consult an oracle that could respond to every question, whether it related to the past, the present, or the future! Thus has it been from the commencement of time: imposture has its day; but it carries in itself the seeds of its own destruction. Such has been the fate of Ephesus and its temple—"the great and the glorious"—now shunned by man as the abode of pestilence—the home of beasts of prey, every poisonous reptile and noxious insect; standing forth in its desolation as a warning to the nations of the earth.

We returned to Smyrna, in company with another caravan, on its way from Konia, an important town in the interior of Caramania, and passed the night at a small village beautifully situated on the river Melas; and although we could not be distant more than three or four miles, our horses and camels, owing to the great heat of the weather, were too much fatigued to proceed without rest and refreshment. While my companions employed themselves in looking after their beasts of burden, and in making preparations for a hot supper, I wandered through the environs, to take a last survey of the country of Homer. After crossing a hill, and struggling through a forest of brushwood, I saw before me an extensive dell, green as a lawn, and watered with

a rivulet of the clearest spring water. My astonishment was not greater in stumbling upon this little Eden, than in seeing a gay encampment of well-dressed Turks, of the old school—the genuiue race of Othman—with their women, feasting and enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. The sudden appearance of a Frank armed to the teeth, emerging from a forest of evergreens, caused as great a commotion among the party as if they had beheld a troop of brigands. Intermingled with the screams of women, were heard the violent expostulations of the men, who, having seized their weapons, I found myself in the midst of a group of furious Mahometans and their African slaves. A satisfactory explanation on my part, led to a friendly invitation on theirs; when, after partaking of a hot collation, and smoking together the peaceful tchibouque, I was allowed to continue my rambles. They were, in fact, a party of rich Turks from Smyrna, who had selected this romantic spot for the purpose of enjoying the fresh air of the hills.

How often have I had occasion to admire the scenery of this beautiful country, now so sad and desolate, though once so rich and populous; here, mountains of slight elevation, there, undulating hills, interspersed with tiny valleys and stretching plains, which only require inhabitants, and a just and powerful executive, to render it again an earthly paradise.

How many millions of human beings, who now toil for a precarious subsistance in our crowded countries of Western Europe, might here find abundance of all that

can add to the happiness of man, if the Turkish Government could be induced to forego its exclusiveness, and encourage immigration to a country where the eagle and the vulture, the wolf and the jackal are now the only tenants, and who, from long possession, boldly assert their rights, scarcely deigning to retreat from the path of the traveller; where hissing serpents seem to dispute your passage; and where scorpions are so numerous, that you have only to remove a stone to find one beneath it. Then the camelion, so rarely seen, except in the most solitary districts, is here found at every step, lying at your feet, basking in the sun, or gambolling through the long grass, showing his irritability at being disturbed by changing colour from an iron-grey to a yellow or a brown. The feathered songsters are not numerous in this part of Asia Minor, owing to the absence of forests, and the number of birds of prey. Their want, however, is in some measure supplied by the beauty and great variety of the insects, that keep up an incessant singing and chattering both by day and night.

Tired of my promenade, I returned to my companions of the han. Nearly the whole of the camel-drivers and the traders were Turks, of the race of Othman, easily distinguished from every other nationality that inhabit Turkey, by a peculiar physiognomy, and a gravity of manner. They were squatted in groups around an ample copper basin, eating with their fingers, a most savoury mess composed of rice and hashed mutton, well seasoned with red pepper and

garlic. In front of one of the groups was a story-teller, recounting some wonderful history of bygone days; near another, stood a wandering minstrel, drawing forth most dismal notes from a species of guitar, with which he accompanied a melancholy ditty, sung in a cracked, squeaking voice. The subject of his song was a lady fair, and her lover, a warrior bold, who lost his life while fighting against the red-haired Giaours.

When the party had finished their repast, the remains were handed over to the poet and the minstrel as a recompense for their performances, who it would appear are as little the favourites of fortune here as in more civilized countries; these having helped themselves most amply, resigned the basin to several hungry-looking urchins of the village, who had patiently waited, licking their lips, and watching every mouthful with longing eyes; and when all had finished, and little remained except the bones, the storks and the dogs fought for possession of the treasure.

My companions, after taking their coffee and shouldering the darling tchibouque, had little more to say. The strolling story-teller related a few more tales — the minstrel sung a few more songs; at length, one by one, the whole party unconsciously allowed the tchibouque to fall from their hands, and regardless of mosquitoes, fleas and scorpions, fell into a profound sleep, scarcely changing their position; some dropped their heads on their breasts, others fell back on their

saddle-bags, and kept up till early dawn a continued chorus of snoring that might be heard a mile off. In the meantime I retreated to the shade of a magnificent plane-tree, where Ben Isaac had lighted a blazing fire and around its dying embers slept soundly, undisturbed by any thing except the silvery note of the bull-frog, and an occasional "hoo! hoo!" of a solitary owl.

CHAPTER XVII.

Voyage from Smyrna to the Dardanelles—Arrival at Gallipoli—English Vice-consul—Kiraidji travelling—Dreary aspect of the country between Gallipoli and Keschan—The Maritza—Turkish recruits—Ipsala—Dangerous travelling—Notices of the country and its inhabitants—Fertility and productions of Thrace—Agriculture—Implements of husbandry—Villages—Troubles of a traveller—Greek scamp—Village law-suit—Verdict of the village Solomon—Purchase of a horse—Characteristic scenes—Arrival at Dimotika—Description of the town and its Osmanli inhabitants—Tradition of the Bulgarian bards.

At Smyrna we must bring our travels in Asia Minor to a termination. In the first place, we have no space for further details; secondly, the little islands in the Archipelago, the Dardanelles, the plains of Troy, Constantinople and its environs, are too well known and have been too often described, to require any remarks of mine; moreover, in a former work, I endeavoured to delineate their beauties, and bring the reader in some degree acquainted with them; and though the inhabitants may since that time have made a step or two in

advance, an inquiry into the changes and modifications in their social state, would not, perhaps, be generally interesting.

We will, therefore, put on our seven league boots, and jump at once from Smyrna to Gallipoli, an important town on the European side of the Dardanelles, and continue our route through those interesting provinces known as European Turkey, and to which we have already devoted the greater part of this work; with the hope of drawing the attention of Western Europe to countries rapidly advancing in political importance, and it requires not the spirit of prophecy to predict that ere a few years pass over, they are destined to undergo a change which must materially influence (whether for good or evil), the position of the Ottoman Porte and the neighbouring countries.

On arriving at Gallipoli we found that quiet town in an usual bustle. The Pacha of the Dardanelles had arrived with a numerous suite to visit the governor. The tacticoes still lined the streets, and the authorities were marching to the palace to pay their respects to this high dignitary of the Porte; the Mahometans and the Moullahs, in their gala costume, were to be seen in one direction; the Greeks, with their papas and bishop, in his canonical robes, in another. These, intermingled with Consuls and Vice-consuls in the uniform of their respective countries, contributed to render the scene at once animated and picturesque. One of the smartest and best-looking among the number was the English Vice-consul, in his gay cocked hat and con-

sular uniform, throwing completely in the shade the more dingy colour of either the Russian, the French and the Austrian. I found our Vice-consul to be a Greek by birth, a substantial merchant of the town, and although he does not receive any salary from the Government, he welcomed me with all the warmth of a countryman, and insisted I should exchange the miseries of the han for a room at his own private residence.

This is not always the way in which our Consuls and Vice-consuls act in Turkey. They too often render no attention or civility whatever to an English traveller, although, perhaps, he will give a gratuity to the servant equal to half-a-year's wages. This neglect is the more unpardonable in a country where provisions may be had for nearly nothing, and where the hans are destitute of the necessaries of life. With respect to myself, I never troubled one of them, unless I was previously recommended; I, therefore, merely repeat the complaints of almost every English traveller I met in the Levant.

With the assistance of my new friend, the Vice-consul, I procured a kiraidji (or, as he is termed here, in the dialect of the country, suridji), and a pair of horses, and once more resumed my gipsy life, determined to cross European Turkey from the sea to the Danube, by a different route from that which I had taken on a previous occasion. Owing to the difficulty of procuring a pair of horses at this time in Gallipoli, I was most unfortunate in the selection of my kiraidji, who proved to be a great scamp; the only one, however, I

met with during my excursions in these provinces, which tells much in favour of the character of the people.

On leaving Gallipoli, we had for our companion the son of the Neapolitan Vice-consul, on his way to purchase corn at Keschan, distant about sixteen leagues; on leaving the town, we skirted for some time the low, marshy coast of the Gulf of Saros, occasionally rising to a hill that commanded a view of the sea of Marmora. In whatever direction the eye wandered there was the same deserted, dreary prospect so peculiar to Turkey; and as to cultivation, it was only to be seen in the vicinity of some village or hamlet composed of a few mud huts, and these were few and far between, and always situated in the depth of some dell, as if to elude observation; characteristic of a country, so often overrun by the marauding hordes of insurgents, and the equally to be dreaded troops of the Sultan. It is true, in our day, European discipline has had the effect of curbing the disorderly propensities of the latter; but the evil is too recent, and the executive still too feeble, to encourage the industrious Rayah to leave his hiding-place and cultivate the plain.

After two day's ride, we arrived late at night at Keschan; a neat little town, composed of about a hundred houses, grouped together at the base of a picturesque ridge of hills; a great resort of the Frank merchants settled in the various towns on the Dardanelles, who come here after suffering from intermittent fever to recruit their health in the bracing air of the hills. I expected to have found a comfortable

night's quarters at the house of an English merchant of Smyrna, Mr. Snell; but he had unluckily departed a few days previous for Constantinople. I was relieved, however, from the apprehension of passing the night *al fresco*, or within the smoky walls of a Turkish han, by my fellow traveller inviting me to take up my abode with him, at the residence of one of his friends settled here.

On leaving Keschan, the country improved in picturesque beauty; the hills gradually swelling into mountains, in part well wooded, with valleys and defiles crossing each other, and vast plains stretching towards the gulf of Enos; but still wearing the same desolate aspect, and equally destitute of inhabitants. At Ipsala we caught the first view of the Maritza, the ancient Hebrus; a fine navigable river, abounding in fish that are rarely disturbed, either by the sound of an oar or the sight of a sail.

Here we met a strong guard of Turkish soldiers, driving before them between eighty and a hundred Albanian recruits, chained together by the wrists; the poor fellows had been chased and captured in the mountains, and were now on their way to Constantinople, to be converted into tacticoes. It was evident, from the appearance of recent wounds and bandaged heads, they had not surrendered without a severe struggle. While remaining in the han at Ipsala, I smoked a tchibouque with the commander of the escort, who gave me a deplorable account of Albania. The insurrection of the rebel Guiliko had been put

down, still the Albanians were discontented with the reforms of the Sultan, particularly the conscription, and only waited for a little breathing time, and an enterprizing chief to break out again in revolution. He also informed me of the Slavonian Mussulman outbreak in Bosnia and Herzegowina, and cautioned me to be on my guard while travelling through the interior of the country; as the remnant of Guiliko's rebel army who had not taken advantage of the amnesty granted by the Sultan, were subsisting by pillage, and might prove dangerous in some of the mountain districts.

This was discouraging news to a poor traveller; and as my informant could have no motive for deceiving me, it was most probably too true. However, I had made up my mind to proceed at any risk; I was strong, vigorous and watchful, a good shot, and a capital actor, all most useful qualifications in a country like Turkey. Then my character of Hakim, and the number of pretty little gilded boxes I carried with me, filled with most innocent pills, would be certain to procure me friends everywhere, even among the brigands, who like every other class, are civil to those they find useful. Besides, I could give a proof of my abilities if the pills should fail in curing every disorder; few quacks knew better how to wield the lancet and dress a wound; and if necessary, set an arm or a leg. Again, the traveller who is accompanied by a native of the country, runs less risk of being molested than the rich man, attended by a numerous suite.

Add to which, the inhabitants of these provinces, unless inflamed by religious fanaticism, are by no means of a sanguinary disposition; and every step I made in advance brought me nearer to the country of the Slavonians—of every other nationality in European Turkey, the most moral, least hostile to a stranger, and least inclined to make acquaintance with the contents of the traveller's saddle-bags.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the park-like scenery of this lovely country, between Ipsala and Dimotika; there was the snow-clad summit of the stupendous Despotodagh, in the distance, beneath which lay a lesser chain, shelving from mountain to hill down to the Maritza. Romantic looking villages and hamlets at every bend of the river seemed to multiply as we advanced; while shepherds with their flocks and herds imparted an Arcadian aspect to the landscape.

We passed through two or three villages in the neighbourhood of an alum-mine, inhabited by the old race of Othman, who had been settled here since the conquest of Thrace, long before the taking of Constantinople. The Turks are not an agricultural people; they prefer the pastoral mode of life. Everything about them, their houses and fields, displayed indolent carelessness, contrasting unfavourably with the thrifty habits, and patient industry of the Bulgarian, whom we found already disputing possession of the soil with the Greek and the Turk.

On the sloping sides of the hills the vine arrives to

great perfection, and produces a red wine, much sought after, and exported to the various towns on the Dardanelles. In the rich alluvial soil on the banks of the Maritza, they raise crops of tobacco, cotton, rice, maize, millet, aniseed, saffron, flax and hemp; in short, every species of grain, and no country or soil can be better adapted for the growth of fruit trees.

The villages and hamlets, however romantic and picturesque they may appear in the distance; present the same miserable collection of straggling huts, we before remarked in other parts of European Turkey, separated from each other by a large space of ground, without plan or arrangement.

The Osmanli villager still clings to the flowing robe and the turban; and his partner, whether at home or engaged at work in the fields, is always muffled to the eyes: the Bulgarian is more European in his manners, customs, and costume; and his fair baba is not afraid to show her smiling face to the stranger. The Greek, half oriental in his dress, might be taken for a Turk; except that the law forbids him, as a Rayah, to wear yellow slippers and the turban.

Among the women, the poorest villager, of whatever nationality, displays bracelets on her arms, rings on her fingers, and large dangling ear-rings, with a quantity of gold and silver coins braided in the hair. These trinkets are often very beautiful, and the coins in their hair valuable from their rarity.

Taken altogether, the inhabitants of this part of European Turkey are a harmless well-disposed people,

willing to oblige the stranger, and live in harmony with each other, both Turk and Rayah. Still you rarely ever find them dwelling together in the same village or hamlet. Each race seeking their own nook to build their huts, plant and sow; forming a sort of republic among themselves, governed by their petty chiefs or bachas, similar to those we described in other parts of these provinces. The Osmanli are better provided with religious instruction than the Rayah; their clergy are appointed and paid by the State, and you see here and there a neat little mosque in their villages, which answers the double purpose of a school and a house of prayer. The Rayahs also have their papas,—for the most part extremely ignorant, not only of theology, but the mere rudiments of education, and you rarely or ever see a church in any of their villages. Indeed, the Turkish Government deserves to be severely censured for its neglect of the religious education of such a large and industrious portion of its subjects as the Rayahs, who we see still assembling to prayer, as if by stealth, at some private house in the village.

The implements of husbandry in use among this primitive people, are of the rudest description. The plough, as well as the harrow, is formed from the branches of a tree, without iron, twisted osiers serve for a rope; their cars are also made without iron, and the wheels fashioned out of a solid block of wood, with the same twisted osiers for traces. Every peasant is his own carpenter, mason and wheelwright; and every woman is the weaver, tailor, mantua-maker, and sandal-

maker of the household. The hatchet which the peasant carries in his belt is made to perform a world of work, as well as the spindle, which is ever seen twirling from the girdle of a woman.

How I regretted that I had not brought with me from England, needles, and balls of cotton yarn: I should have made more friends with them everywhere, than even with my boxes of pills. Any active young pedlar, who was to come out here and learn a few phrases of the Slavonian and Turkish, and then travel through the country from town to town, and village to village, with a donkey and panniers filled with Birmingham and Sheffield wares, balls of cotton, gaudy handkerchiefs, and striped cotton dresses, would be certain to make a little fortune in a few years. The miserable appearance of the inhabitants and their huts, is no indication of poverty in Turkey; there is a great deal of metallic wealth in the country, which would be certain to leave its hiding-place, if the articles we have specified should make their appearance. Among the Slavonians in Servia and Bulgaria, there is not the slightest danger to be apprehended to the traveller; as to Bosnia and Albania, owing to the excited state of the Mahometan part of the population, perhaps it would not be advisable to explore these countries at present.

We must now return to my own affairs. Up to the present time I had borne with my rascal of a Greek kiraidji, Demetrius, without coming to an actual declaration of hostilities. I engaged him to take me to

Adrianople, and on our arrival there, to pay him a certain number of piastres for the use of his horses and his services. In the numerous villages and hamlets through which we passed, he frequently demanded money. He was very poor, or he had some cousin in indifferent circumstances, to whom he wished to give a trifle; then his own expenses, and the keep of his horses, must be paid. We had scarcely got over half the distance, when on arriving at a village inhabited by Bulgarians, he made the usual demand for an advance of money; this led to an altercation, as I found that I had already paid him nearly the full amount I had agreed for. He now refused to proceed any further; positively denied that I had paid him any thing; and even had the daring and the impudence to summon me before the Kodji-bacha of the village.

Our little cause was tried in the presence of the whole of the villagers, who, with their Kodji-bacha, were already predisposed against me, by the representations of the subtle Greek. With great volubility and earnestness of manner, the clever scamp descanted on the unjust manner in which I had behaved to him. Described me as one of those horrid Franks—a species of living vampyre, who travelled through the country poisoning the inhabitants by giving them pills; and, as a climax to all my misdoings, I was denounced as a Latin Heretic—a thousand times worse than a Mahometan, an infidel, who ate, drank, slept, passed over dangerous rivers and crumbling bridges, and even heard

the awful thunder, without making the sign of the cross! The women screamed and crossed themselves! the men gnashed their teeth! and the grave Kodji-bacha frowned most menacingly!

I was certainly placed in a most disagreeable position. The unlucky pills, which I expected would have been passports to the good graces of every human being I met with, seemed destined to bear witness against me, as a poisoner of the lieges of his Majesty the Sultan, and as such, I expected to be sent for trial to the higher tribunal of the Turkish Agha in the nearest town, Dimotika, and perhaps impaled for my offences, as a warning to other miscreant Franks!

My Greek having exhausted upon me every abusive epithet his language was capable of, it was now my turn to be heard in my defence. I was but indifferently acquainted with the patois of ancient Thrace—a mélange of Greek, Latin, Turkish, Slavonian, and I know not how many more; consequently, I never could thoroughly understand the people, nor they me, but I spoke the Slavonian of the Servians and Bulgarians tolerably well. Now, there is nothing wins the affections of the people of these provinces more, than to hear a stranger speak their language. The astonished Greek, who had not calculated upon the turn this might give to the subject in dispute, looked most woe-begone; on the other hand, it was evident I had made an impression upon the mind of my auditors unfavourable to my adversary, for there were no more frowning

faces around me among the men; and the women, ever foremost in the manifestation of their feelings, were the first to declare in my favour.

An old traveller is generally a tolerable judge of the character of the men he meets with; from the first moment I disliked my kiraidji. Acting upon this impression, I requested the English Vice-Consul at Gallipoli, to make an entry in my pocket-book of the agreement, to which we made our Greek, who could neither read nor write, affix a cross in lieu of signature. I adopted the same precaution whenever I advanced him any money during the route. All this I stated to the Kodji-bacha; to which my Greek retorted, by saying, it was nothing but a clever trick of the heretic Frank to cheat him!

We now waited the verdict of the village Solomon, who, with true Oriental gravity, pondered over the case for some time in deep silence. At length, he requested Demetrius and myself to take pen, ink, and paper, and each make a cross. Now, we all know how long a time it requires, and how many wearisome efforts, before the school-boy can acquire sufficient command of his hand to make a straight stroke. The Kodji, who was a scholar, relied on this proof to enable him to discover which party had spoken the truth. As may be presumed, every attempt made by the Greek, whether large or small, produced a cross, of crooked, jagged strokes, exactly similar to those in the pocket-book. This was decisive; and the sentence of the village judge, to have the culprit sent to Dimotika, to receive

judgment from the governor, brought the pitiful wretch to my feet imploring for mercy, amidst the execrations of the peasants—an interesting manifestation of the moral feeling of the people, proving that a traveller, even in this remote corner of European Turkey, can find a court of justice in a miserable-looking village, and an upright judge in the person of a Bulgarian peasant.

After this insight into the character of my faithless kiraidji, it was impossible to travel with him any longer; I, therefore, decided to purchase a horse, which would render me more independent, and at the same time permit me either to travel with a caravan, or engage a kiraidji, as suited my convenience.

This part of Thrace is still famous for its breed of horses, particularly among the Osmanli. The announcement of my intention, quickly spread from village to village, and had the effect of attracting in the course of a day or two, all the horses for sale in the surrounding country. It was highly amusing to see how these usually grave, turbaned sons of Othman, pressed themselves on the skirts of a Giaour when piastres were in question, and with what vehement gesticulation they expatiated on the various good qualities of their respective horses; their genealogy—how they could ascend a mountain as high as the moon, and descend again without making a false step; swim over the sea, and live upon nothing!

I was on the point of concluding a purchase, when a new dealer was seen sweeping round the base of a

hill, mounted on a horse which seemed to cut the air like an arrow. In a few minutes he was in the midst of us, but the animal was, to judge from his appearance, half famished; and the rider himself, his sunburnt, wrinkled features, nearly buried beneath an immense turban, one of those wiry, meagre Osmanli, all bone and sinew, so frequently met with in Asia Minor. With the gravity of a philosopher, he submitted to the taunts and scoffs of his competitors. One offered him half a dozen of piastres for the skin of his Rosinante; another, about the same sum for his carcase, to regale the dogs.

That the horse of the new dealer was fleet and graceful in his motions, we had ample proof; and also that there was no want of gentle blood in him. There was the large, open nostril, the full, bright eye, slim, sinewy make, slender limb, well-knit joint, arched neck, beautiful head, flowing mane and tail; declaring him to be well adapted for travelling in a plain where fleetness is a consideration, but in a mountainous country like this, where the traveller's life depends upon the sure-footedness of his horse, he must seek one accustomed to mountain travelling. On my questioning his owner on this point, as a proof that he was equally sure-footed as fleet, he dashed into the depths of the Maritza flowing at our feet, and after swimming across, galloped up an almost perpendicular ravine full of loose stones, down again, and across the river, without even waiting to draw breath, or using spur or whip.

On witnessing this feat, none could doubt his powers

for mountain-travelling; but he was a perfect skeleton, only twelve hands high, and as to age there was no certain indication. However, after hearing the history of the horse, and his genealogy for many generations, together with that of the seller, who had been toutonji at one time to a wealthy Osmanli, Said Pacha, but being now pressed by poverty, was compelled to dispose of his darling, we agreed about the price; nine hundred piastres, including a good Turkish saddle, bridle and whip—somewhat high for a horse in these provinces.

The struggle that now ensued, between the desire of our Osmanli to obtain the long wished for rouleaus of Mahmoudiehs and Jermilouks, on the one side, and his deep-seated reluctance to part from his favourite on the other, was highly characteristic of these people, and of the precepts of their religious creed, as taught by Mahomet, who says, when speaking of the horse:—

"Thou shalt be to man a faithful companion—a source of wealth and happiness, and for every grain of barley he gives thee, he shall secure to himself a higher place in Paradise."

It was really affecting to witness the intelligence of the animal and the caresses of the man, as he threw his arms around the neck of his horse and kissed him with tears in his eyes, telling him, at the same time, his poverty, and how he could not afford to keep him. Then, as if to console him, when he put the bridle and the whip in my hand, he whispered in his ear:

"There is your master—the rich Inglez! He will

give thee my jewel, my gazelle, the dainty bit, the roasted kibeb that thou lovest, sugar to sweeten thy tongue, raki to revive thee when thou art tired, fruits to moisten thy thirst; and the Inglez, my darling, my sweet, is not a red-haired Rouss, nor a Nemtschi-terzi, that would beat thee, but a real Inglez, that will clothe thee, my jewel, in raiment as fine as that of the caliph himself, and take thee, my sweet one, to his own Inglezterra, where thou wilt be caressed by the soft hand, thy bright eye kissed by the ruby lip, have a fine house to sleep in, and ever-green pastures where thou canst sport and gambol in."

I know not when these endearments and regrets on parting would have terminated, had not the hanji came to announce to us, that the sheep I had purchased in the morning, to regale the Kodji-bacha and my friends of the village, was already roasted; to which I also invited our Mahometan friend to console him for the loss of his horse. During our meal, I was first made aware of the value of the animal I had purchased, who, among his other qualifications, could live upon whatever food man partakes of, except cheese and fish, was as affectionate and sagacious as a spaniel dog, and only required a little care and good feeding to become as strong and courageous as a lion, while he possessed the power of enduring any toil, however fatiguing.

At length, capitally mounted on a good Turkish saddle, as easy as an arm-chair, and accompanied by a stout Bulgarian peasant as a guide, we set out, at early dawn, for Adrianople. After a pleasant ride along the

romantic banks of the Maritza, which we exchanged for one of its affluents, the rapid Krisoldeni, we obtained a view of Dimotika, with its ruined castle, seated on the summit of a hill, forming a very beautiful feature in the landscape. Dimotika is well known in history as the residence of the Emperor Cantacuzene, and at a later date of Sultan Amurath. Here also Charles XII., the unlucky King of Sweden, was imprisoned by the Turks. Fate was unkind to the gallant Swedes, since, if their brave monarch had possessed prudence in the same degree that he did courage and skill as a warrior, he might, when we consider the barbarism of Russia at that time, have bequeathed to his descendants the empire of the North.

Dimotika is one of those old towns, that we frequently find in the interior of European Turkey, far removed from any intercourse with the great world, where nothing has been changed, and probably not even a new house built for centuries. There are two or three mosques tolerably well kept, a covered bazaar, and narrow streets—the hot-bed of infection, where you may see the vulture disputing with hungry wolf-looking dogs, the offals of the butcher. Two or three gurgling fountains, erected by the conqueror of Dimotika, Sultan Orchan, still send their limpid waters through the unpaved streets, and still secure a sufficient supply to the inhabitants, which may be termed so far a blessing, but since water must find its level, the consequence has been, that every inequality in the street is become a stagnant pool, and even the efforts of an industrious

colony of frogs have not been sufficient to prevent the growth of a plentiful crop of green water-weed on the surface.

Can we then wonder at the pale, emaciated appearance of the inhabitants, living in the midst of such an atmosphere, which even the bracing air of the mountains, and a firmament without a cloud, or the slightest haze could not counteract? Neither can we feel surprized, that fever and particularly cholera, which loves to hover about stagnant pools, covered bazaars, and badly ventilated houses and streets, should here find its home—and be, at this very moment, slaying its hundreds. In short, if we wanted an illustration of the fatalism, indolence, and ignorance of the shepherd race of Othman, who have vegetated here from generation to generation, since the days of Sultan Orchan, we have only to come and see Dimotika. Yet the situation is highly salubrious: there are no marshes in the vicinity, and the town itself, grouped around its ruined fortress, situated on a hill and shelving down to the clear, rapid, running Krisoldeni, one of the affluents of the Maritza, might be rendered at a slight expense one of the most agreeable and healthy towns in European Turkey.

It was at Dimotika, that the Bulgarians, under their chief Bulgar, after following the banks of the Maritza, from its source in the Balkan, near Mount Rilo, first came into contact with the civilized tribes of Greece. The astute Greek, too weak to repel the invaders, purchased their forbearance with gifts, converted them to Christianity, and allowed them to settle in Thrace—

a country still dear to the Bulgarian, where their ancestors, the first wanderers from Asia, pitched their tents, and from shepherds became cultivators of the soil. Mount Rilo in the Balkan, and the banks of the Maritza enjoys a high reputation in the traditions of the Bulgarian bard—the one as the sacred asylum of their patriots from Turkish oppression, and the other connected as it is with the earliest epoch in the civilization of their race.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Route to Adrianople—Plain of Thrace—Tumuli—Description of Adrianople—Great mosque—Observations upon Islamism—Its tendencies—Insalubrity of Adrianople—Sketch of the Great Fair at Usundji—Notices on the fairs of European Turkey—Arrival at Philippopoli—Its inhabitants—Commerce—Armenian nationality—Their characteristics—The Paulinists, a religious sect at Philippopoli.

On leaving the banks of the Maritza and its tributaries, with their picturesque hills, romantic valleys and defiles, we enter the vast plain of the ancient Thrace, something between an elevated steppe and a prairie, extending from Philippopoli to the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and Constantinople; not far short of eighty leagues in length, and inhabited for the most part by nomade tribes—Turks, Turkomans, Tatars and Bulgarians.

In the midst of the land of these wandering shepherds, the populous city of Adrianople—the Turkish Edréné—elevates itself in all its Oriental grandeur of mosque, minaret and kiosk. To relieve the sameness

of the landscape, we have tumuli instead of hills, tents, and ozier huts for towns and cities. The tumuli, those mysterious monuments of the earliest inhabitants of the world, are frequently found rising to a considerable height. In one place we find them grouped together like gigantic mole-hills, and in another swelling into a little mountain.

The Slavonians call them by the name of Ounka, and the Osmanli Tepé. If you ask the one what has been their destination, he will tell you they are the sepulchres of the Hunka (Huns); while the haughty Osmanli tries to make you believe they were erected by his ancestors as posts of observation during the conquest of the country. They are not peculiar to this part of Thrace; I found them equally numerous in Krim Tatary, Central Asia, Russia and Poland; everywhere the same, conical in shape, formed of earth, and scattered about without any plan or order whatever.

In these vast prairies, the Osmanli is the dominant race; he here pursues his original occupation—a wandering shepherd, surrounded by his flocks and herds, with the bright blue heaven for his canopy, and the fragrant herb for his bed. Next comes the mercurial Greek, who eschews labour, and flies to seek a maintenance, by his superior intellect and shrewdness, in the towns and cities on the sea-coast. The Bulgarians, who have already commenced disturbing this home of the dead, by using the plough, are fast advancing in point of numbers on the other two, and, thanks to their healthful occupation and sobriety, their families

are more numerous and healthy. Another innovation on the customs of the old Osmanli is also visible here; you may travel from Constantinople to Adrianople on a *char-à-banc*, which perhaps in a little time may give way to the rail.

On approaching Adrianople, the plain becomes contracted, and we again see the towering mountain. We are also reminded of the vicinity of a large and populous town, by the number of gardens, orchards and cultivated fields that skirt the pathway of the caravan. The town itself, with its numerous mosques, minarets and painted kiosks, now partly hid in the foliage of the trees, and again developed to its full extent, fascinates the eye of the traveller, and, as a picture, cannot be surpassed by the romantic aspect of the public buildings, and the beauty of the situation. There is a fine fertile plain with its meandering rivers in front, and mountains shelving down to hills in the back ground.

Adrianople has the advantage of being situated on three rivers—the Maritza, the Arda, and the Tondja. From the neglected state of these streams, here and there forming marshes, the town is infested with mosquitoes; this, with the filth of the streets, and the number of mangy dogs roving about without home or master, render it a disagreeable residence. It is also much subject to typhus fever, and never free, even during the winter, from intermittent fever.

The mosque built by Sultan Bajazet, when Adrianople was the capital of the Ottoman Empire, is the finest religious edifice ever constructed by the Turks. Euro-

pean genius has invented nothing in architecture more bold and original than this splendid building, nor anything that produces so charming an effect as its elegant minaret, piercing the air to a height of more than a hundred feet.

A few piastres, given to the Muezzin, gained me admission. How changed is the spirit of the age, since the day when a Christian dog could not cross the threshold of a mosque, and live! All that is required of the traveller now, is to leave his shoes at the door and remain silent, lest he should disturb the Faithful at their prayers. The embellishments of this mosque, which are simple and elegant, differ but little from those in Constantinople, and the whole building was a pattern of cleanliness.

A few devout Osmanli still lingered, or lay about on their knees and faces, deeply absorbed in prayer. That perfect abandonment with which the Mahometan resigns himself to the Almighty in his devotions, is one of the sublimest spectacles of religious feeling to be found among the members of any creed whatever. He sees nothing, he hears nothing; the whole world, its joys and cares, are forgotten in the intensity of his devotion. There are no useless ceremonies to captivate the senses; no images to tempt the human imagination into the sin of adoration; no dogmas but the belief in one God, and but two great duties imposed upon him by his creed—prayer, and charity to all mankind.

We cannot wonder that these humanizing principles, introduced among mankind by its energetic founder,

Mahomet, as the basis of his new creed, should have succeeded in making such rapid progress among the wandering tribes of Asia, promising as it did, not only happiness in this world, but all that the boundless fancies of man could invent of celestial joys in the next. And however false may have been the creed of Mahomet, its earliest followers were pre-eminent for virtue, and continued to live in harmony with the professors of every other religion, till the ambition of mighty chiefs, combined with priestcraft, made it a political vehicle for the enslavement of mankind, when Islamism became a persecuting religion, enforcing its peculiar tenets by the sword.

Without reference to the truth or falsehood of the creed of Mahomet, in the precepts of its religious code and legislative enactments, we everywhere see the absence of a master-mind, and in no respect more striking than in the indolent resignation inculcated to the decrees of heaven, and which teaches a man to fold his arms, and in utter abandonment, perish by his own voluntary inaction. The most energetic people that ever existed could not withstand the paralyzing influence of such a doctrine. This may be numbered among the principal causes which have led to the decadence of every Mahometan country, interwoven as it is into all the habits, customs and manners of the people, and forms we fear an almost insurmountable barrier against any Mahometan community ever becoming highly civilized, great and powerful.

We have a striking example of the baneful effects the creed of Mahomet exercises over the character and

tendencies of a nation, in the unchanged and unchanging Osmanli—the destroyer of his own prosperity, who, after having ruined and depopulated the fairest countries in the world, and swept away the most glorious monuments of ancient art, is likely to pass away from among the nations, without leaving any record of his existence, save the mosque and the minaret. Still, however indolent, apathetic and deficient he may have proved as an enlightened legislator, he possesses many valuable qualities as a ruler; firm in purpose, and intrepid in danger, he knows how to make himself obeyed, of which we have a proof in these provinces, where we see a mere handful of his race ruling with despotic power millions of men, his superiors in intellect, professing a different creed, and of a different race. How often have we seen the dashing Greek, the fiery Albanian and the sturdy Slavonian, bending like a reed at the very nod of the meanest Osmanli!

The inhabitants of Adrianople present to the traveller a complete menagerie of the various races in European Turkey, each distinctly marked from the other in features, costume and occupation. If we except Constantinople, the Osmanli are more numerous here than in any other town in these provinces, and said to amount to nearly fifty thousand. Besides these, there are Arnouts, Greeks, Armenians, Slavonians, Jews, Zinzars Gipseys and half-wild Turcomans, each race occupying their own district, numbering altogether, it is said, about a hundred and twenty thousand.

The dirty streets, and ill-built houses, offer nothing

new to the traveller in Turkey, one town being a duplicate of the other; the only interest excited, is by the inhabitants—their various trades, their costume, the eager throng in the bazaars, assailing your ears in as many idioms and languages as if they had escaped from the Tower of Babel. These, with the numbers of houseless dogs, vultures and storks, rambling unmolested through the streets, except when they quarrel among themselves about the possession of a bone, the eternal cooing of doves and pigeons, is most wearisome and monotonous; even the swallow is here an incessant chatterer, and being, like the stork, a bird of good omen, he is the favourite inmate of every house you enter.

Having at length procured a kiraidji, and filled my provender bags and leathern bottles with all the necessary provisions to meet the wants of a long journey, I was glad to escape from the mosquitoes and fever of the Turkish Edrené. I had not even the advantage of meeting with any Frank society; the Consuls of the various nations had set off to attend the fair of Usundji; and the English Consul, Mr. Willshire, had shut himself up in his country seat, several leagues distant in the mountains.

On leaving Adrianople for Philippopoli, we pass between the lesser chain of mountains that descends from the lofty Rhodope on one side, and the Balkan on the other; occasionally widening into a plain, and again contracting into a valley, in great part well-wooded, and evidently very fertile.

At Moustapha Pacha, the ancient Burdista—a small town, of a few hundred houses—we passed over a stone bridge, with nineteen arches, thrown over the Maritza, a great rarity in this country, and apparently of great antiquity. A few leagues further, I had an opportunity of trying the mettle of my Arabian, by swimming him over the rapid Usundji, which he executed in gallant style; and this he repeated successively, whenever we met that tortuous river on our way.

On emerging from a forest of evergreens, we entered the valley of the Usundji—or, as the Turks call it, Usunschova—so famous for its great fair; here we were overtaken by a violent thunder storm; and although the rain poured in torrents, we found encamped from eighty to a hundred thousand people, some in tents and booths, but by far the greater number lay about in groups, rolled up in their sheep-skins and mantles, seemingly indifferent to the weather.

While galloping towards the village to seek some han or nook to shelter us from the pitiless storm, I was hailed by some person from an extensive booth, who called to me, in the Italian language, to stop. On entering, I was greeted with a hearty welcome from the Austrian Consul, a worthy Venetian. I had also the pleasure of meeting several merchants from Germany, Italy and Switzerland. Here I passed the night, and part of the next day, to enjoy the fun; the scene was amusing enough, as the people had journeyed hither from nearly every part of Turkey, for the purpose of disposing of their wool, hides, raw cotton, leeches, and other pro-

duce of the country, and purchasing in return the manufactures of the West. Hundreds of camels, horses, mules, buffaloes and asses, belonging to the traders and peasants, were to be seen grazing on the vast plain; and every species of wheeled carriage, from the hexamoba of the Tatar, to the araba of the Turk and the Slavonian, drawn up in circles, inside of which the trader, in a small way, retailed his wares to the eager multitude, using the grass instead of a counter. Every approach to the fair was guarded by the Kavas, mounted, and on foot, for the purpose of maintaining order, and perhaps to repel any attempt the Haiduc might make from his mountains. Extensive sheds had been erected in the village by the Government, as warehouses for the merchants, and every house was converted into a han for the reception of strangers.

Previous to my arrival here, I was not aware of the existence of this, the most important fair in these provinces; and I doubt much that it is generally, if at all, known, to our manufacturers in England. Besides this great fair, which is held in the autumn, and lasts for several weeks, there are several others in various parts of European Turkey. The most considerable are those at Jannina, in Albania; Strouga, on the lake of Ocrida; Novi-bazar, in Upper Moesia; Islivni, in Thrace; at Prelip and Nicopoli, in Macedonia; at Eski-Djouma, in Bulgaria; at Zeitoun and Pharsalia, in Thessaly. These fairs are invariably held after the harvest is finished—during the months of

August and September, and last for several weeks, attracting a vast concourse of people from every part of the country. From some negligence on the part of the Consuls of England and France, the existence of these fairs seems to be nearly unknown to the mercantile classes of the countries they represent—the trade being entirely in the hands of German, Swiss and Italian merchants.

In rambling through the fair, I recognized among a group of kiraidjis, the broad, honest face of Georgy, my former guide through these provinces in 1847. On finding I was on my way home, the worthy fellow tossed his bales of wool and cotton to a comrade in search of a job, swearing by Sveti Djordji (Saint George) he was ready to accompany his gospodin to the ends of the earth. This was, indeed, an unexpected pleasure; for, however satisfied I might be with my present guide, Georgy was too valuable a companion not to have instantly induced me to secure his services. We knew each other thoroughly—a great desideratum in these half-wild countries, where the traveller *malgré lui*, is obliged to become the friend and companion of his kiraidji.

Our road, which had been like a bowling-green since we left Adrianople, owing to the heavy rains of the preceding night falling on a deep alluvial soil, had become a complete mire, and extremely slippery, rendered still worse by the great concourse of travellers coming from and going to the fair. Whenever we

met with a wheeled vehicle it was certain to be stuck fast in the mud; which the united force of buffaloes and men were unable to move. To save our poor horses from fatigue, and ourselves from falling, we struck into the dark shades of a forest in search of firmer ground. This route was tolerably good, till we got into a shaking marshy bog, which obliged us to dismount and lead our horses, by jumping from the roots of one tree to another. In the midst of our trouble, we heard a rough voice, crying out: "Nereden gueliersinitz!" and on looking round perceived three huge fellows in sheep-skin cloaks, armed with pistols, and long Arnout guns of a most cut-throat appearance. I expected it was all over with my saddle-bags, if the adventure ended there, and at once prepared for the fight. My opponents, however, seeing I was a Frank, in a more respectful tone demanded to see my "patscha porta;" and thus at once relieved me from any further apprehension, by showing me that they were the Sultan's *gens d'armes*.

After helping us out of the marsh, they conducted us to the Commandant of the karaoul, who alarmed us with the intelligence, that he could not answer for our safety, unless we took a mounted Kavas with us, from station to station, till we came to Philippopoli. This trick of imposing a guard upon travellers is very common with these gentlemen for the purpose of extorting money. At any other time, I should not have complied with his advice; still it was not unlikely that the fair and the concourse of so many

wealthy traders, might have tempted the brigands to pay us a visit.

Philippopoli, or as the natives call it, Philippi, built on the summit and around the base of an isolated rock, in the midst of a wide and fertile valley, forms a very beautiful and picturesque object in the distance, to which the Maritza that encircles it, with a moat of clear running water, adds all its charms.

The Acropolis, and the old town with its massive walls, the beautifully sculptured marble column forming the gate of entrance, are peculiarly interesting to the traveller from their great antiquity. Here is the residence of the Governor and the barracks for the Nizam. Beneath this is the Tcharchia, or commercial town, with its bazaars and shops, for the display of merchandize; each particular species being confined to its own proper quarter.

Among the forty thousand inhabitants of Philippi, the Greeks and Slavon-Greeks are the most numerous; consequently the Greek idiom is spoken in most of the shops and bazaars of the town next; to these come the Spanish Jews; then the Armenian, who is found everywhere in these provinces, and always engaged in commerce.

Partly Jew, Turk, and Christian, in habits and manners the Armenians, with an astonishing suppleness of character adapt themselves to the prejudices of each, when their interests are to be benefited. Like the Jews, they are the remnant of a powerful people, and like them have been led by commerce to

scatter themselves among the nations, and bear about them an unmistakeable stamp of nationality in their features, customs, and manners.

The Armenians embraced Christianity at a very early period, to which faith they have clung through all their wanderings and persecution, with a tenacity which neither their love of gain or power could subvert, holding aloof from any connexion with the oriental or the Latin church. Mount Ararat, their original home remaining up to the present day the centre of their religious union. The doctrine of the Armenian church differs from that of the orthodox, in acknowledging one nature in Jesus Christ, and that the Holy Spirit issues alone from God the Father.

As traders, either in buying or selling, the Armenians have not their equal; commerce may be regarded as reduced to a science among this people. We would even recommend our smart shopmen of London to come out here and take a lesson. The Turk wearies you with his taciturnity. The Jew with his endeavours to sell. The Greek with his flattery and desire to please. While the shrewd Armenian, with his calm, patriarchal manners, appears to take but little interest in the sale of his wares, places them before you in the most inviting position, and with a slight salute, laying his hand most gracefully on his breast, names the price. It is more than probable, after making the round of the bazaar, and bargaining with others, you come back to the honest-looking Armenian, and pay a higher price than the article is really worth.

We have frequently been an eye-witness of this in the bazaars of Constantinople, where strangers have been induced to purchase from the mild, grave looking, well-mannered Armenian, in preference to every other, and at an exorbitant price. Then his character of a Christian is always certain to recommend him to his brethren in faith from the West, under the impression they would not be cheated.

The Armenian may be said to monopolize the trade of money-lending in Turkey; consequently he stands in high favour with the Ottoman Porte and every Osmanli in power, to whom he is banker and agent; and none is more dreaded by the poor Rayah when he is employed as the collector of rents, particularly if he is permitted to farm them on paying an annual sum. If we view the Armenian apart from commercial transactions, in domestic life he is most amiable, the best of fathers, the kindest of husbands:—a man who never troubles himself with the affairs of his neighbour, goes regularly to church; subscribes generously to the support of his clergy, and the poor of his own race; never interferes with politics, kind and condescending in his manners; he passes through life with a countenance as placid as if he never had been subject to the passions and the cares which agitate the rest of mankind.

Philippi is the head-quarters of another religious sect, the Paulinists, who say that they alone profess the true doctrine as preached to their forefathers by Saint Paul. They are very numerous here, occupying a large district of the town; and said to be wealthy

and industrious, moral in their habits, and well educated. I found members of this religious sect in Modern Greece; and in nearly all the large towns in European Turkey, and as far as I could learn they are charitable and tolerant to all who differ from them in faith. Previous to the conquest of these provinces by the Turks, they suffered for their religious opinions, alike from the persecution of the Oriental and Latin churches; and if the Sultan from political motives would allow them to be represented by a patriarch at Constantinople, and at the same time encourage a schism among the members of the Oriental church, which would weaken the influence of the Czar of Russia among his co-religionists in these provinces, it might tend to consolidate his rule more than the countenance of the Western powers; and we know what a potent lever religion is among mankind, particularly when living in a state of semi-barbarism. At present, as a Mahometan ruler he is completely lost among the millions of Christians around him. We may, however, propose and recommend remedial measures; but we doubt if the obstinate fatalism, the culpable indifference of the Osmanli, can rouse sufficient energy to take a resolution which would create for him a sympathy among this long persecuted sect, and who, if they were protected and fostered by the State, would be certain to increase in numbers and political influence.

The ancient Greek cathedral, converted into a mosque, is a very fine building. The portico that we see surrounding it has been added by the Osmanli.

It still bears the form of a Greek cross, and were it not for the tapering minaret, we might presume it was still dedicated to the service of Christianity. The Turks, however, are not numerous here, and if we had no other source of information, the few houses we saw painted red was a sufficient indication, they alone having the right by law to use that distinguishing colour of a True Believer!

While making the tour of the environs with the Greek Bishop, at whose house I was billetted by the Pacha, my attention was attracted to one of those stupendous tumuli which abound on the plain of Philippi. The form not being conical, but sunk in the centre, seemed to indicate that it had at some period been opened. On making inquiry of my companion, he confirmed my opinion; adding, that a singular tragic anecdote was connected with this tumulus.

It appears some years since a Greek of Constantinople dreamed several successive nights, that if he were to journey to Philippi, he would find a certain tumulus, which he was to open when his labours would be rewarded by the discovery of enormous wealth—gold, diamonds and precious stones. The Greek, obedient to his vision, set out in search of the tumulus, and having met with one corresponding with his dream, no doubt remained on his mind that it contained the treasure. The difficulty of opening it, without exciting the curiosity of the inhabitants and the attention of the authorities now occurred to him, and he finally decided to return to Constantinople and communicate his wonderful vision to

the Nasir Agha, the principal engineer of the Sultan, who happened to be a renegade Greek of his acquaintance.

The compatriots having come to an arrangement in what proportions to divide the treasure, with all the cunning and rapacity of their race, lost no time in setting out for the plain of Philippi, where the Nasir Agha, in his character as chief of the imperial Engineers, summoned every able-bodied man among the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages to the work of excavation. After many days' severe labour, they came to an edifice built of stone, with a door of entrance, composed of the same material, and covered with hieroglyphics. This was forced open; when they found a spacious chamber, containing a sarcophagus, implements of husbandry, household utensils, weapons, and jars filled with gold and precious stones. But, alas! according to the tradition, the moment that an attempt was made to carry off the treasure, the heavens thundered—the earth heaved—and the tumulus closed above, burying in its womb the engineer and the dreamer, together with nearly a hundred workmen. Since this tragic incident, no attempt has been made to disturb the repose of the dead.

As may be presumed, an event so tragic as this forms the subject of many a superstitious legend among the inhabitants of Ancient Thrace. The Bulgarians say that the sacrilegious act has been punished by heaven, ordaining the perpetrators to work in the subterranean caverns of the earth till the Day of Judgment. On the

other hand, the Osmanli story-teller informs us that the Greeks, who like the rest of their race, were at once rapacious and faithless, contrived to entomb the workmen, in order to facilitate their escape with the booty into a foreign land. Be this is as it may, the unfortunate catastrophe has left so deep an impression on the minds of the people, that we doubt if the Sultan, with all his despotic authority, could induce a single inhabitant to violate any one of these sacred repositaries of the dead.

CHAPTER XIX.

Geographical position of Thrace and Macedonia—Considered with respect to their military importance—Sketches of the country and its inhabitants—Tatar-Bazardjik—Turkish misrule—Characteristics of the Osmanli—Social habits of the people—Superstitions—View of the Balkan—Ascent of the Balkan—General aspect of the country—Inhabitants—Industry—Torrents of the Balkan—The Great Isker—Difficulty of fording it—Sagacity and affection of the horse—Anecdote of the horse.

BEFORE we leave the Ancient Thrace and Macedonia, we must say a few words with respect to the political importance they derive from their geographical position. The great kingdoms of Europe are not more distinctly severed from each other, than every separate province of European Turkey is defined under its ancient denomination. Each has its own mountain barrier, or sea boundary, as if nature intended they should have formed so many independent States. This is observable, not only here, but in Ancient Greece. Hence the number of petty kingdoms, which continued to flourish

for so many centuries, rivalling each other in industry, the arts and sciences, and which, if they had only formed a confederation of political interests, the natural strength of their position was such, that they might have defied the world in arms. It is owing to this natural boundary which the hand of man can never efface, that we find here so many distinct races, speaking their own peculiar idiom or languge, and differing from each other in many of their customs and manners.

The Ancient Thrace may be considered as an immense valley situated between two ridges of mountains, the Despotodagh in Macedonia, and the lesser chain of the Hœmus on the Black Sea and the Bosphorus, and with the sea for a boundary from the Gulf of Enos to Constantinople, its weakest frontier; consequently, Thrace has never figured in history as a country of any importance, and must have been from an early epoch an appendage of some powerful neighbour; probably commencing with the kings of Troy, and then falling under the rule of the kings of Macedonia. At a later date we find it overrun by successive hordes of barbarians, Scythians, Bulgarians and Servians, carrying their devastations to the walls of Constantinople, and later still by the Russians; who, having once passed the gorges of the Balkan, there was neither defile, gorge, mountain, nor hill of sufficient importance to arrest their march to Constantinople. As might be expected, the open, ill-defended coast of Thrace, was the first part of Europe that

attracted the attention of the Turks, who having taken its strongest town, Gallipoli, spread themselves over the entire province, made Adrianople their capital, eventually Constantinople, and conquered the whole of European Turkey.

The configuration of countries broken into mountains, valleys, defiles and gorges, with their natural and impassable boundaries, exercises a great influence on the character and energy of the inhabitants. We have an example of this in the neighbouring province of Macedonia, with its splendid mountain barrier, and everywhere broken in the interior by ridges of lesser mountains. A country so well adapted to form a hardy race of guerillas, accustomed to bear up against the influences of every climate, from the burning sun of Asia to the freezing winds of the north, and which produces to this day some of the finest specimens of man in these provinces. Like Tchernegora, and the mountain home of the Miriditi, in Upper Albania, the Despotodagh in Macedonia, consists of a complete net work of defiles, ravines, deep gorges, with their precipices, isolated rocks, dense forests and plateaus, each commanding the other to the region of snow, with its outworks extending to the frontiers of Thrace, Thessaly, and the Ægean Sea.

It was the possession of this formidable ridge of mountains that enabled the ancient Macedonians to push their conquests into the neighbouring States; and while they remained invulnerable in their own mountain fastness, they had the command of all the passes

leading to Greece on one side, and to Constantinople and Asia, on the other. We must, therefore, be of the opinion, that in any future wars or insurrection of the Rayahs, the existence of Turkish rule in this part of European Turkey, depends on the occupation of this important mountain district, which produced the men that enslaved Ancient Greece, and astonished the world by their bravery and conquests.

Sultan Orchan, with his gallant son, Soliman, the conqueror of Thrace, aware of the advantages of so formidable a position as the Despotodagh, which at once secured to him possession of his new conquests, and opened a wide field for extending his rule into the neighbouring provinces, lost no time in driving out the degenerate Greeks, and peopling the country with his own race, in order to secure it from falling at any future period into the power of the Christian insurgents, which accounts for the number of Turkish villages, we find scattered about in its valleys, ravines and defiles. Notwithstanding this wise precaution of the Osmanli conqueror, by a singular fatality, the Mahometan settlers have continued to decrease, while their neighbours, the Greek and Bulgarian Rayahs, have multiplied; and in the present day, several of the districts of the Despotodagh is as much the home of the free Palikari and the Haiduc as the mountains of Tchernegora, sufficiently shewn during the insurrection of the Rayahs of Macedonia in 1831.

Every step we made in advance from Philippi, the country increased in picturesque beauty, abounding in

forests and fertile valleys extending far into the ridge of mountains, the Despotodagh and the Hœmus, that lined each side of the fine plain through which we were now travelling; there was, however, the same absence of population, and no change in the miserable aspect of the villages, except that they were surrounded by vast sheds of out-houses, fenced round by palisadoes for the reception of their flocks and herds, and to protect them from the cold of winter and the prowling wolf.

At the village of Harmanli we forded the Maritza, and here we received the disagreeable intelligence, that a Frank traveller had been robbed a few days previous, and his Tatar, and two horses shot dead. As a precaution against a similar mishap, I engaged a relay of the Kavas from karaoul to karaoul, till we arrived at Tatarbazardjik, presumed to be the ancient Bessapora, a pretty little town containing several thousand inhabitants.

Hussein, the Bey of Tatarbazardjik, a member of one of the few families in European Turkey, who still inherits the landed property of his ancestors, has large estates in the neighbourhood of this town, seemingly well cultivated, with several populous villages. The best rice in European Turkey is grown on his estates. The Bey, who is evidently a man of intelligence, had a number of men at work preparing an extensive marsh to be converted into rice grounds. A welcome sight to the traveller in these provinces, who may travel from sea to sea, from the Danube to Constantinople, without beholding the slightest mark of improvement either in

the aspect of the country, or the industry of the inhabitants.

About ten years ago, I traversed nearly the same route from Constantinople to the Danube. The country was without roads as it is now, and several of the bridges that then existed have been carried away by the flood, or fallen from decay, without either the inhabitants, or the government, attempting to replace them. Again, we have a noble river, the Maritza, running through the centre of one of the most fertile districts to be found in any country, and navigable for steam vessels, but where a bark of any kind is a novelty.

All this seemed so strange to a denizen of "go a-head" England, where every man, from the peasant to the prince, is eagerly rushing forward in the march of improvement. It is not alone the absence of any change for the better that so forcibly arrests the attention of the traveller, as the deep-settled gloom that characterizes country, town, village, people, wherever the Osmanli rules. Even music, so exhilirating to the inhabitants of other lands, is here invariably like a dirge; whether the mandolin, or the gousla, is in the hands of a Greek or Turk, a Slavonian or an Albanian, his gamut comprises but two notes, high and low, and from these he produces a cadence the most mournful that can be conceived.

The motive that governs an Osmanli in all his actions, is the preservation of his dignity, and this is done by maintaining an imperturbable gravity of demeanour:

with this view, he neither sings nor dances, and speaks but little; he smokes his tchibouque and drinks his coffee in silence, and when he moves out to take a promenade, if he has not his tchibouque, he is certain to have a string of beads, similar to those of a devout Romanist, which he keeps moving up and down with the utmost speed of his fingers. A stranger might suppose he was saying his prayers: no such thing, he is only obeying an ancient Mahometan law, which forbids a man, under penalty of death, to have his hands unemployed when he walks abroad.*

The general monotonous aspect of the towns and villages, in which the usual dreary silence ever reigns, is most tiresome to the traveller; and if you do hear the merry laugh, or boisterous shout, it is certain to proceed from some wandering delhi (madman), whom all classes respect and pity—the pet alike of Turk and Rayah. If you meet with a pretty woman, no matter of what creed or race, she is certain to be enveloped in a veil, through which she exhibits a pair of dazzling bright eyes, which might be dangerous in their effects were it not for the *chaussure*, the shuffling gait, and

* This law originated in consequence of the numerous assassinations that formerly took place in Turkey, when the assassin was accustomed to carry his weapon concealed in his hand behind his back. The law has become obsolete, but the beads are still used, principally in the present day to denote the wealth of the owner, some of these rosaries being composed of gems of great value.

the want of grace in every movement of the fair *incognito*.

If you enter a shop, there is no bargaining or disputing about the price, offer a lower sum than that demanded, the article is put away without a word of comment; and if you do purchase, the money is received without even a bow of acknowledgement. The same apathetic phlegm is exhibited by the artizan who sits cross-legged at his work, whether saddler, carpenter, pipemaker, shoemaker, cook, tinker, or tailor. If you stroll into the environs of a town, invited by the cool retreat of a grove of trees; you will find it to be the home of the dead, shaded by the funeral cypress; adding an increased melancholy to the dreariness around you.

Rayahs and Jews, Armenians, Zinzars and Gipsies have all caught the solemn taciturn manners of their lords; even the lively constitution of the mercurial Greek, and the light-hearted shepherd of the mountain, have not been able to withstand the infection. In short, there is no fun, nor frolicsome mirth; no fiddling nor dancing to give zest to the morgue that besets the path of the traveller in Turkey; and were it not for the lovely country, the bracing air, the healthful exercise of being day after day in the saddle, and the impulse it gives to the spirits, I believe I should have become inoculated with the indolent fatalism of a True Believer; take to the tchibouque, sit cross-legged, and cry out as gravely as the best Mussulman among them: "Allah biler! Mashallah! Inshallah!" and leave every earthly thing to the keeping of Kismet!

Hitherto we have only described the Turk as he pursues the even tenour of every day life; still his character is composed of contrarieties; that quiet, sedate-looking man, we see sitting cross-legged on his little carpet, smoking his tchibouque from sunrise to sunset, is susceptible of the strongest passions that can agitate the breast of man. He is capable of the most virtuous actions; he can perpetrate the darkest crimes; he is the trustiest friend, or the deadliest foe; the most generous, as the most avaricious of men; and however indolent he may appear to be, he is full of enterprize and activity when aroused by any exciting cause. On the field of battle he dashes at his enemy regardless of life or danger; and if he has once tasted blood, the tiger is not more cruel and ferocious, nor more difficult to satiate.

The precepts of the Koran, which impose upon a True Believer the obligation to pray five times a day, and each time to confess his sins before God, and not to rise from the earth until his spirit tells him he is forgiven, exercise great influence on the character of a Mahometan—produce and nurture in him a serious turn of mind; so that, like the Puritan of other countries, he has no relish for the light amusements enjoyed by those who profess a religion that is neither so exacting nor restrictive in its observances.

The example of so much devotion on the part of the Turk, has not been lost upon the Rayah, who, with the exception of the educated classes, never performs any act of everyday life, however trifling, without

crossing himself. If to this we add the superstitions of both—the apprehension of evil constantly predominating over every other feeling; the number of unlucky days and unlucky hours to be provided against; the variety of ill-omened birds and animals that may cross their path; the evil eye; sorcerers and vampyres; with the evil genii of the mountain, the rock, dell and river—we cannot be surprised at the eternal crossings of the Christian, nor the eternal handling of amulets in the Mahometan, as a protection against such a host of natural and supernatural enemies; nor that a gloomy disposition of mind should characterize the inhabitants of these countries.

On leaving Tatarbazardjik, and the plains of Thrace —the home of the gloomy Turk—a ride of a few leagues took us to Jenikoi, whence we obtained a splendid view of the Balkan, appearing in the horizon like a vast wall of mountains covered with forests, shooting up here and there into an isolated peak, from four to five thousand feet high. We commenced the ascent through a strong defile—the Kaprulou-Derbend —still exhibiting the ruins of the castle and fortifications, erected by the Emperor Trajan for the defence of this important pass, now reduced to a miserable karaoul, garrisoned by a Turkish officer, and half a dozen Arnouts.

The ascent of the Balkan by this pass, an inclined plane, is by no means difficult; neither have the mountains that wild and desolate aspect that might have been expected. There was a succession of green pla-

teaus, with their undulating sunny slopes, tiny valleys, ravines and romantic dells, studded about with villages, and rather a numerous population, composed of shepherds and agriculturists, all Bulgarians, a fine healthy looking race of mountaineers, who here, under the safeguard of their more daring compatriots, the Haiducs, of the higher range of mountains, cultivate their fields in peace, and live, from father to son, in full enjoyment of their religion and communal liberties.

It was the ancestors of these indefatigable enemies of the Osmanli, instigated by their Greek priests, that rose up and killed Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, the conqueror of Constantinople, and his band of mailed warriors, in the pass leading to Ichtiman, the Sparata of the Ancients. We passed through that little town, containing five hundred houses, with several pretty mosques. It is now the seat of a Turkish Aien, who has a guard of Arnouts and a few hundred soldiers at his command, for the defence of this important pass of the Balkan!

On arriving at the Great Isker, to distinguish it from the lesser, we found it very much swollen, owing to the heavy rains, which generally drench the traveller, day after day, who may extend his excursions through the Balkan; this placed us in what a Yankee would call, a regular fix. There was the river before us, roaring like a torrent, every moment increasing in volume, and carrying with it broken trees and rubbish, with the velocity of a steam-boat. We made a considerable detour, still there was the same raging flood before us,

the same stern barrier, threatening to engulf us if we made the attempt to cross it.

Purposely to try the mettle of my Arabian (who was wonderfully improved by good feeding and care), I urged him repeatedly to the task of swimming across; but each time he stood as firm as a rock on the bank, casting a look up at me, with an expression full of intelligence, as much as to say, there is danger. It was impossible not to take warning from such a monitor; still, there cannot be a doubt, had I forced him with whip and spur, he would have dashed into the boiling surge, and strained every nerve to gain the opposite bank.

Were I to recount one tenth of the anecdotes which came under my notice, during my previous and present travels in Asia and in these provinces, relative to the generous nature of the horse, his sagacity, intelligence and affection towards man, they would appear fabulous to the inhabitants of the West, where he is not always well treated, and where the usages of civilized life cannot admit of his becoming, like the dog, the immediate companion of man. There is not, consequently, the same facility to become acquainted with his intelligence, as is afforded to the nomade and half nomade, with whom he may be said to live from his birth. With them there is no restraint; they have no elegant house, with its luxurious carpets, to prevent the favourite from coming in doors to be fondled and caressed by his friends, to lie down, roll and gambol with the children.

With respect to my Arabian, so long the companion of a kind master, and the playmate of his little family, now that he felt assured he had nothing to fear from having fallen into the hands of a stranger, every day developed in him some new trait of sagacity and affection. Let the reader imagine me bivouacking in the mountains, under the shade of a group of noble trees, with a stream of clear water flowing at our feet, my kiraidji and myself busily employed in turning a wooden spit run through a quarter of a lamb, or a kid, over a large fire, with my horse stretched by my side, his head resting on my shoulder, eagerly watching the savoury dish till it was cooked, and then, after eating a mouthful or two, and taking a piece of sugar, and drinking a cup of wine, scampering off to forage for himself, and again coming, frisking to my side, on hearing my whistle, like a spaniel dog.

Finding we could not attempt the passage of the Great Isker, we returned to the village of Jeni-han, where we remained till early dawn, knowing that a few hours' fair weather would be sufficient to reduce the volume of the mountain torrent. The event justified our expectations, a strong breeze having sprung up during the night, we easily found a place where we could conveniently ford it, and continue our route to Sophia, distant only a few leagues.

The little province of Sophia, hemmed in on every side by a chain of hills, over which rises the snow-crested summit of the stupendous Rilo Planina, may be termed the real home and capital of the Bulgarian, for

when nearly all was lost, here they made their last stand against the Turks, and maintained themselves till they were shut out from all communication with the world and their friends. However, in those days, nothing could withstand Osmanli enterprize and persevering energy; they were not then the indolent, degenerate, tchibouque-smoking, coffee-bibbing race we now find them; nor were their chiefs the effeminate inmates of a harem, better fitted for weaving a web of intrigue on the velvet cushion of a divan, than taking a bold active part in the regeneration of a country.

CHAPTER XX.

Arrival at Sophia—Its ancient and modern history—Sketch of the Bulgarian nationality—Public buildings at Sophia—The cholera and the plague—Turkish fatalism and indolence—Journey through the mountains to Ternova—Some account of the capital of the ancient Krals of Bulgaria—Sketch of the Bulgarian revolution of 1838-40.

THE first view of Sophia, rising up in the centre of a vast basin, with its domes and minarets picturing their fair forms on the horizon; over which we behold, in picturesque grandeur the encircling chain of the Balkan, is one of surprizing beauty. As we descend into the plain, the eye loves to dwell on the number of villages shaded with groves of fruit trees, and the rich fields of maize, and every species of grain that lie dotted about in every direction—the true ornament of a landscape, as they tell of man's patient industry, and we hope his happy home.

On approaching the capital of the mountain districts of Bulgaria, as if by enchantment we enter a dreary

waste, which encircles the town, and to increase the tristeness, pass through a funereal forest of turbanned pillars, to remind the traveller how fleeting is the life of man. But a cemetery harmonizes with the gloomy character of an Osmanli, and is at all times, and in all places, his favourite promenade, and no Christian dare desecrate the soil by tilling the ground within miles of the " city of his ancestors." Out of compassion for the bones of their fathers, we would recommend them to enclose these cities within high walls, and a more contracted space, since the number of dogs one sees prowling about, creates uncomfortable apprehensions which the stranger cannot easily dismiss from his mind.

The miserable wooden bridge thrown over the Isker, and still more miserable wooden gate, with the dilapidated fortifications, that a child might leap over, entirely dispel, on a near approach, the illusion of the traveller, who may imagine from a more distant view that he is approaching a rich and flourishing city. Still Sophia, however decayed an appearance it may present to the eyes of the traveller from the west, has by no means lost its local importance, and the associations connected with it must ever be interesting when we remember the degree of commercial prosperity it had attained long before London, the mighty emporium of modern commerce, was even heard of.

Sophia, like every other ancient town in this land of mythology and tradition, claims the honour of having been founded by a celestial being; and as we do not pretend to be so matter-of-fact as to exclude from our

pages all that belongs to the ideal world, we feel that were it only for the sake of our fair readers, we cannot but relate the romantic tradition connected with the foundation of Sophia.

It appears that the beauty of Serdicé, the daughter of Illyria, which according to tradition was such as might "raise a mortal to the skies, or call an angel down," having, like her mother, as we related in the preceding pages, captivated one of those angelic youths of old, who—

> "Burning for maids of mortal mould,
> Bewildered, left the glorious skies,
> And lost their heaven fo woman's eyes."

Having, doubtless, not without great difficulty, persuaded the fair maiden to elope, the celestial paramour bore her on his pinions aloft into the regions of upper air, where, after hovering some time butterfly-like in search of a pretty retired spot wherein to pass their honeymoon, the loving couple at length alighted in the beautiful basin which Sophia now occupies. Here they built their bower of love, which, however, truth compels us to confess was in all probability about as picturesque and comfortable as a log hut, since a genius for architecture never seems to have distinguished these immortal founders of the great cities of the East, it however formed the nucleus of similar structures, and as small beginnings often lead to great ends, Sophia gradually became the flourishing city it was in the time of the great Macedonian, Alexander, when it was known as

Serdicé, the Illyrian name for heart; appropriate enough, as the heart or capital of this branch of the Illyrian empire.

When these provinces fell under the Romans, they chose Serdicé as their principal residence, fortified it, and made it the centre of the Radii, whence roads branched off in every direction through these provinces, so well constructed that the kiraidji of the present day, when overtaken by bad weather, if he should happily discover one, blesses the hand that made it.

On the fall of the Romans, another Scythian horde from Asia, the followers of the chieftain Bulgar, spread themselves over the Balkan and the rich plains around it, conquered the Illyrians, and from an affinity of language and tradition, amalgamated into one people under the name of Bulgarians, and from barbarians became a civilized, industrious, commercial, and enterprising people, and founded Ternova, which became the capital and residence of their krals. In process of time, these valiant tribes having been converted to Christianity by the Greeks, extended their conquests across the Danube to the Theiss in Hungary; overrun Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, Albania, and Greece, and reigned over these vast countries nearly four hundred years, driving before them the Byzantine Greeks to take refuge within the strong walls of Constantinople.

From this time the Veliki Krals (great kings) of Bulgaria, took the title of "In Christo Dei fidelis rex et Monarchum, Omnium, Bulgarorum et Græcorum," dividing the government of these provinces, now known

as European Turkey, with another Slavonian race, the Servians. During their rule the Peloponnesus was changed to that of the Morea, a Slavonian word, which signifies a country lying on the sea; the names of many other places in Greece, Albania, and Macedonia were also changed, and they still retain their Slavonian appellations. At the commencement of the tenth century, the Bulgarians by their conquests having excited the jealousy of the surrounding states, were attacked conjointly by the Byzantine Greeks, the Servians, and the Hungarians, when they were driven to their first settlements between Thrace, Macedonia, the Danube, and the Black Sea. From henceforth, the Servians took the place of the Bulgarians as the leading power in these provinces, and continued to maintain their rule till the Turkish conquest.

Having now disposed of what Bulgaria was, we will return to Sophia, a town which, notwithstanding all that it suffered from a long siege, and the excesses of the Turks on taking possession, arrests the attention of the traveller, who sees in the beauty and magnificence of the churches, and one or two other public buildings, memorials of the wealth, industry, and civilization of the Bulgarians.

The great mosque is the finest specimen now existing of the architecture of the Bulgarians. Previous to the Turkish conquest, it bore the name of San Sophia, and like that at Constantinople, was dedicated to the Holy Trinity. The Bulgarians were so proud of their cathedral, and its magnificence so justly celebrated,

that the name of the town was changed from Serdicé to Sophia.

The caravanserai or han, partly in ruins, was the most magnificent building ever erected in these provinces, for the reception of the traveller and his merchandize. It was constructed entirely of cut stone, arched throughout, and fire proof. In wandering through its vast stables, warehouses, galleries, and endless private rooms, we have abundant proof of the great commerce of Sophia, in the Middle Ages, when this han alone, the only one that escaped utter destruction, was sufficiently large to accomodate a thousand travellers. At the same time, the torn and shattered state in which it had been left by the cannon balls of the Turks, shews the protracted resistance made by the inhabitants against their Mahometan invaders.

The remains of a Grecian temple tell us that the city, founded by the fair Serdicé, was at one time included in the Macedonian Empire, and the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre, show that it formed part of that great empire; but the only remnant of the Turkish rule that is likely to go down to posterity, is the fragile minaret! invariably added to the churches of the Christians when they were converted to mosques.

With the exception of the objects we have mentioned, Sophia is but the fac-simile of every other old town in these provinces; ill-paved narrow streets, badly-ventilated bazaars, wooden huts with their booth-like shops, coffee-rooms, &c. As to the amount of population of this town, and indeed, every other in Turkey, when we

are guided by the number of houses, which the Turkish authorities adopt as their scale by which to estimate the inhabitants, the result must be uncertain. That the population of the whole of these Turkish towns annually decrease, there cannot be a doubt. From the statement of Dr. Roberti, in the service of the Ottoman Porte, it appears that the town of Sophia, in 1836, when the plague broke out, was reduced from a population of forty-five thousand to thirty-five thousand, since then, from repeated attacks of cholera, and other maladies, we find it now numbers less than twenty-thousand. Dr. Müller, of Bittoglia, and Dr. Bulard, of Constantinople, have recorded an equally fearful loss of life in the other towns of European Turkey; and, be it remembered, the greater number of the victims were Mahometans, possessing some little independence, or holding an official situation; the indolent frequenters of the coffee-house, whose daily exercise consists of a stroll through the confined air of a covered bazaar, or a ramble to the "city of their ancestors," the very places where pestilence is certain to fix its residence; and if to this we add their fatalism, their belief that the term of the duration of each man's existence is recorded in the Book of Fate, and that every precaution to arrest the fiat is unavailing; we cannot wonder at the awful loss of life that insues, when a Mahometan town happens to be visited by either of those scourges of the human race, the plague or the cholera.

However much we may rail against the fatalism of the Mahometans, we cannot but admire their resigna-

tion, when contrasted with the selfish cowardice of the Christians, in European Turkey, who, in their eagerness to escape contagion, deserted their sick relatives, and fled to the mountains, carrying with them the seeds of death to the most remote village. We witnessed repeated instances of this during our tour through these provinces, in 1836, when the plague burst forth with unwonted virulence, and continued its ravages till 1839. During our route from Constantinople to the Danube, we found several of the large towns encircled by a military cordon, to prevent the egress or ingress of any person, unless furnished with a pass from the Governor. In some instances, the unhappy patient in the height of delirium, fled from the town, and even escaped the shower of bullets levelled at him, to die on the road-side, when his energies were exhausted. As the deaths multiplied, the desire of the inhabitants to escape increased, till nothing could withstand the rush of thousands; who preferred dying by the bullets of the tacticoes, to remaining any longer shut up within the walls of an infected town, leaving the aged and the helpless, the convalescent and the dying to provide for themselves, the Mahometan alone firm in his reliance on the decrees of fate, refused to quit the abode of death.

In some districts, the Turkish authorities commanded the inhabitants to leave the towns, and encamp on the neighbouring heights; still, the destroyer was among them. During this never-to-be-forgotten tour in Asiatic and European Turkey, I found whole towns

and villages deserted, while every human being I met, wore on his countenance an indescribable expression of terror.

In 1836, after a winter unusually mild, the plague showed itself in Constantinople, and spread like the blast of the simoon to Smyrna and Asia Minor, depopulating in its progress, whole towns and villages: from thence it advanced into Greece, Thrace, Macedonia, and Upper Moesia, crossed the Balkan into Bulgaria and Servia, leaving untouched the whole of Albania, Herzegowina, and Bosnia. Whether the infection could not ascend the high range of mountains that encircles these provinces, or that the traveller from the diseased districts, who might convey in his luggage, or about his person, the seeds of the malady became purified by the influence of a keen, bracing air, in crossing these heights, we cannot say. Certain it is that they remained free from the plague, during the whole of the time it lingered in the adjoining provinces.

Since this eventful epoch in the history of the plague in Turkey, quarantines have been established. It is yet to be seen how far they may be found useful in arresting the progress of a disease, which it appears, from the observations of medical men, is periodical in its visits to countries where nothing is done by man to remove the primary cause that produces it. There is still the abominable accumulation of filth in the towns and cities, never free from disease; now assuming the milder form of nervous fever—or intermittent—then typhus and inflammatory; and again, according to atmo-

spheric influences and other causes, breaking out into the plague or Asiatic cholera. The remedy suggests itself—a systematic purification. This can only be done by a total destruction of the covered bazaar, opening a current of air through the streets, and above all, the construction of sewers; this might easily be effected in a mountainous country like European Turkey, where nearly all the towns and cities are situated on an acclivity, near the sea, or with a rapid river flowing near, or through them.

Again, the rivers in Turkey are too frequently the fruitful source of disease, for, as we before observed, they are always neglected, abound in marshes, where pestilential vapours combine with the filth of the towns, to form an atmosphere sufficient to destroy the most healthy population. In short, there are so many changes to be effected, and these so entirely new to an indolent Osmanli, that the man who should propose them would be regarded as a Delhi! Besides, there is not a single precept in the Koran to sanction all this useless labour! Truly, when Mahomet legislated, his vision as a prophet must have been obscured as to the future grandeur of his followers; for his whole code of laws and religion, seem as if they were solely instituted for a people who were for ever to remain wandering shepherds. He imposed upon them, as a religious duty, copious personal ablutions, altogether unmindful of the contingency that might elevate them at some future time to be the rulers over vast countries, with their civilized inhabitants, dwelling in towns and

cities,' and requiring a different system of administration.

On leaving Sophia for Ternova, the ancient capital and residence of the Krals of Bulgaria, we pass through the centre of those mountain gorges that cut up the Balkan in every direction. This route is only practicable for the traveller who is accompanied by a guide, and mounted on a sure-footed horse. Sometimes we ascend an elevated defile, which the eye penetrates with difficulty. We then enter the glades of a dark forest, and emerge upon some plateau commanding a prospect so extensive, that we might almost fancy we saw the Euxine pictured on the horizon. At every turn in the rocks, the eye embraces a new landscape, and if not so extensive and varied as the last, there is in it some feature of beauty and novelty—such as the leaping cascade, dashing its spray, and forming rainbows among the foliage of the dark pine—to draw forth an exclamation of delight.

On descending from the heights, we perceive the old town of the kings of Bulgaria, seated on the river Jantra, surrounded by a forest of fruit trees, among which the groves of linden and chesnut trees, add their picturesque beauty, and impart to the landscape a richness and a variety of colouring which mingle well with meadows and cultivated fields, the ruins of convents, and the flocks of sheep and goats, that are seen browsing on the sloping sides of the hills.

Of the once puissant Ternova, nothing remains but

its narrow streets and miserable bazaar. The Turks, on taking possession, destroyed every vestige of the king's palace, together with the fine cathedral, and spacious han for the accommodation of the traveller; in short, every building, or souvenir, that could remind a Bulgarian of his nationality; but the most bitter war of extermination seems to have been directed against the national emblem, the golden lion, for we find it everywhere defaced, whether on bridge, porch, gate, or fortress.

Still Ternova, the Sveta Horata of the Bulgarians, is not forgotten, for here and in the adjoining mountains and forests, was planned, in 1838, 9, and 40, one of the most dangerous insurrections on record among this people. When the plan of the conspirators was completely matured, and only waited for the appointed signal to break out into open revolt, a solitary individual laid the entire plot before the Pacha of Sophia, who communicated it to the Divan. Several of the most influential among the chiefs were seized, put to the torture, and then impaled; but these severe measures did not prevent the almost simultaneous burst which took place in Bulgaria, Thrace, and Macedonia. It was of no avail; the Mussulman war-dogs of Bosnia and Albania, were again let loose on their game; the Haiduc was again hunted to his retreat in the mountains, and the poor peasants again driven like a flock of sheep to their villages, and left to toil in their fields, for to destroy a people whose industry supported their masters would

be impolitic, and cause the ruin of the elect, who prefer fighting to work. If the reader desires to peruse a detailed account of the terrible scenes that took place during this insurrection, he will find an ample account in the "Serbske Narodne Novine," of 1840, published at Belgrade.

CHAPTER XXI.

Political state of European Turkey — Administration — Causes that led to the Bulgarian insurrection of 1850—Rapacity of Zia Pacha of Widdin—Turkish officials and Greek bishops—The Servians and Bulgarians contrasted — Alliance between the Turkish Government and the dignities of the Oriental Church — Effects of spiritual despotism — Discontent of the Rayahs in European Turkey — How increased by the Hungarian and Polish refugees—Probable destiny of the rule of the Turks in these provinces—Hints and observations.

We are not abettors of revolution, still we cannot but ardently desire some change that might have the effect of emancipating the fairest provinces of Europe from a vicious administration, whose measures are too often dictated by fanaticism, tyranny, and prejudice. It is notorious that the vitality of the Osmanli race has become extinct—their power a mere phantom. The Sultan in his reforms means well, but he has not the ability to do the good he desires, and on every side encounters obstacles. At one time we see him reduced to lean for support on the Christians, and again clinging

to his enemies, the non-reforming Mahometans, each being led on to destroy the other according to the exigency of the moment. This exhibition of weakness injures his reputation, and his people regard him as a puppet, supported at home by the religious animosity of his subjects, and abroad by the jealousy of foreign powers, who deem it expedient to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire, in order to preserve the balance of power, thus, from selfish motives, becoming accessory to the ruin and depopulation of these fine countries.

Many examples might be adduced to show the difficulty of ruling these provinces, where the great bulk of the population is Christian, and the governing power Mahometan. The one, accustomed for centuries to the most debasing slavery, is still the same grovelling slave his fathers were before him. The other, the haughty official, full of his own importance as a Mussulman in authority, with a host of armed Kavaas ready to execute his slightest wish; throws the instructions he has received from the Divan to guide him in his administration to the winds, and pursues the old system of extortion, his only thought being how, or by what means, he can enrich himself without resorting to actual violence. He remembers the large sum he paid, or has to pay, to some influential person, through whose interest he was installed in office, this must be reimbursed; then a large sum must be laid by to maintain him should he lose his place, and secure a provision for old age; besides he must uphold his station by living in a style commensurate with the dignity he fills. This cannot be done

without having recourse to unjustifiable methods to procure money. The taxes are farmed out, every office is sold to the highest bidder, even the administration of the law; nay, the Moullah and the Greek Bishop, who are appointed by Government to superintend his actions, must each have a separate douceur, otherwise they may inform against him.

Thus, the poor Rayah whose patient industry supports Sultan, Church and State, is robbed of his last para for the benefit of the Pacha, the Bishop, and a host of *employées*, down to the lowest Tchiboukji. Should fair means fail to extract from him the wages of his labour, recourse is had to violence, till nothing remains to him, save the miserable hut in which he lives with his wife and children—these, if possessing personal attractions, are not always safe from wretches who carry a brace of loaded pistols to enforce submission.

Human endurance can bear no more. The abject Rayah asserts the rights of man, and flies to arms, but alas! his weapons are nothing better than his implements of husbandry, which he can oppose with little effect against powder and ball. The tacticoes and Arnouts are called out, cannon is employed to put down the revolt, and while the poor Rayah dies courageously in the field, his wife and children are frequently consumed among the embers of their cabin, the victims of Turkish misrule. Such was the state of a large district in Bulgaria, the extensive pachalik of Widdin, when I arrived at Sophia in 1850.

The inhabitants of Western Europe have probably heard of the insurrection of Bulgaria, but they cannot

entertain the remotest idea of the horrors that accompanied it; and although, thank Heaven! I was spared the misery of witnessing the contest, the smoking villages, that I saw during my route to the Danube, the blackened bones of the inmates, the number of dead bodies that still lay about in defiles and gorges, preyed upon by wolves, and half-wild dogs, told a fearful tale of bitter animosity, and how desperate had been the struggle. When it was too late, the Turkish Government ordered an inquiry to be made as to the cause; but we presume as Zia Pacha, the author of all this misery and bloodshed, had not politically offended, and was known to be favourable to the views of the Sultan, and an enemy of the anti-reform party, no severer punishment was awarded than a reprimand, and to be deprived of his pachalik.

The Bulgarians have neither the bold determination of their neighbours, the Servians, nor the spirit of enterprize, combination and fiery valour of the Greeks; they more resemble the moujik (serf) of Russia—a machine to be guided at the will of a clever engineer. In Upper Moesia, and on the banks of the Morava, where they amalgamate with the Servians, and their own Haiducs of the mountains; and in Thrace and Macedonia where they come in contact with their neighbours, the Greeks, we find them a totally different people; but here in Old Bulgaria, where they number three millions, they may be compared to a carcass to be preyed upon by eighty thousand Mussulman vultures, that being the number of Turks residing in the towns on the

Danube and the Black Sea. Even to this day, notwithstanding the edict of the Sultan, granting them social rights, and abrogating the ancient laws, which compelled the Rayah of every rank, except the clergy, to humble himself in presence of the elect of Mahomet, a Bulgarian, when he enters the hall of audience of a Pacha, or a simple Aien, is seen crawling on his knees, and bending his neck in abject submission to the man in power. While travelling, he dismounts from his horse till the great man passes; and in all the small towns and villages, the whole population bend like a reed at the nod of the meanest Turk.

We may, therefore, conclude that the Panslavist may preach patriotism and union, the Haiduc rave about a free independent Bulgaria, for generations yet to come; unless the impulse comes from another Slavonian race, the bold, determined Servian, the only nationality in European Turkey possessed of the qualities necessary to lead the movement, should the Bulgarians make the attempt to recover their independence.

It is true, centuries of slavery, enforced by a brutal, fanatic Osmanli, might be deemed sufficient to annihilate any latent spark of military ardour, and engender a feeling of contented serfdom. The Servians, however, suffered equally with their brethren of Bulgaria, still the martial energies of the people triumphed over the Turks, at a time when they were far more powerful, and united, than we find them in the present day. We could, it is true, record isolated attempts of the Bulgarians of certain districts to emancipate themselves

from Osmanli rule, equal to any of the brilliant exploits of the Servians, yet they have never succeeded, owing to their own stupid ignorance and superstition. We have seen them, when victory was within their grasp, when their oppressors, the Turks, were starving in their besieged cities and strong places, at the approach of some meek and lowly Bishop mounted on his mule, who, with crozier and uplifted hands, was prepared to pronounce upon them the dreadful sentence of excommunication, disband at his command, and with fear and trembling return to their huts.

Incompetent as the administration of the Turks, in other respects, must appear to the traveller from Western Europe, they have exhibited of late years a Machiavelian dexterity in their system of governing their Christian subjects, which is becoming every year more perfect in its organization. Conscious that they can no longer domineer over a great and numerous people, professing a different creed, the Divan has received into special favour the higher clergy, who are without exception of Greek origin, and notorious for their venality. Educated at Mount Athos, or some other of the numerous monasteries of Greece, these divines are strangers to the language, customs, and manners of the Slavonians; their only qualification being their ability to pay the large sum required by the Divan for their preferment!

These ecclesiastics consequently hold an important stake in the country, which they would be liable to lose should the Slavonians succeed in carrying out their

independence, we therefore always find them ranged on the side of the ruling power; and like the Mahometan officials, they leave no means untried to render their bishoprics a profitable investment; hence they dispose of all the inferior benefices of the Church down to that of the Papa of a village, fix the sums to be paid by the people for the services of the Church, which comprise a hundred ceremonies, unknown even to the Latin Church. In these things, Oriental invention has left far behind the expedients resorted to for enriching the Church by the inhabitants of the West, and which the early fathers of the Latin Church but imperfectly copied.

In order to extend more fully the power and influence of the Church over the clouded intellect of the Bulgarian Rayah—the most willing of every other nationality in these provinces to submit to spiritual despotism, which hangs its chains around the body and soul of its victims—the Divan has recently divided Bulgaria into four archbishoprics, Varna, Silistria, Sophia, and Ternova, and into sixteen bishoprics. The higher clergy, who wield the power of excommunication, are also invested with an official character, and responsible to the Government for the obedience of their flocks; thus, being leagued with the spiritual power, and having a fanatic soldiery ever ready to execute its commands, the Ottoman Porte, weak as it confessedly is, may continue to drag on an existence longer than could be expected. Still the slightest event may lead to a catastrophe. The discontented Mahometans in Bosnia and Albania are still in arms; the same spirit of insubordination

has found its way among the Mahometans in Asia, who are all and everywhere hostile to the reforms of the Sultan; and should they succeed, we shall find the fanatic hordes of Islamism again in power, which must lead to a war of life and death between them and their former slaves, the Rayahs.

This is the apprehension entertained by the clever, far-seeing Government of independent Servia; and to provide against that or any other contingency, one of its ministers assured me, that they had been for some time making the most strenuous efforts to be prepared for the event, and that they had purchased weapons sufficient to arm every able-bodied man in the principality.

The late insurrection of the Bulgarians in the pachalik of Widdin, must have been more alarming to the Government of the Sultan than even the insurrection of the non-reforming Mahometans in Bosnia, which induced it to recall the gallant. Croatian, Omer Pacha, from Pristina, with orders to lose no time in occupying Nissa, Sophia, and the other towns in the Balkan, with every man that could be spared from Bosnia, in order to prevent the spread of the insurrection. Bulgaria, however, has not yet produced her Tzerni George. The Haiducs, those eternal enemies of Turkish rule, made a gallant stand, while one party blockaded the strong town of Widdin, and held the Pacha a prisoner in his fortress, another closed the gorges leading to the fortified towns of Schoumla, Nissa, and Sophia. Unequal as the struggle

must have been, they maintained themselves till the arrival of the Archbishop with threats of excommunication on one side, and promises from the Sultan on the other, that their grievances would meet with redress, and that they should be governed for the future by a chief of their own religion. But as we were afterwards informed by one of the leaders of the insurrection, we met in the mountains:

"We shall gain nothing by the change," said he, "it is merely a transfer of power into the hands of some rich Fanariot Greek from Constantinople, who having to pay for his place, must make good the void in his purse, and under the cloak of a common religion, be even better enabled to carry on the work of extortion. However," continued my informer, "the time is drawing nigh when seven millions of Slavonians will prove to the world they know how to govern themselves; and were it not the dread of our enemies, the Rouss, in Moldavia and Wallachia, and the unwillingness of the Prince of Servia to assist us, the revolt of the Rayahs in the pachalik of Widdin would have sounded the death-knell to Turkish rule throughout the whole of Bulgaria and Old Servia."

The insurrection of Widdin, however, has been attended with some favourable results; indirect taxation has been abolished, and the Rayahs are now allowed to build churches, repair monasteries, and erect schools of education without purchasing the bouiourdis (permission) from the Divan; they are also allowed to establish their own popular communal government, and the tyranny of

the Gasdalik, to which we before referred, was under consideration, together with other grievous impositions, which placed them at the mercy of a host of vampyre usurers — Jews, Armenians and Greeks, who were accustomed to purchase the right of farming the imperial taxes.

After all we have said and written respecting the political and social state of these provinces; the weakness of the government, and the difficulty with which it maintains order in a country composed of so many nationalities, creeds and opinions, to say nothing of its inability to defend itself from foreign aggression; it must be evident we are not very sanguine in our hopes of the stability of Mahometan rule in this part of the Turkish empire. Indeed, the overthrow may be more sudden, and the results more complicated and embarrassing to the diplomatic corps of Western Europe than they now dream of; who, occupied with their own troubles, cares, and petty jealousies of states, are not sufficiently aware of the actual state of these provinces— their political, social, and religious influences; nor how potent is the lever they possess, in a vast Christian population, should they feel inclined to carry into these lands any of their political changes for the civilization and amelioration of mankind, or perhaps what they value still more, the establishment of the balance of power.

Even since our last visit to these provinces in 1847, a considerable change has taken place in the temper and feelings of the people, both Christians and Mahometans.

The insurrection in Hungary, which drove such multitudes of Poles, Servians, Croatians, and Hungarians for refuge to European Turkey, many of whom found an asylum among the Haiducs of the mountain—all speaking or having some knowledge of the Slavonian language—has been the means of disseminating opinions which have made a deep impression. Their ridicule of the Turkish soldiery—their bitter invectives against a feeble government which must have delivered them to their enemies, if France and England had not come forward to their rescue—and then to be detained prisoners—their rage knew no bounds. Again, their scorn and contempt for a country without roads or bridges, its fortresses crumbling into ruins, was unbounded. Neither were their comments upon the decrepitude and want of tact displayed in the administration, of the most flattering character. All this sunk deeply into the minds of the people, who having been long accustomed to these evils, did not regard them through the same medium as the refugee strangers, who had been educated in countries, which, however backward in civilization they may be, are still centuries in advance of Turkey.

Of every other weapon, ridicule gives the deepest wound. The Turk felt it when the fiery Hun or Pole told him his Sultan was an old woman, and his government in its dotage. The Rayah, however abject, must have winced to hear that he was an animal to be trodden under foot. We doubt much, that the Rayahs of Bulgaria would have had recourse to violence,

however exorbitant might have been the exactions of Zia, Pacha of Widdin, had they not felt the truth of these observations, and their own degradation; and once in arms, we doubt if they would have surrendered to the promises of the Sultan, and the threat of excommunication held over them by the Bishop, had there been a newspaper, or postal communication in European Turkey, which would have informed them of the insurrection that was then raging in Bosnia, Herzegowina, the Kraina, and part of Albania.

CHAPTER XXII.

Journey to Schoumla—Fortress of Schoumla—Considered as a military position—The town and its inhabitants—Route to Varna — Description of the fortified towns of Bulgaria, on the Danube and the Black Sea—The political and commercial importance of Bulgaria—The Balkan and its defiles—Position and future prospects of the Bulgarian nationality—Hints to travellers—Observations upon the navigation of the Danube.

On leaving Ternova for Schoumla, we ascended the beautiful valley of the Salter, when we found ourselves in the lesser range of the Balkan. If the scenery was not quite so wild and magnificent as that in the Great Balkan, it was more picturesque and concentrated. There were mountains with their gorges, undulating hills with their tiny vales, carpeted with luxuriant grass, rivers, rivulets, and torrents winding through them, dark forests, hamlets, orchards, and cultivated fields. It was in reality a beautiful picture, such a one as the imagination of a painter might call up as an Arcadia; there was every variety of shade, foliage, and verdure,

as fresh from the hand of nature as if it had been lying in the same state for thousands of years; and to add to the romance and wildness of the tour we encountered the roaring tortuous Kirgetschy, and had to ford it at least from twenty to thirty times during our route. At length we perceived the town and fortress of Schoumla, together with the immense steppe which extends from here to the Euxine on one side, and on the other from the Danube through Besserabia to the great northern steppe which leads to the Baltic and St. Petersburg.

Schoumla, considered with reference to its situation, and the strength of its fortifications, is the most important town in European Turkey, and may be termed, from the great extent of its out-works, a fortified camp, requiring at least fifty thousand men to defend it in the event of a siege. This has been the great mistake of the Prussian engineers that constructed it, who lost sight of the fact that the fate of an empire does not so much depend upon the strength and number of its fortified places as the issue of a great battle; in the event of a war fifty thousand effective soldiers shut up in a fortress, would be a serious loss and expense to even a first-rate power. Still Schoumla is a strong position, and like the centre of a radii corresponds with all the fortified towns on the Danube and the Black Sea, which enables it to check any invasion from the north that might be directed by land against Constantinople; however, to be rendered perfectly secure, Varna on the Black Sea should also be strongly fortified, otherwise the passes of Boujouk, Kaminitze, and Aidos

in the Balkan, are left in a manner unprotected. By this route the Russians got to Adrianople in 1827, and what they achieved once, they can again on any future occasion.

Schoumla is said to contain nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, and as usual in these towns of European Turkey each distinctive race and religion has its proper quarter. In the Grad around the citadel, nestle twenty thousand Mahometans in their wooden huts, protected by its cannon. Here may be seen several mosques with their minarets and domes covered with lead, shining in the sun like burnished silver. The Varosh, the poorest quarter, is exclusively inhabited by the Rayahs, who may be said to amount to six or seven thousand. Adjoining this is the commercial district, where we find collected the rich traders—Armenians, Greeks, and Franks; Israelites, Zinzars, and Slavonians, each having their own street and their own temples of worship, and at the same time adhering most strictly to their own language and peculiar costume, as if their very existence depended upon the cut and form of their garments.

The citadel, forts, casemates, barracks, and town are plentifully supplied with most excellent water; store-houses filled with provisions, powder magazines, artillery warehouses, and every possible contingency provided against in the event of a siege.

The eighteen leagues that separate Schoumla from Varna on the Black Sea, offer nothing to interest the traveller: subject to great and sudden changes of

climate—now the cold winds of the north, and again the burning heat of Asia—the landscape at once loses that picturesque appearance we so much admired since our arrival in Bulgaria.

Varna, the ancient Odessus, still exhibits melancholy traces of the bombardment of the Russians. As a naval and commercial position, the bay is deep, and of great extent; the anchorage sure, and completely protected against the winds of the north and south—the most disastrous to shipping in the Black Sea; with one great advantage over its rival, Odessa in South Russia, that navigation is never interrupted during the severest winter.

Varna should be declared a free port, the surest and most expeditious means of elevating a place like this to commercial importance, with a vast and fruitful territory adjoining, rich in all the raw productions so necessary to the manufacturer and the trader, at the lowest possible rate, and to obtain which he is obliged to resort to the more distant countries of Russia.

In these provinces, the corn of every description cannot be surpassed in weight and nutritious qualities, the wine and fruits are excellent, with oil, tallow, hides, wax, honey, timber, and live stock of every description, all of which might be quadrupled in a few years, if the inhabitants had a market for the sale of the surplus produce of their labour.

The want of a commercial outlet is severely felt by the industrious population of the rich and fertile Bulgaria; in the absence of roads they are obliged to

transport the produce of the country on the backs of mules and horses, across steep mountains and rugged defiles, to seek a market in the large towns on the Danube, and those of Thrace and Macedonia, where agriculture is, in a great measure, neglected by the indolent natives, Turks and Greeks.

The province of Bulgaria, forming the frontier in this part of the Turkish empire, has frequently been the theatre of war, between the Osmanli and their neighbours, the Austrians and Russians; having the Black Sea and the Danube for a boundary, and defended by a connecting chain of strong towns and ports, from Varna to Widdin, nature and art have combined to render it a position of great strength. It must, however, be confessed Russian cannon has made a deplorable breach in the cordon, that art had so admirably reared up as a defence, for the most part the work of the ancient Romans, the Bulgarians, and their allies, the Hungarians before the Turks obtained possession of the country.

Widdin and Silistria are still capable of sustaining a siege, but the defences of Routschouck and Varna, with the citadels of Nicopoli, Hirsova, and Isaakschack, have been so damaged and dismantled, and repaired in so slovenly a manner, as to be no longer capable of offering any effectual resistance. Assuming that an enemy had crossed the Danube, and gained *terra firma*, Schoumla must be taken and besieged, before they could get to the Balkan, which is seen to rise up like a vast wall, towering to the heavens, as if nature had formed an

impassable barrier, to defend the Eden beyond it. Singular enough, while each pass on the Bulgarian side of the chain is abrupt, contracted and difficult of ascent, where a few trees cut down would bar up the passage; those on the other side, that lead to Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, and Greece, are more open and easy to descend.

If we continue our tour by the Danube, from the fortress of Widdin, and ascend the Save at Belgrade, we shall find a continuation of the same cordon of forts and karaouls along the whole line of the Turkish frontier till it meets the Austrian possessions Dalmatia, Ragusa, and Cattaro on the Adriatic. This sea, together with the Archipelago, the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, the Danube, and the Save, combine to surround these beautiful provinces of Turkey in Europe with a belt of water. Should then this highly-favoured country, so easily defended, its mountains and defiles forming a succession of natural fortresses, so diversified in its productions, fertile, and irrigated with navigable rivers and lakes, fall into the hands of an active power, it must become one of the most important possessions in Europe, whether we consider it commercially or politically.

Having already given a slight historical sketch of the Bulgarians, adverted to their first settlements in this part of Europe, and how they gradually subdued province after province, till they gave their laws to the whole of the inhabitants, we will now proceed to point out the various positions this race still occupy, who, if they are not the most warlike, are certainly the

most numerous, moral, and industrious, of all the nationalities in European Turkey; and are, therefore, likely at no distant day to exercise considerable political influence over the destinies of the inhabitants of these provinces.

A despotic government may alter the names of districts, even the designation of a people; but their language, customs, manners, and habits remain unchanged. Our readers must not, therefore, imagine that the unimportant district, marked in the map by the Turkish authorities as the kingdom of Bulgaria, comprehends all that properly comes under this denomination.

The large district, through which we travelled on the banks of the Maritza, in Thrace, and which still retains its ancient Bulgarian name, Zagora, with Philippi for its capital, may be regarded as a province of Bulgaria; the same may be said of a large district of Macedonia in the vicinity of Seres, where we find the Bulgarians the dominant race. Then we have the Balkan district with Sophia for its capital, the Danubian province, with Widdin for a capital, Varna with its immense plain, the Dobrouji, and finally the banks of the Morava, in Upper Moesia; in short, throughout the whole of that vast district, extending from the frontier of Servia, the Danube, and the Black Sea, to Salonica on the Ægean Sea, and through Thrace to the Gulf of Saros, the Bulgarian language is spoken, and that people constitute the dominant race, comprising altogether a population, according to the statements of well-informed natives and resident Franks, of about four millions and a half.

We can easily account for the wide dissemination of this race in European Turkey. While the Greek, too proud to submit to the extortion and contumely of an Osmanli tyrant, sought a living in commerce; and the equally proud Servian expatriated himself beyond the Danube, and founded a new Servia in Hungary, or ascended the mountains, and became a shepherd and a haiduc; the patient submissive Bulgarian took their place as agriculturists. Thus, while the other nationalities, the indolent Osmanli and the commercial Greeks, the inhabitants of towns and sea-ports, were carried off by plague, pestilence, and malaria; and the ever-turbulent fiery Servian, in his eternal wars with the Mahometans, by the sword; the phlegmatic Bulgarians, ever following the healthful occupation of husbandry, and protected by the lords of the land—the Osmanli, multiplied, and at the same time secured to themselves, by their industry, possession of one of the most fertile districts in Europe, equally important as a commercial position, having the Danube, the Black Sea, and the Ægean, as a boundary, and watered besides by the Maritza, the Morava, and several other rivers, which might be rendered navigable.

To the north of Varna commences the immense Steppe, known as the Dobrouji, inhabited by a remnant of the Nogay Tatars, who having been driven from South Russia, settled here, and by marrying and intermarrying with the Bulgarian shepherds, became converted to Christianity, and so completely amalgamated in language, customs, and manners, that they may now

be regarded as the same people. The Dobrouji Steppe extends to the numerous islands, known as the Delta of the Danube, all uninhabited, without tree or shrub, the head-quarters of mosquitoes and intermittent fever, and which can only be compared to one of those vast savannas of the New World, abounding in boars, and every species of aquatic bird.

We would recommend the traveller, who may be desirous to make the tour of the Danube from Constantinople, to land at the little port of Kostendshe, on the Black Sea, by which he will escape a long and disagreeable voyage round by Soulina, the only navigable channel of all the outlets of the Danube. At Kostendshe he will find an agent of the Austrian Navigation Company, whose duty it is to aid the traveller and attend to his wants. There are vehicles always in readiness to convey him to Tchernawoda, on the Danube, where he can amuse himself by visiting the villages of the Bulgarians in the neighbourhood till the arrival of the steam-boat.

In the time of the Romans, the Emperor Trajan entertained the idea of making a canal from this place to the Euxine, which, if completed, would shorten the distance from about three hundred miles to thirty, an enterprize that might be carried into effect at a very trifling expense, when we consider that the ground is quite level, with the Karasou lake in the centre of sufficient depth to assist the undertaking.

The late Sultan Mahmoud, who was really a man of energy, caused the ground to be measured and marked

out, and would have carried the work into execution, had he not been prevented by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. We presume, because it was contrary to the treaties of the navigation of the Danube, which secured to Russia the only practicable route to the Black Sea—that by Soulina; but as this treaty has expired, or was said to expire in 1850, leaving the navigation of the Danube open to every nation, this much-desired work ought to be carried into execution, which would not only pay the contractors an immense profit, but considerably benefit the commerce of the Lower Danube. We fear, however, that the weak sovereigns of Austria and Turkey dread the displeasure of the Autocrat too much to carry the design of the vigorous Roman into execution.

In the mean time the poor mariner is obliged to adopt the long and tortuous route, the Soulina channel, which, owing to the accumulation of sand at the bar, can only receive vessels of a hundred and fifty tons burden; and we have still greater cause to regret, the non-completion of this work, when we remember the number of lives that are lost every year by malaria and fever during this voyage, rendered so long and tiresome, by endeavouring to avoid the sand-banks, as the mariner is almost certain to carry home with him the seeds of a disease, which it is said never leaves him.

Such a canal as we have alluded to, if constructed of sufficient depth for large merchant vessels, would materially facilitate navigation; for after passing the Delta of the Danube, the river deepens considerably till we arrive at Kladestitza, in Servia; here the navigation

of the Danube is again interrupted by a ridge of rocks running across the river, called the Demirkapa (iron gate), and, notwithstanding all Count Széchenyi, that excellent Hungarian, had done to deepen the bed of the river, the passage is still dangerous. This was proved a few years since by the loss of a vessel, its crew and passengers. The boat, on arriving in the midst of the rapids struck against a rock, became unmanageable, and turning round with the most frightful rapidity, was instantly submerged in a whirlpool sufficient to engulf a man-of-war. The only passenger that escaped was an Osmanli, who, being doubtful of the ability of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the Danube to ensure the safety of the vessel, landed with the intention of pursuing his journey on the banks of the river till the danger was past. But the laughter and ridicule of his fellow passengers induced him to alter his determination, and as he was in the act of stepping on board, a ring containing an amulet slipped from his finger, this was decisive—he would not tempt Kismet, and thus to the loss of a ring he owed his life.

Like that between Kostendshe and Tchernawoda, this breach in the navigation of the Danube might easily be avoided by cutting a canal on the Servian side of the river at Kladestitza, which would then open an uninterrupted communication from the Black Sea into the heart of Germany, and shorten the route between Constantinople and Vienna, to a five days' voyage at the utmost. It would appear, from the appearance of the marsh, that a canal had actually existed here, at some time or other, perhaps the work of the Romans,

and which on their expulsion from the country, and the barbarism that followed, fell into disuse, and in process of time became filled up.

Can anything afford a more decisive proof than this, of the want of energy and enterprize in the inhabitants of these provinces ; and of the indolent supineness of their rulers. We may ridicule the apathy and inertness of the Turks, yet here we see the noblest river in Europe running a course of eighteen hundred miles from its source to the Black Sea, traversing a succession of the most fertile countries, and uniting by the most natural, direct, and least expensive route the commerce of Central Europe with the vast countries of the East, still remaining in a state of nature. Every successive flood carries away with it the soil, and not unfrequently even the villages on its banks, and forms accumulations, which impede navigation, together with vast marshes and stagnant lakes, from which arise exhalations, the most prejudicial to the health of man.

A few hundred thousand Anglo-Saxon colonists, if they found these countries a desert, would have done more in fifty years for the navigation of this noble river, and the salubrity of its banks, than all its Czars, Kaisers and Padishahs, Krals and Königs, Herzogs Hospodars, Beys, and noble Princes, have effected in centuries. It is true they perfectly understand the parade, the marching, drilling and stuffing of soldiers (we do not mean internally), the *éclat* and magnificence of courtly etiquette, the maintenance of an army of spies and court favourites, nor are any more sensitive

to an invasion of their own royal will, or more prompt in cutting the throats of their own subjects, and those of their neighbours, about some crochet of precedency, or an acre of disputed territory. To support these undertakings money is ever forthcoming; but for the execution of any great work of public utility, the advancement of industry and commerce, there is not a farthing to be found in the exchequer. Can we then wonder at the discontent of a people, ground down by taxation to support all this theatrical display, and finery of the State; or at Socialism, Republicanism, Deutsch-catholicism, Panslavism, Panteutonism, and all the other *isms*, which have already shaken Europe to its centre?

Let, then, the rulers of Europe combine with one accord, and disband at least two-thirds of their millions of soldiers, useless in a time of peace, who, while they add nothing by their industry to the general wealth, are gradually devouring into the vitals of the State. Let them turn their attention to employing the people, reclaiming marshes and waste lands, facilitating and supporting commerce and agriculture. Let the prosessors of these most useful arts—the real benefactors and civilizers of mankind—receive the honours and distinctions to which they are so well entitled. Let the people manage their own concerns under the safeguard of free institutions, and public opinion become the law of the land; education and rational liberty, civil and religious, be extended to all classes, and we shall hear no more of insurrections. The man who has got his

ships at sea, his warehouses full of merchandise, his agricultural fields, thriving shop, and workmen fully employed, is not likely to become a revolutionist. We cannot say the same for the disappointed military man, nor the briefless lawyer, who with ruin staring him in the face is still too proud to work, and who conscious of his own superior abilities! and indignant at the ingratitude of mankind! is certain to place himself at the head of any movement that may offer the slightest prospect of delivering him from the misery and monotony of a life spent in vain!

These remarks are strictly applicable to the countries on the continent—with their numerous armies and state-bureaucracy (the latter being the substitute for our municipalities), and where we find nearly every other profession regarded as ignoble except those of the sword and law. It therefore must follow that so long as these alone lead to place, honour and distinction, there will be no want of candidates; and since all cannot be provided for, nor arrive at distinction, the disappointed among these classes are certain to furnish a sufficient number of clever ambitious men to lead any popular movement, dethrone a monarch, or establish a government of their own manufacture.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Arrival in Wallachia—Giourgevo—Passport Inquisition—Russian police—Quarantine—Arrival at Semlin—Belgrade—English Consul — Austrian espionage — A disagreeable position — Sketches of Hungary and the Slavonians in 1850—The late Hungarian war—Causes that led to it—Count Széchenyi and Louis Kossuth—Proclamation of the Hungarian constitution —Discontent of the Slavonians, Wallachians and Saxons— How acted upon by the Cabinet of Vienna—The Ban Jellachich, and Rajachich, Primate of the Servians—Civil war— Horrible scenes—The Austrian Consul at Belgrade, and the brigands of European Turkey—Louis Kossuth's appeal to arms—Declaration of the independence of Hungary—Total defeat of the Imperialists and their allies—Russian intervention—Capitulation of Görgey—Fall of Hungary.

We crossed the Danube from Routschouk to Giourgevo, in Wallachia, in one of those unwieldy boats, propelled by an immense sail and a dozen of stout Rayahs as rowers. We had for our companions a Bimbashi and his troop of tacticoes, as fine a set of hardy well-grown fellows as could be found in any country, every man of them furnished by my old friends

the Djeghi mountaineers of Upper Albania, and who were now on their way to join their regiment at Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia.

On landing, we found the quay of Giourgevo occupied by a crowd of well-dressed men and women in European costume, intermingled with a sufficient number of Orientals and Russian officers in full uniform, to impart variety to the picture. The landing of a detachment of Turkish troops was no unusual sight; but great curiosity was evidently excited to know who that ragged, sun-burnt half-European, half-Oriental looking fellow could be, armed to the teeth and leading a beautiful Arabian after him; every eye was fixed upon me, especially when my companions the Albanian mountaineers were seen wringing my hands, and crying, "Mirre Dioi Inglez!" "Mir Shesch-Kon," God be with you, Englishman, and happy journey!

Incognito is out of the question when a passport is in the way, and the basilisk eye of a Russian police officer fixed upon the traveller, who in the present instance, without actually laying hands upon me, for I was still impure and fresh from Turkey, drove me and my horse before him to the sanitary room, where after we had both undergone a thorough fumigation, my four-legged companion was restored to liberty, while his poor master was led captive into the presence of the military commander, for insurgent Wallachia was still under martial law. The interrogatory was most searching and prolonged, as to who I was? whence I came? what the object of my wandering especially in Wallachia

could be? and, finally, whether I belonged to the vile race of scribblers, the pest of society in every country! Finding that I was a real Englishman (for my examiner could speak a little English), and not one of those revolutionary Hungarians, Poles, Italians, Germans, or French travelling under the protection of an English passport, his tone instantly changed to that of a courteous well-bred man of the world, who knew how to combine his duties of office with the manners of a gentleman. He threw off all reserve and laughed and chatted with me about my adventures in Turkey, as if we had been old friends, and with the usual hospitality of a Russian, ordered his servant to prepare a luncheon. Such, in fact, is the general character of the Russians whenever they meet with an Englishman; and although I now and then give them some hard hits when I mount my hobby-horse and discuss politics, as individuals, I never met with one during my travels that I did not part from with a desire to renew our acquaintance.

The Turkish bath and a complete change of costume, so transformed me in appearance, that even my sagacious companion, Karabagh, had some difficulty in recognizing his master in his European garments. And now, reader, since our pages have already multiplied beyond the ordinary size of a book of travels, we are compelled to hasten forward; and as the Austrian steam-boat is heard splashing and roaring in the river, we cannot lose the opportunity of availing ourselves of its services to take us to Belgrade; and as to giving a description of

the scenery and towns on its banks, we should only be repeating what we have already written in a previous work.

On arriving at Semlin, I left the steam-boat, with the intention of crossing the Danube, to pass a few days with Mr. Fonblanque, her Majesty's Consul-General at Belgrade; but in these unhappy countries, that once constituted a part of Hungary, martial law replaces the mild rule of the Magyar. Consequently, having once entered the town even for an instant, I could not leave it without the permission of the Austrian commandant. In my case the difficulty was easily obviated, since my passport was found to contain the recent signature of the Russian authorities in Wallachia, which was now to be embellished with that of Herr General Schaich, and the broad seal of Imperial Austria.

During the few days I remained at Belgrade, I was favoured with a great deal of interesting information from Mr. Fonblanque respecting the late memorable contest in Hungary, as well as from Mr. Carrosini, the Consul of Sardinia, who accompanied M. Kossuth in the capacity of political agent, to which we may have occasion to refer when adverting to the causes which led to the lamentable outbreak in Hungary. In neither case should I have mentioned the names of these gentlemen without their sanction, but having already exerted themselves, from motives of humanity, to save the unhappy refugees from their cruel enemies, they do not stand in high favour with the Governments of Austria and Russia, consequently the notes of a traveller cannot injure their reputation with either of these powers.

As an illustration of the admirable system of police, or rather espionage, exercised by Austria in foreign countries, we must relate a circumstance which occurred here during my stay in Belgrade. There was a public concert given by a famous musician from Pest, which we attended, accompanied by Mr. Fonblanque, Mr. Carrosini, together with one of the ministers of the Prince of Servia, and several other Servians, all well known as the enemies of despotic principles. When the concert was over, I was invited to an entertainment given by my Servian friends, at which beyond a few liberal toasts nothing passed which could possibly give offence even to the most despotic government; but this was sufficient to stamp me as a dangerous character in the eyes of the Austrian spies, and subjected me to a great deal of annoyance on my return to Semlin.

A day or two after this, on my arrival at Semlin, a guard of soldiers surrounded me the moment I had quitted the steam-boat; and in the midst of a crowd of the wonder-loving inhabitants, I was conducted *nolens volens* to the presence of the stern commandant, Herr General Schaich, who no doubt expected he had caught some revolutionary Hungarian or Pole in disguise, the martial length of my moustache, and the circumstance of speaking the Slavonian and German languages fluently, might have given rise to the supposition. After subjecting me to a most vexatious cross-examination, and finding nothing that could criminate me in the eye of the law, however arbitrary, I was allowed to continue my route, with a friendly warning to beware how I again

sought for my friends among the enemies of his "Kaiserliche Königliche Majestät!" Fate, however, was not so benignant in the case of the unfortunate Hungarian, my fellow-traveller, who was seized and dispatched to Pest, to be tried by a court-martial, and shot as a Hungarian revolutionary agent.

After making several excursions on the banks of the Danube, and in the interior of Hungary, where the war had raged with the utmost violence, we took the Austrian steamer and ascended the Save to Agram, the capital of Croatia. During our route we beheld on all sides the ruins of towns and villages, the miserable inhabitants here and there in a wretched shed, still clinging to the hearth of their once happy home, the sad memento of civil war. To a traveller like myself, who had repeatedly visited this beautiful country, particularly in 1847, and with pleasure witnessed the rapid strides the inhabitants had made in civilization and industry, the aspect of so much misery left an impression never to be forgotten; and how awful must have been the contest in a country where all the worst passions of man were let loose, inhabited by so many nationalities, Hungarians, Austrians, Croatians, Servians, Wallachians, Saxons, and various minor tribes of Slavonians and Gipsies, detesting each other with all the bitterness created by diversity of race and religious prejudice.

We have not sufficient space in this work to enter into details of the late Hungarian war, nor to give a record of the extraordinary bravery of the valiant Magyars during a contest perhaps unparalleled in history,

when a nationality only numbering six millions fought for its existence, not only against two empires, with their vast resources, but was at the same time called upon to suppress the insurrection of its own subjects, Slavonians, Wallachians and Saxons, far more numerous than their masters, who were everywhere raising the standard of insurrection, and fighting side by side with their enemies, the Russians and Austrians. Still, however numerous, we have seen them up to the last moment victorious, and no doubt they would eventually have triumphed alike over Czar and Kaiser, had not treachery, and the fears of the timid at the critical moment sapped the strength of the army and the councils of the nation, leading to the capitulation of the traitor Görgey at Villagos on the 13th of August, 1849.

We cannot wonder at these events when we remember the shameful neglect of Hungary by the Cabinets of England and France, whose timely interference, if it had served no other purpose, would have had the effect of reconciling the people with their sovereign, and preventing the necessity of Austria applying in the first instance for help to Russia. In every case Russia ought not to have been allowed to interfere in the affairs of Hungary; it is a dangerous precedent, and might prove fatal to the growth of constitutional principles, were we not satisfied that the Czar, combined with all the despotic princes of Europe, cannot arrest the march of freedom, civilization and intelligence, and which has at last commenced not only among the inhabitants of these provinces, but even among the serfs of Russia.

In no point of view can we term the Hungarians revolutionists, much less socialists, it was the struggle of a noble people to defend their lives and properties from the attack of numerous hordes of brigands let loose upon them from every Slavonian country in Austria and Turkey, proved to have been the paid agents of the Austrian Government in its attempt to subvert the constitution and liberties of the Hungarian people.

Previous to this lamentable war, Hungary as a kingdom was as independent as England, with this difference, that the Emperor of Austria was also King of Hungary. The kingdom was governed by its own laws, had its own representative government, maintained its own troops, had its own defined frontier, with custom-houses, and all the machinery of a constituted monarchy subsisting in, and by itself. Like every other people who have made rapid strides in civilization, the old worn-out constitution of a thousand years duration, only favourable to the high aristocracy, the magnats, did not accord with the growing intelligence of the industrious classes, who had been struggling for the last half century to obtain a thorough reform, gaining from time to time some trifling advantage according to the fears of the magnats and the Government.

At length the well known Hungarian nobleman, Count Szechenyi, aware of the danger of any longer refusing equal rights to every class of his countrymen, placed himself at the head of the progressive party, and extorted from his own—the privileged classes—several important concessions. Still the popular party were not

satisfied, and manifested their discontent by agitating in every city, town, and province throughout the Hungarian monarchy. Louis Kossuth now became the champion of the popular party, and being gifted with the highest powers of eloquence, while on the one hand he won the affections of the people, on the other, by the force of argumnet, he brought to bear upon the question, he made an impression upon the magnats, and eventually gained to his opinion every Hungarian nobleman who had the foresight to see that the spirit of the age was altogether adverse to the continuance of the old feudal institutions of the country.

Such was the position of Hungary, when the revolution of the French in 1848 shook so many European thrones to their foundation. The progressive party now redoubled their exertions, and the times were too pregnant with danger for the demands of the people to be slighted. The obstinacy of the King and the magnats gave way to the dread of a revolution, and the long wished for constitution was drawn up and sworn to by the King. All the old feudal institutions which pressed so heavily on the industrious classes were at once swept away—equal rights were granted to every inhabitant of Hungary, of whatever race, or religious sect. Trial by jury was established—ministerial responsibility—liberty of the press; in short, everything that could tend to establish the liberty and independence of the nation.

Unfortunately, there was one article in the constitution declaring that the Hungarian language should be henceforth that of the State, the Senate, and the Courts of

Law. This became a serious grievance in a country composed of so many nationalities, each speaking their own language, and adhering to their peculiar customs and manners, and where, out of a population of fifteen millions, only six belong to the Hungarians. This led to great excitement among the Slavonians of Croatia, which quickly spread to the Slavonians of Hungarian Servia; from these to the Wallachians and Saxons of Transylvania. Agitators were not wanting to add fresh fuel to the flame, which now burned fiercely throughout the whole of Hungary.

The wily cabinet of Vienna lost no time in taking advantage of this new element of disorder, so opportunely presented for being made a pretence of destroying the constitution of Hungary—a constitution which, while it vested all responsibility in the person of the ministers, gave to the Parliament of Hungary the sole power of disposing of the supplies of the country, and thus for ever annihilated the influence of an Austrian cabinet in the internal affairs of the country. This could not be borne by a despotic Prince, besides it was a dangerous example to the remainder of his subjects.

The Hungarians, however renowned for their bravery in the field, are not celebrated for their skill in diplomatic warfare. They saw not that the Panslavist propagandists of Austria and Russia had excited against them a host of ardent patriots, in Croatia and Servia, who preferred their own nationality and language to liberal institutions, if they were to be enjoyed under a Hungarian master. They saw not the tendency, or disregarded it, if they did,

of the half pastoral, half warlike letter of Rajachich, the primate of the Servians, to the faithful members of the Oriental creed, warning them that their religion was in danger, and that their nationality was about to be swallowed up in that of their old tyrants, the Latin Hungarians.

To the last moment, the Hungarian reformers would not entertain the supposition that any people, however ignorant, however debased, could prefer serfdom to liberty, and therefore neglected taking any other precautionary measure, except sending a few civil agents into the disturbed districts to calm the effervescence of the Slavonians. In the meantime, their distressed monarch, driven from his capital by his German subjects, appealed to the sympathy of his faithful Hungarians—a little cajoling, and the best troops of Hungary were sent to Lombardy to assist the hardly pressed Marshal Radetzky. These were to be exchanged for Austrian and Italian regiments, who, the government promised, should be employed in coercing the revolutionary tendencies of the Slavonians in Hungary, and thus relieve the magnats of the disagreeable necessity of employing their own troops.

At length the conviction of the unwelcome truth burst upon the Hungarian people too late; they saw the trap into which they had fallen. The imperial troops, at the critical moment, when Marshal Radetsky had mastered the Italians in Lombardy, instead of attacking the Croatians and the Servians under their rebel chieftains, the well known Jellachich and Strati-

morowich, united their armies, and marched by order of the Emperor to reduce the Hungarians, who were now denounced as rebels, to obedience. Thus, this unfortunate people all at once saw themselves like an island in the midst of a sea, from which there was no outlet, that did not lead to certain ruin.

We must throw the veil of obscurity over the horrible scenes that now took place in Hungary—too horrible to shock English sympathy with their details. It is sufficient to say that perfidy and cruelty marked every movement of the Austrian cabinet. While Jellachich, who was created, by an Imperial order, Ban of Croatia and Governor of Hungary, at the head of thirty thousand Croatians carried fire and sword into the heart of the country, the Servian fanatics, equally numerous and still more ferocious, massacred every human being that fell into their hands, of Hungarian origin. Wherever they penetrated, desolation and ruin marked their footsteps—flourishing towns, burgs, villages, hamlets, all were pillaged and burnt.

The same active and mischievous influence that put arms in the hands of the Slavonians on the banks of the Save, the Theiss, and the Danube, was equally successful in Transylvania, the home of the sturdy Saxon, and the semi-civilized Wallachian, and that no chance of escape should remain to the victims of Austrian perfidy, Mayerhoffer, the Austrian Consul-General at Belgrade, invited all the brigands of Servia, Bulgaria, and Bosnia, the Slavonian rayah subjects of the Ottoman Porte, to the plunder and slaughter of

their old enemies the Latin Hungarians. Many thousands responded to the call, who on crossing the frontiers were furnished with arms and officers by the Austrian agents. Mr. Fonblanque, our Consul-General, at Belgrade, assured me of the fact, and that for months afterwards boat-loads of the plunder of Hungary crossed the Danube and the Save by day and night.

In the midst of this dreadful massacre, for we cannot give it the mild term of a civil war, the genius of one man rose triumphant, and had he been as distinguished a general as he was an orator and a true patriot, Louis Kossuth would have descended to posterity as one of the greatest men produced in any age. His soul-stirring orations infused new spirit into the hearts of his drooping compatriots, when with one burst of universal indignation the whole Hungarian people declared the perfidious house of Hapsburg to be for ever excluded from the throne, and his appeal to arms was responded to by every class throughout the entire land.

Plate, jewels, trinkets, and every article of luxury or utility, convertible into money was sacrificed at the shrine of patriotism. Men poured in from every quarter, not only Hungarians, but Germans, Jews, Wallachians, and Slavonians of every tribe and religious sect. In short, every free, enlightened mind rushed with enthusiasm into the ranks and fought for freedom with a heroism which astonished the civilized world. Although for the most part mere recruits — noblemen, citizens and traders from the counting-house, agriculturists and shepherds, armed with whatever weapon

they could procure in the hurry of the moment, in an incredible short space of time they carried all before them. Fortress after fortress, town after town, fell into their hands, or declared for the cause of the patriots. The Ban Jellachich and his Crotians, were everywhere beaten, and the fanatic priest Rajachich, the primate, with his Servians were driven to seek their safety in the marshes of the Theiss, the Save, and the Danube, where thousands were carried off by hunger and the ague. As to General Mayerhoffer's recruits, the bandit Rayahs of European Turkey, whose rapacious habits, ferocity, and daring, exceeded all the others during this cruel crusade against the Hungarian nation, wherever one of them was found, he paid the penalty of his crimes by being hung like a dog.

It was in vain that the Austrian Government dispatched its finest troops and most experienced generals into Hungary, they were driven over the frontier, or surrendered themselves by thousands, as prisoners of war. Of this we shall give one instance among others, the capitulation of the Generals Rott and Filipovitz, who with twelve thousand men, and twelve field-pieces, yielded to an inferior force of Hungarians, under their gallant leader, the well-known Servian, Perczel. In the meantime the heroic Bem, with his little army of Poles, having driven the Russians out of Transylvania, pacified that unhappy province, so long the theatre of rapine, fire, and bloodshed. In short, it must suffice for our hasty sketch of the memorable events which then took place in Hungary, to say, that victory after victory

crowned the arms of the patriots with a rapidity more like the events of a romance than sober reality, which obliged the despairing Austrian to crouch at the feet of the Czar, and beg for help.

We will conclude by saying, that the last great victory of the Hungarians was fought at Hyges, on the 14th of July, 1849, under the command of General Guyon. Here the Austrian army of the south combined with the Slavonian rebel subjects of Hungary, were completely beaten, and must have been entirely destroyed had they not found shelter under the cannon of the fortified town of Tital, on the Theiss, which still remained in possession of the Imperialists.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Reflections on the policy of Austria with regard to Hungary—Alliance between Austria and Russia—Population of the Austrian empire—How divided into nationalities—Division of Hungary—Excitement and discontent in Hungary, Croatia, Slavonia, and Servia—Reactionary feeling of the Slavonians towards the Magyars—Hatred of Austrian rule—Results of the contest in Hungary—What may be the future destiny of Hungary and the Slavonian provinces of the Lower Danube—Observations on the political state of Hungary and the Austrian empire—General view of the present position of Russia, Austria, Germany and Turkey.

We sincerely regret the misfortunes that have so recently befallen the Austrian Empire, and we equally regret to be obliged to record an opinion condemnatory of the policy of a power so long and so often associated with Great Britain in some of the most brilliant periods of her history. We would rather see the industrious, strong-minded German population of Austria united with the enterprizing Magyars, marching together in the great work of civilizing the benighted inhabitants of the East. But even were there no other causes of

complaint, the wrongs of Hungary have left memories never to be erased, and the future historian will comment upon these wrongs, in terms far less laudatory to the Austrian Government than the pen of an English traveller.

Now that all is over, and the sword of the Czar and the Kaiser, with the executioner have laid low the brave race of the Magyar, the reader may be desirous to know by what system of political casuistry the Austrian Cabinet could have acted with such base perfidy towards the Hungarian people. It might be presumed that a Government whose subjects are composed of so many nationalities, over which the Slavonians predominate in number—a people whose tendencies from an affinity of race, language, religion, customs, and manners, are more Russian than German, would rather have sought an alliance with the Hungarians—by far the most valorous and enterprizing nationality in the Austrian Empire, in order to counterbalance and hold in check the influence of so powerful a neighbour as Russia. This apparent inconsistency is easily explained by the notorious fact, that every act of the Court of Vienna, since the Congress, in 1815, has uniformly been, to use a vulgar expression, to toady Russia, and be at all times the ready instrument of the Czar—to crush liberal institutions, and arrest the march of mind, whether in Germany, Italy, or its own States. The Hungarian, as we have shown, after years of peaceful agitation, took advantage of the troublesome period of 1848, to extort from their King and aristocracy those

changes in the representative system of Government, so ardently desired by the majority of the people, and in accordance with the spirit of the age. Despotic Russia, with its million of serfs, could not permit so liberal a system of Government in a country lying on her frontier. Consequently, the Hungarians were proscribed and denounced as a people possessing opinions dangerous to the stability of social order.

We do not make these assertions from hearsay, they are extracts from a mass of Hungarian State papers lying before us, together with a number of intercepted letters found among the baggage of the Ban of Croatia, and the other Slavonian and Imperial leaders, and agents of Austria and Russia—all furnishing undoubted proof, that from the commencement of the struggle, Russian intervention was expected to take place, in the event of the Imperialists of Austria not being sufficiently strong to put down the Hungarian liberals. As a proof that we have not distorted or exaggerated facts, we have annexed several highly important original documents, which will completely corroborate every statement we have made respecting the distressing scenes that took place in Hungary, and the perfidy of the Austrian authorities.

The originals, signed by the Members of the Senate and the Hungarian Government, are in the hands of our publishers.*

This is a serious view of the question, and amounts

* See Appendix.

to this: if the Governments of Austria and Russia are allowed to arrest the march of civilization, there can be no hope nor prospect of seeing an end to those eternal revolutionary struggles of the inhabitants of Continental Europe, to secure to themselves liberal institutions. In fact, the intimate alliance of these two powers, in their crusade against every popular form of government, and the dexterity they display in endeavouring to bring into contempt the representative system, has not sufficiently excited the attention of the inhabitants of our free countries of the West. It is true Austria ranks in Europe as a German power, having a German town for her capital, and a German administration, but her real strength lies in the allegiance of her Slavonian subjects —who constitute the majority, and with whom she possesses no ties of kindred, no endearing remembrances of tradition and fatherland, and whom the Czar of Russia, in his character of Slavonian Prince, could at any time absolve from the ties that bind them to a German ruler.

The insidious attempt of Austria at this moment under the plea of maintaining social order to obtain the mastery in Germany, with her Slavonian tail, is part and parcel of the same Muscovite policy that struck down the thousand year monarchy of the Magyars. When Germany becomes Slavonian, republican France must be dismembered! and the British people be taught that public opinion only belongs to a Sovereign! Winding up the drama by a solemn declaration to the world, that at length it had pleased Heaven, that the

light of a purer faith should dawn over certain countries in Asia and Europe, once subject to the infidel rule of a Mahometan Sovereign! Thus we may see accomplished through our own supineness the prediction of the exile of St. Helena, who said, that fifty years more would see the whole of Europe either Cossack or Republican!

However, all this can be prevented without endangering the peace of the world, and with little or no expense to England, if we could prevail upon our amiable peace-loving compatriots at home, instead of wasting their energies in useless debates at a "Peace Congress," to exert all their influence in keeping out of the market all foreign loans required by any aggressive power, who, without money, cannot move a step, nor maintain much longer such vast standing armies without incurring a general bankruptcy. In the meantime steam navigation, and the rail, those great channels of modern civilization will gradually work a revolution in the minds and opinions of the ignorant and the prejudiced; even despotic Russia will find she cannot withhold from her subjects, as they advance in civilization, those liberal institutions which their enlightened intelligence will ultimately compel her to adopt.

Shakespeare shewed his profound knowledge of human nature, when he wrote these memorable words: "There is a tide in the affairs of man, which, if taken at the flood, leads to fortune." Had the timid monarch of Austria possessed a particle of the wisdom of our immortal bard, he had an opportunity afforded him during the popular burst of 1848 of conciliating his

subjects, and for ever flinging off all dependence on the autocrat of Russia, by placing himself at the head of the liberal movement of Germany, Italy, Poland, and Hungary. Besides he would then have kept inviolate his sacred oath to maintain the rights and liberties of the Hungarian people—a race whose valour had so often and so signally preserved the Austrian empire from ruin. Whereas by following the Russian line of policy, he has no alternative left but to rule by force, and the difficulty of doing so must be apparent when we remember the heterogeneous materials, Hungarians, Slavonians, Italians, and Wallachians, of which the empire is composed, and that not one of these nationalities can be depended upon for their loyalty to the house of Hapsburg.

To Germanize and govern these, who amount to about thirty millions, he has six millions of Germans, to whom they are aliens in language, manners, and customs, and for the most part in religion. Were there no other obstacles than these of antagonistic national feeling, how delusive must be the hope of ever cementing this discordant mass into a union of interests, so as to become the faithful subjects of a German ruler—whose sword has been so often crimsoned in their blood. The armies of one nationality may coerce the insurrectionary movements of another for a time; but should a war take place, or any great political movement again agitate the inhabitants of Europe, we fear that Russian bayonets will not be found a sufficient support to uphold the crumbling throne of the house of Hapsburg.

If a brave united people like the Hungarians, have been able to contend with the most powerful and best appointed armies that Europe had seen since the days of Napoleon, in defence of their constitutional privileges, now that they have succeeded in gaining to their cause their former enemies the Slavonians, the next struggle may be attended with serious results; and how numberless are their wrongs—an outraged people—a dismembered country—a second Poland—their chiefs massacred, or wandering in penury and exile in the land of the stranger. As might be expected, now that a reaction has taken place in the popular feeling, in every town, village, or hamlet, throughout the land, whether inhabited by Hungarian, Slavonian, or Wallachian, a cry of vengeance and the name of Louis Kossuth trembles on every lip—their guardian angel, who is to deliver them from the thraldom of Austrian bureaucracy, martial law, multiplied taxes, and all the harassing chicanery of a host of needy German placemen, lording it over them in the harsh tones of a language with which they are unacquainted.

Even the Ban, Jellachich, otherwise a most estimable man in private life, so recently the hero of the Croatians is now denounced by his own countrymen as a traitor; and Rajachich, the martial patriarch of the Voiavodina of the Servians, as a Russian satrap; while the name of Görgey, who sold his country, has already become a bye-word and a reproach among all classes of the population.

The inhabitants of Western Europe, with all their

cares and worldly occupations, can form no idea of the excitement of this people, who, infuriated by recent disasters, have directed their every thought and energy to the means of again wresting their country from the grasp of the German stranger. The fair sex even outvie the men in their enthusiasm, and truly we cannot but admire the patience of the poor Austrian soldier who has to endure scoff and taunt from lips as beautiful as ever smiled on man.

In all the large towns we behold multitudes of these lovely Amazons, in the deepest mourning, fulfilling their oath never to cast it off until Hungary is again independent; others wearing the national colours in the various articles of their dress, to manifest at the same time their patriotism and contempt for the rule of the German, and all are decorated with bracelets and necklaces made from the coins issued during the government of Louis Kossuth. Again, not one of these patriots, whether male or female will now utter a word of German, although we found that language universally spoken, during our visit to Hungary in 1847, not only by the higher classes but by nearly every merchant and shopkeeper, and in all the inns throughout the country. This war against the German language, and everything German, is carried on with equal violence in Pest, the capital of the Hungarians, as in Agram, the capital of the Croatians, and indeed in all the towns through which we passed in 1850, and the same degree of excitement and discontent exists, notwithstanding that the entire country is under martial law, and a hundred and

fifty thousand Russians lying on the frontier ready to assist the executive in case of need.

This is precisely what might be expected on the reaction which followed the war in Hungary, the fate of every government that resorts to expedients to preserve it from falling. The Croatians and Servians, who had fought so long and bravely by the side of the imperialists, found instead of becoming the lords of the land, which they had been led to expect as the reward of their loyalty, that they had exchanged the mild rule of the Magyar for the harsh despotism and intolerance of the Austrians, with their vexatious bureaucracy—army of spies—passports and multiplied taxes. The discontent thus excited, was adroitly taken advantage of by the Hungarian party, which led to a sanguinary collision between the executive and the Croatians at Agram, and the Servians and the Wallachians in some districts of the Voiavodina, and the Bukowina, and Transylvania. The ill-feeling this created, aided the Hungarian cause by adding to the number of their allies, and at the same time increased the difficulty almost to hopelessness of any real conciliation between the inhabitants of these provinces and a German ruler.

At any other epoch but the extraordinary one in which we now live, or under the rule of any other but that of the bigoted priest-ridden Princes of the house of Hapsburg, in every age the enemies of civil and religious liberty, time might have the effect of softening the bitter feeling that now exists among the inhabitants of this distracted country. Even the fiery Magyar might

forget in amalgamating with the German, that he had been the denizen of free independent Hungary, but when we know that the first war, or revolutionary outburst in France, Germany, Italy, or Poland, will be sufficient to convulse Europe, it cannot be doubted for a moment that a people like the Hungarians, full of the robust strength of youth, and already drunk with military glory, will be the first to grasp the spear. In fact the spirit of nationality and a determination to assert their independence, never rose higher than at this moment, and now that they have succeeded in cementing a union with their compatriots, the Slavonians, like the Normans, and the Saxons of olden time in England, which two races, they each respectively resemble in character, combining the fiery bravery of the one, with the cool intrepidity of the other, it is not too much to say that they are destined to take a prominent part in the great events which are fast preparing in those provinces of Austria and European Turkey. The movement of the inhabitants to secure to themselves a political existence, has been going on with redoubled energy since the intervention of Russia in the affairs of Hungary, and the military occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia; aided and abetted, as it is by every man of intellect and enterprize among these various races, and who we may be assured only await a favourable moment to form a confederation of interests and declare themselves independent.

The Orientals have a beautiful proverb, and a true one, which tells us " there is a silver lining to every

cloud," in other words—there is no misfortune, however great, that has not its bright side, exemplified in the present state of the Hungarian people; since the insurrection which entailed upon them so many misfortunes, at least has had the effect of removing a great evil—national prejudice, and of dispelling the illusions of Russian Panslavism which had taken such a deep hold on the Slavonians of these provinces, and who in their ignorance looked forward to the powerful autocrat of the north as the enlightened legislator! who was to redeem them from the slavery of the Hungarians, the Germans, and the Turks.

Let us view it in whatever light we may, the inhabitants of civilized Europe have abundant reason to be dissatisfied with the conduct of the Austrian Government, throughout the whole of its lamentable contest with the Hungarian nation. As if it were not enough that Poland was already dismembered—her sons, exiles in every country in Europe, and in the madness of disappointment instigating and aiding insurrection wherever they could find an opening, the same unlucky ill-advised Government has now created in dismembered Hungary, a second Poland—a second revolutionary population, inferior to none in valour, enterprise, and determination, and who we feel certain will never again elect a Prince of the House of Hapsburg to reign over them.

If we take up the map of Europe and look at the geographical position of Hungary, and remember the inflammable materials existing in Poland to the north,

and in Italy to the south, it must be admitted if the Government of the Kaiser had been the paid agent of the democratic party, it could not more effectually have aided their cause than by adding Hungary to their number. Should therefore a revolt take place either in Poland, Italy, or Hungary, or among the Slavonians of European Turkey, or the Roumani of Moldavia and Wallachia, how admirably the insurgents can now communicate and assist each other, with the advantage of having inaccessible mountains as so many points of gathering or shelter from danger, together with seas and navigable rivers by which to receive supplies from their friends the democrats of the West, and all animated with the same griefs and the same desire for vengeance. As a proof of the existence of this feeling, have we not already seen during the late war in Hungary, legions of Poles, Wallachians, and Slavonians of every tribe and religious sect fighting side by side with the Hungarians, and whole regiments of Italians refusing to measure their swords against men who were fighting as it were, in their own cause, the great battle which was to emancipate them from the rule of a foreign despot.

Perhaps one of the most interesting observations that suggests itself to the mind of the traveller, who has been in the habit of visiting these provinces of Hungary and Austria on the Lower Danube, as we have done at different periods since our first visit in 1830; is the progress of opinion—the rapid strides the inhabitants have made in civilization, industry, and intelligence;

this has been in a great measure owing to the progress of steam navigation, which has been the means of introducing among them intellectual travellers and merchants, who have everywhere disseminated the advanced knowledge of the age, and prepared them for some great fundamental change in their religious and political institutions. A peace of five and thirty years duration has also been highly favourable to their enlightenment; they have had leisure to look around and compare their situation with that of the inhabitants of other countries, to discover the defects in their several governments, and the remedies necessary to be applied.

How futile then are all restrictive measures, intended to enslave the mind of man, when we know they only increase his desire to become more intimately acquainted with the knowledge denied him. We have seen Austria fence herself in on every side from all communication with the civilization of Europe, prohibit every work from entering her dominions that treated on politics or the reformed religion, maintain an army of spies—Jesuits, and monks of every order, and altogether establish in appearance one of the most perfect administrations of despotic rule on record, until the well ordered! well governed Austria! became a by-word among the nations; the admiration of every traveller! Yet of every other state in Europe she was found to be the most thoroughly demoralized; her institutions the most rotten; and none suffered more from revolution; none lay nearer the brink of total ruin.

We have another instance of the impossibility of

preventing the intrusion of liberal principles within the pale of despotism, in the facility with which the Russian soldiers, during their late campaign in Hungary, imbibed ideas and opinions utterly at variance with the sentiments and feelings, in which they had been so industriously trained. While the heroic bravery of the Magyars won the hearts of the Russian officers, the soul-stirring appeals of Louis Kossuth found their way into the barrack-room of the common soldier, and every well-informed man in these provinces is fully aware that it was something more potent than cold steel, which led to the defection of the traitor Görgey at a moment when the Russian troops, acted upon by clever Slavonian emissaries, were beginning to waver in the execution of the ungrateful task, which Austria herself was unable to perform. Independent of this, there is an enthusiasm attached to the cause of the man who is fighting for his country, its laws, and civil institutions. This was felt by the Russian army, who having in reality, no national cause of quarrel with the Hungarians saw the ignominy of their situation, in being made the instruments of upholding the rule of an Austrian despot.

If the degraded serf of Russia has already become a thinking man on the crimsoned fields of unhappy Hungary, what must be apprehensions of the arbitrary Princes of civilized Europe, with their vast armies of civilized men, influenced by public opinion, and all the endearing recollections of home and kindred; and who may in a fit of enthusiasm, and when least expected

instead of repressing the march of civil and religious freedom, aid it with their swords. This is the grand question of the day, the secret which at this moment paralyzes the movements of every cabinet in Continental Europe; and however much we may hear of the march of troops, their menacing positions, the squabbles of German Princes, the immense military force of Russia, the spread of Socialism, and threats of an invasion of republican France, it is nothing more than the acting of a clever drama, ingeniously constructed to distract the attention of their subjects from the discussion of more serious subjects. They know they dare not fire a gun, which would instantly prove the signal for a general rising in every discontented State in Europe.

This state of things cannot endure; the Governments of the Continent must yield to the influence of the age, or the weapon of the revolutionist will never rust. The reaction, that has already taken place in their policy since the subsidence of the insurrectionary tempest of 1848, has been succeeded by suspicion on the part of the rulers, and dissatisfaction in their subjects. Opinions and ideas have also arisen, not in existence previous to this time, as we now find the higher classes of society, even in Protestant countries, imbued with the absurd belief that the reformed religion tends to originate and encourage republican principles, and as a natural consequence maintain that the only possible means of preserving monarchical and aristocratical institutions consist in again placing the masses under the rule of the priests, the sway of the

confessional. In a word, to return to the darkness of the middle ages.

Unfortunately for the peace of the world, these opinions have had the effect of arraying on one side despotism and ultra-montanism, and on the other democracy and the progress of opinion, while the princes have invoked the aid of the church and inundated their States with Jesuits, Monks, and Puseyite propagandists—to prevent the emancipation of mind, the liberals have allied themselves with Deutsch Catholicism and Italian Catholicism—a reformed creed, which promises to embrace within its fold the whole of the middle classes of the population of Germany and Italy, who in every country constitute the strength, mind, and energy of a nation.

In vain the Austrian Government, now too feeble to resort to the old system of sanguinary persecution and the inquisition, has endeavoured to countermine the enemy by excluding every member of the German Reformed Catholic Church from holding any office of emolument under the Crown. In vain every restrictive measure is put in force, to prevent the preaching of the apostles of the new doctrine, converts multiply; and not only the inhabitants of towns and cities, but those of whole communes and villages have already embraced the tenets of the new creed. Alike in the religious tracts of the reformers and in the pulpit, the errors of the Church of Rome, its priest-craft, and confessional, are publicly denounced as incompatible with the progress of the human mind, morality, and civil freedom; and

Protestant England—its industry, wealth, civil and religious liberty, held forth as an example of the truth of their assertions.

During my homeward route from Agram, in Croatia, through part of Carinthia, Styria, Upper Austria, and Salzburg, I was accompanied, as my travelling companion, by a divine of the Roman Catholic Church, M. Goetz, prior of the Stift Schotten, in Vienna, a very worthy man, as liberal in his religious sentiments, as he was intellectual and devoted to his sacred calling. This circumstance afforded me an opportunity of judging of the state of religious feeling among the inhabitants of these provinces, formerly so remarkable for their attachment to the House of Austria, and to the old creed.

The change was most remarkable; fifteen years had only passed away since I travelled over these provinces, and in my work on Germany, alluded to the debasing superstitions of their inhabitants, and the immorality I witnessed among the thousands of devotees, assembled to pray at the shrine of the far-famed Maria Zell, in Styria. At that period, the Roman Catholic clergy of Austria, revelled in all the pomp and pride of sacerdotal majesty; wherever they appeared, they were almost worshipped by these simple mountaineers. Innumerable crucifixes lined the sides of the highway; blessed Madonnas and relics of saints exercised their miraculous powers in nearly all the churches; stations with their richly decorated temples were seen rising on certain holy mountains, which some sainted hermit, legend, or

miracle, had consecrated, and to which thousands and tens of thousands of pious pilgrims were accustomed to repair at stated periods bare-footed, bare-headed, and some even crawling on their knees to offer up their devotions.

The altars, the shrines, and the crucifixes, remain. Madonnas and relics perform their miracles in obedience to imperial authority! but the spirit that attracted the votaries of former days, is now exchanged for indifference and contempt; a fact which we heard repeated at all the monasteries and ecclesiastical institutions we visited, the holy fathers deeply deploring the spread of heresy, democracy, and socialism, among the people. It is true the inhabitants of isolated mountain villages still adhere to the superstitions of their fathers, but wherever we find the people mingling with the more intelligent population of the towns, they had caught the infection; and the Propagandists must have been numerous, and indefatigable in their exertions, to have caused such an extraordinary revolution in the minds of the once benighted inhabitants of these mountain provinces of Austria, more especially when we remember the short time that has elapsed since my last visit.

It is certain that we have now entered upon an extraordinary epoch, when the mind of man in the countries of civilized Europe has ceased to be influenced by the traditions and recollections of the past, when a sudden, nay, a violent change in the civil and religious policy of the nations of Europe may be anticipated, destined, we hope, to elevate man to a higher scale of

civilization; much, however, depends upon the views and policy of the various rulers in Europe, who may be said to hold in their hands the destinies of the social world. They must not, however, be deterred from aiding the cause of civil and religious liberty by taking their instructions from the prudent Czar of Russia, whose policy must be to remove, as far as possible, from his own subjects, in their present crude state of civilization, the slightest approach towards a liberal system of government; neither must they be frightened by the representations either of timid conservatives or dreaming priests, who fancy they see in a people, who have outstripped them in the march of mind, the elements of everything subversive of social order; and who would oppose, as a barrier to further progress, the degrading bigotry and superstition of the middle ages.

We know that Russia is still formidable, owing to the ignorance of her millions of serfs, and which enables her to assume so menacing an attitude against the growth of liberal opinions and constitutional government in other countries, especially since the sovereigns of Europe have learned to lean on her for support, and may be the means of prolonging a few years longer the existence of the despotic system. Yet, with the example of France in the American war of Independence, we doubt that the far-seeing Court of St. Petersburg would willingly take a part in any contest against the civilization of the West, however certain of success, since its own armies would be exposed to the dangerous

influence of liberal opinions, and which might lead to an outbreak on their return home, equally fatal to despotic rule and serfdom, as that of the French Revolution of '93.

Still no man will venture to predict, even though they may be strengthened with the support of Russia, any lengthened existence for the stability of the system of administration, which at this moment governs continental Europe. In connection with this subject, how many painful reflections are suggested to the mind of the traveller, when he sees the princes of Europe, notwithstanding the severe lessons they have received, clinging to the old system of governing, by the sword and martial-law. When he sees every solemn promise made in the hour of danger, to re-model the institutions of their respective countries utterly disregarded, and religious persecution again the order of the day; when he sees industrious citizens torn from their families, cast into prison, or sent into exile, not for political crimes, but for professing religious opinions, not in consonance with those established by the state; when he sees hosts of fanatic priests again riding rough shod over the land, as in Austria, here excommunicating their heretical flocks, and there driving them to church, as if they were a herd of sheep. When we witness all this, and hear the half-suppressed curses of the unhappy people, we cannot wonder at the general discontent, nor that the intellectual inhabitants of so many countries having now lost all confidence in their rulers, look forward to the establishment of republics as their only

chance of freedom—as their only hope of deliverance from the tyranny of princes, upon whom, if we may judge from their acts, no oath is binding, and who remain insensible to the sternest remonstrances of adversity.

CHAPTER XXV.

Concluding Observations.

PERHAPS no species of writing provokes a greater share of discussion, and it may be of censure, than a book of travels. The historian narrates the events of another age; the novelist and the poet the creation of their own mind; these, of course, cannot excite animadversion on merely personal grounds; but the traveller who takes upon himself, in addition to the task of describing the scenes and countries that have passed beneath his view, the arduous undertaking of depicting their social, religious, political, and moral state, and fearlessly proclaims what he has seen and heard, is certain to create a host of enemies, both at home and abroad, among those who may differ from him in opinion.

Various works have issued from the British and Continental press, lauding the Austrian Government and the progressive system of civilization, that was gradually elevating its subjects in the social scale, under the paternal rule of the princes of the House of Hapsburg.

The strength of the Austrian empire, the flourishing state of its finances, the general prosperity and contentment of the people were proclaimed as truths, that defied contradiction; yet recent events have sufficiently proved the fallacy of these statements, and the dislike entertained by the mass of the population to despotic rule, and which must have given way before the force of public opinion, had it not been for the interference of foreign bayonets.

We are told a similar tale of the civilizing reforms of the Sultan, the internal tranquillity of his dominions and the vast array of well-disciplined troops at his disposal, capable of defending the empire from aggression, no matter whence the attack proceeded.

It is unnecessary to expatiate on the injury society sustains, when travellers, either from timidity, or a dread of offending those in power, suppress or mistate facts when describing the countries they have visited; whereas the tourist who, from conscientious motives, and a desire to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, records the truth, he becomes at once the friend of social order and of princes, who are rarely made acquainted with the grievances of their subjects, save by the representations of an independent press—that powerful corrector of abuses, and safeguard of the best interests of man.

It is true the reign of the bow-string has ceased in Turkey, and personal freedom is placed under the protection of the law such as it is, together with something like the recognition of ministerial responsibility and the

abolition of certain abuses which have been succeeded by more civilizing institutions, a decided improvement on the barbarism of former days and for which we feel thankful; but the Government of the sovereigns of the Crescent has ever been, and still is, that of the sword. If we take the trouble of examining the acts and tendencies of the Divan since the massacre of the Janissaries, we shall find that the whole of the energy of its members has been directed towards the establishment of a military despotism, in conformity with the maxims and principles of the military despots of civilized Europe, in which the sole power and authority is vested in the Sovereign. To accomplish this, every piastre in the exchequer has been lavished, the demoralising conscription introduced, and all the complicated machinery of the *perfected administration* of the Governments of Russia and Germany. A system which is gradually reducing the resources of the empire to the verge of ruin.

The numerical force of the Turkish army is said to amount to two hundred and twenty thousand men, which can be increased in case of emergency to half a million; it is true this is a considerable force, but as an illustration of how little value a large standing army is to a State without funds, we have seen Omer Pacha so late as 1850, at a time when the non-reforming Mahometans of Bosnia and the unruly mountaineers of Herzegowina and Upper Moesia were in revolt, remaining inactive at Pristina with forty thousand men for want of money to set them in motion; and the

Government to provide the necessary supplies obliged to apply to the little principality of Servia for a loan, and besides this, if we may believe report, to mortgage the imperial diamonds together with those of its high dignitaries, to the Jew and Armenian money-lenders of Stamboul.

The experienced tourist looks for other evidences of the regeneration of a country than in the multiplication of its armed force, which in time of peace ever indicates the despotic tendencies of a Government and the reluctant obedience of its subjects. European Turkey, as we have shown our readers in these volumes, is now without roads as in the days of the first reformer, the late Sultan Mahmoud, its rivers without bridges, cities, towns, and fortresses crumbling to ruin, agriculture neglected, industry and commerce at zero. In addition to all this, the Haiduc maintains his wild independence in the mountains, the non-reforming Mahometan rebels, the Rayah plots sedition, and in spite of the Tanzimat and the repeated hatti-sheriffs of the Divan, the Moslem official still exercises his petty tyranny and resorts to his old mal-practices of extortion, rapacity, and oppression.

The embarrassments of the Ottoman Porte do not end here; while the Osmanli nationality has been steadily declining in numbers and increasing in disunion, the Crescent arrayed against the Crescent in the deadly encounter of reformists and non-reformists; the Slavonian of every other nationality in the Turkish Empire—the most numerous, energetic, and impatient of Moslem rule, is becoming stronger and more united not only in

these provinces but in whatever country we find a Slavonian community subject to the rule of a stranger. Besides, every step made by the Slavonian people in civilization and intelligence enhances the peril, and their complete enlightenment must terminate in one of two results—the extinction of Mussulman rule in this part of the Turkish Empire, or in its consolidation into a federal monarchy—Christian for Europe and Mahometan for Asia.*

With the hope of drawing the attention of the intelligent inhabitants of Western Europe to the present position of these interesting provinces, which, taken as a whole, for strength of position and capabilities of defence by sea and land, may be termed the Gibraltar of Eastern Europe, we have endeavoured to place in a prominent point of view the political importance of this portion of the Turkish empire.

The danger that would result to the balance of power, should this important country, so highly favoured by nature, by any unexpected turn in the chapter of accidents, pass from the sceptre of the enfeebled race of Othman, to that of the energetic princes of the north, must be apparent to the most superficial observer. Let us not, therefore, be found sleeping in fancied security, influenced by the representations of an ignorant all-suffi-

* That it is practicable to accomplish this, and it would have been effected if the life of the late Sultan Mahmoud had been prolonged, has been more amply discussed in a pamphlet lately published by Mr. Colburn, entitled, "What is to be done with Turkey?"

cient Mahometan, when the enemy is thundering at the door.

And now, having dwelt so long on the physical, political, and social state of these provinces of Turkey in Europe; having shewn how far a corrupt, enfeebled administration has contributed to their ruin, and fearing that no system of reform introduced by a Mahometan prince, after such a protracted period of misrule, can work their redemption, the question suggests itself: "What is to be done with Turkey?" To which the facetious reader might answer, as unceremoniously as if he had its dainty namesake before him on the dinner-table, "Cut it up, and eat it!" to which we would reply in a tone half jesting, half serious, "into how many divisions?"

There are seven millions of Bulgarians and Servians, of the Slavonian race, who have the Danube, the Save, the Adriatic, the Black Sea, and the mountains of Albania, Macedonia, and Thrace as a boundary. Altogether they would form a most compact respectable kingdom, and that they are not deficient in the necessary administrative qualities, we have an example in the flourishing principality of modern Servia, a government which has done more to regenerate its people by founding seminaries, establishing colleges, constructing roads, bridges, and public buildings; encouraging commerce, agriculture, and industry during the few years of its existence, than the Turks have done since the commencement of their rule in these provinces.

But what is to be done with the six hundred thou-

sand Mahometans in Bosnia and Upper Moesia, and Herzegowina? Happily, for the success of our theory, they are also Slavonians of the Servian race, and as we have already shewn in these volumes, not very stedfast in the faith of Islamism, nor love and fidelity towards an Osmanli ruler, and who we feel convinced would join in the war cry of their Christian brethren, "Christos nekoi! Christos Bassalevei!" if they found it to be their interest.

Then we have Albania, containing a population of about one million six hundred thousand, so admirably defended by an encircling chain of mountains, which separates it from the countries inhabited by the Slavonian and Greek nationalities, together with a long line of coast on the Adriatic for a boundary. Here we have also a Mahometan population numbering, more or less, six hundred thousand; and the remaining million, composed of members of the Greek and Latin Churches, whom we regret to say are by no means the best friends. As to the Albanian Mussulmans, from what we have seen and heard while travelling among them, we feel certain that the religious feelings of the majority would give way to their patriotism, if they saw a prospect of once more becoming a nation.

The Greek nationality might easily be arranged by rounding the present territory of Modern Greece with Thessaly, part of Epirus, and Macedonia, where the inhabitants are, for the most part, Greek in language, religion, customs, and manners.

The Ancient Thrace with Constantinople, where the

Osmanli may be said to form the majority of the inhabitants with their Asiatic possessions, and the islands in the Archipelago, would still leave Turkey a respectable power, and being more concentrated and united in the bonds of one common faith and nationality, add to its strength. Besides, we must not forget to mention, in any arrangement of this description, the Sultan, as Imperial Lord, might still draw from these provinces a very considerable revenue in the shape of tribute, as he now does from the free States of Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia, a method of acquiring revenue, peculiarly suitable to the indolent nature of an Osmanli.

If it were possible to effect such a consolidation of these provinces, it would call into existence several new Christian States with their energetic inhabitants, and at the same time increase the wealth and commercial prosperity of civilized Europe, by opening channels of commerce into regions hitherto known only by name.

The Turks, in addition to their ignorance and self-sufficiency, want the energy indispensable in a people destined to lead the way in the regeneration of a country. Besides, we have numerous examples, both in ancient and modern history to prove that small States being more consolidated, and under the immediate influence and observation of an intelligent ruler, advance more rapidly in civilization than vast unwieldy empires, where power is necessarily delegated to subordinates, who too often have no other object than to acquire wealth.

We hope these hints will be maturely considered by the intelligent reader, and attract the attention of the enlightened press of England, as we are sincerely desirous to behold these fine provinces with their interesting inhabitants preserved from anarchy. We are also anxious to see averted the probable calamity of a long and ruinous war respecting their territorial possession; and we cannot but feel assured that every unprejudiced traveller, who may have wandered in these provinces, and studied the character and tendencies of the people, however desirous he may be to maintain the integrity of the Turkish empire, will confirm our statements, and agree with us that the Osmanli nationality now reduced in these provinces, according to the statement of well-informed natives, resident Franks, and Consuls, to something under a million, and who endeavour by every contemptible expedient to rule over a vigorous population of nearly nine millions, differing from them in race, and nearly so in creed, cannot much longer maintain their position.

Democrats in the strictest sense of the word, a commonwealth of interests would best agree with the ideas of Government, entertained by the various nationalities inhabiting European Turkey, besides the mountainous character of the country offers peculiar facilities for the formation of separate independent communities. It must also not be forgotten, that such a form of administration would serve at the same time as an antagonist principle to the despotism of Russia, for which Government they never have manifested any

sympathy, however much they may be drawn towards it by the tie of a common religion.

If we turn from Turkey to Austria we shall find that power in a similar position, obliged to maintain its rule by the sword over a population of Hungarians, Italians, Poles, Roumani, and Slavonians of every tribe, numbering about thirty millions, and equally ruined in its finances; if we saw the Turkish piastre during our travels in Turkey, reduced in value to a few pence; we beheld on our homeward tour through Austria, the currency of that empire, whether ducats, guldens, zwanzigers, or kreutzers, all represented by paper!

There are some nations to whom despotism in the hands of a vigorous prudent sovereign of the same race, may consist with the prosperity and happiness of the people, but we feel convinced that no system of administration, however tolerant, just and liberal, can ever reconcile an Italian, Hungarian, or Slavonian, to an Austrian ruler. The same line of argument may be applied with even more force to the ill-fated Sultan of Turkey, who in his character of Moslem Prince, however amiable, just, and clement he may be as a ruler, can never hope for attachment or sympathy from a Christian, whatever may be his race or nationality.

There is also another nationality to which we have not yet alluded, the Roumani, inhabiting the principalities of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Transylvania, and parts of European Turkey, a brave and vigorous people numbering about ten millions, who since the war in Hungary and their sufferings during the Russian occu-

pation of their country, have also commenced to agitate and unite their scattered members in the bonds of national union.

That the whole of these various nationalities, now subject to the rule of the Austrian and the Turk will, sooner or later, assert their rights as so many independent nations, the most sceptical reader must admit. A contingency which deserves and ought to occupy the serious attention of the cabinets of Western Europe, who having an army of ambassadors and political agents at their command, cannot be ignorant of the state of feeling in these countries. They must also be aware that when an outbreak does take place, the dismemberment of the Austrian and Turkish empires can scarcely be prevented, since their rulers, as we before observed, were there no other causes to produce this effect, possess no ties of race to connect them with the various nationalities which fate has called upon them to govern.

APPENDIX.

I.

DÉCLARATION D'INDÉPENDANCE DE LA NATION HONGROISE.

Nous, membres de l'assemblée nationale, représentants légaux de l'état de Hongrie, tout en replaçant par notre déclaration solennelle la Hongrie avec tous ses pays intégrants, et toutes ses parties constituantes, en ses droits naturels, et inaliénables, en la mettant au nombre des états européens indépendants, et en déclarant devant Dieu et les hommes la perfide maison de Habsbourg-Lorraine à tout jamais déchue du trône: nous reconnaissons l'obligation morale de publier les motifs de cette détermination, afin que tout le monde civilisé en ait connaissance, que ce, qui porta la nation hongroise persécutée jusqu'à la mort à faire cette démarche, ne fut point une présomption démesurée, ni la suite d'une ébullition révolutionnaire, mais bien la patience poussée jusqu'au bout, et le besoin absolu de se conserver soi-même.

Il y a trois cents ans, que la nation hongroise éleva la maison d'Autriche sur le trône de libre choix, et sur la base de certains pactes bilatéraux.

Et ces trois siècles ne furent qu'autant de siècles de souffrances continuelles.

Dieu bénit ce pays de tous les éléments du bonheur, et de la prospérité.

Son étendue de près de six mille milles carrées abonde de toutes les sources de richesses, qui font fleurir un pays, son peuple, comptant quinze millions d'habitants, porte dans son sein une jeunesse de force, et une virilité d'action, qui peut servir de levier puissant à la liberté, et à la civilisation des peuples à l'orient de l'Europe, ainsi que de garantie de la paix pour l'avenir, comme il en fut le rempart par le passé.

Jamais dynastie ne reçut de tâche plus glorieuse, que la maison de Habsbourg-Lorraine par rapport à la Hongrie.

Elle n'avait, qu'à ne pas mettre des entraves à son développement naturel, et la Hongrie serait maintenant un des pays les plus florissants.

Elle n'avait, qu'à ne pas lui envier ce qu'elle avait de liberté modérée, que la nation sut non seulement garder pendant mille ans de contrariétés sans fin, mais qu'elle sut aussi unir à une loyauté et à un dévouement sans pareil pour les rois qui la gouvernaient, et la maison de Habsbourg aurait trouvé pour bien long-temps encore dans la nation hongroise un appui, que rien n'aurait pu secouer. Mais au lieu de cela, cette même dynastie, qui ne peut pas montrer un seul prince, qui aurait cherché sa force et sa gloire dans la force de la nation, ne suivit de fils en fils envers la nation hongroise, que la politique la plus perfide.

Elle chercha tantôt de vive force à priver ce pays de son indépendance légale, et de sa liberté constitutionnelle, afin de l'amalgamer en un esclavage commun avec le reste des provinces de l'empire, divesties depuis long-temps de toute liberté ; ou bien si des fois elle se vit arrêtée dans cette voie par la résistance inflexible de la nation, elle dirigea tous ses efforts à arrêter tous ses progrès en l'endormant, et en la faisant ainsi servir de colonie à ses provinces héréditaires, pour que celles-ci en tirent tout le profit, et se mettent de même en cette manière à supporter sans oser redire toutes les charges, que leur imposa un gouvernement prodigue, non dans l'intérêt de ses peuples, mais dans l'intérêt de propager la domination absolue, et d'opprimer toute liberté en Europe.

Il arriva plusieurs fois, que la nation hongroise fût contrainte

en défense de soi-même de se lever en armes contre ce système tyrannique, dont chaque pas fut caractérisé ou de déception, ou d'intrigue, ou d'attentat à force ouverte; et quelque victorieuse, qu'elle combattit dans la défense de son juste droit, elle fut toujours si modérée dans l'exercice de ses forces, si prompte à se fier à la parole royale, qu'elle ne manqua jamais de déposer ses armes victorieuses du moment, que ses rois lui donnèrent l'assurance de ses droits et de ses libertés moyennant un nouveau traité, ou un nouveau serment.

Mais hélas tout nouveau traité ne fut qu'un jeu, tout nouveau serment, qui sortit de la bouche royale, ne fut qu'un nouveau manque de foi; et la politique de l'Autriche ne changea jamais pendant trois cents ans à être dirigée uniquement vers l'anéantissement de l'existence politique de la nation.

En vain celle-ci versa son sang pour la maison de Habsbourg-Lorraine chaque fois que celle-ci était en danger en vain sacrifia-t-elle aux intérêts de famille; de cette dynastie plus qu'aucune nation n'a jamais sacrifié pour ses rois; en vain oublia-t-elle avec une magnanimité poussée à l'exaggération toute ancien grief à chaque nouvelle promesse; en vain nourrit-elle dans son sein une loyauté si inébranlable envers ses rois, que jusque dans les souffrances infligées par ceux-là elle se montra comme d'une dévotion religieuse.

L'histoire de la domination de la maison de Habsbourg, et successivement celle de Habsbourg-Lorraine en Hongrie n'offrit qu'une suite de serments rompus de fils en fils.

Et la nation hongroise n'en respecta pas moins le lien qui l'unit à cette dynastie, lien basé sur des doubles traités; et si enfin elle se résolut maintenant par l'instinct de conservation de soi-même à déclarer déchue du trône et bannie du pays cette maison parjure, ce qui seul put la pousser à cet acte de justice, ne fut autre, que la certitude, que la maison de Habsbourg-Lorraine conspirait sans égards et sans relâche à exterminer la vie politique de la Hongrie, et qu'ainsi elle-même ne fut pas seulement la première à déchirer les liens qui l'attachaient à la Hongrie, mais qu'elle s'en vanta même devant l'Europe entière.

Il y a plus d'une raison qui donnent le droit à un peuple devant Dieu et le monde de bannir du trône la dynastie régnante.

Telles :

Si elle s'allie avec les ennemis du pays, où avec les factieux, les meurtriers et les voleurs pour opprimer la nation par ce moyen ; si elle attaque ses sujets, qui ne sont point en révolte contre elle, les armes à la main, afin de détruire la constitution du pays, sur laquelle elle a juré, ou l'existence politique de la nation ; si de vive force elle attente à l'intégrité territoriale du pays, qu'elle a juré de maintenir, en la démembrant ; si elle se sert d'une force armée étrangère pour faire assommer ses propres sujets et pour reprimer leur liberté légale ;

Chacune de ces raisons est suffisante en elle-même pour qu'une dynastie soit privée de son trône. La maison de Habsbourg-Lorraine avec un manque de foi sans exemple, commit à la fois et en même temps, chacun de ces crimes, et elle les commit de mûre réflexion, et avec la résolution arrêtée de détruire l'existence politique de la nation hongroise, elle les commit accompagnés de tant de trahisons, de meurtres, de pillages, d'incendies, de cruautés, et d'attentats aux droits des peuples, que le récit de ses forfaits doit faire tressaillir l'humanité.

Ce qui servit d'occasion à la maison d'Autriche à ces procédés, ce furent les lois, qui furent porté le printemps de l'année 1848, pour la garantie de la constitution du pays. Ces lois avaient pourtant ressuscité le pays par des réformes radicales dans les rapports intérieurs des citoyens, car elles abolirent les prestations féodales, et la dîme, elles donnèrent le droit d'être représenté à la diète, ci-devant toute aristocratique, à tout le peuple, sans distinction de langue ou de religion, elles posèrent le fondement de l'égalité des droits, et abolirent tout privilège ou immunité de contribution aux charges de l'état, restituèrent la liberté de la presse restreinte illégalement, et établirent le jury, pour en réprimer les abus ; mais bien, qu'en suite de la commotion générale des esprits, que provoqua la révolution de février en France presque toutes les provinces de la monarchie autrichienne

furent également en état de révolution, et la dynastie dans un état dépourvu de soutien ; la nation toujours fidèle des Hongrois ne pensa même pas d'exploiter ces circonstances pour extorquer quelque nouveau droit pour elle-même, mais se contenta d'établir des garanties dans un système de gouvernement fondé sur la responsabilité ministérielle pour assurer la liberté et l'indépendance de la nation contre les empiètements toujours croissants de la dynastie.

Pourtant cette liberté et cette indépendance ainsi garantie ne fut point une invention de nouvelle date, mais bien un droit ancien, confirmé par la loi et les serments des rois successifs, qui d'ailleurs ne changea rien aux rapports légitimes, dans lesquels la Hongrie se trouva vis-à-vis de l'empire autrichien.

Car la Hongrie avec la Transylvanie et toutes les parties et provinces y attenantes ne fut jamais amalgamée en un et seul corps avec l'empire d'Autriche, mais elle fut toujours un pays libre et indépendant alors même, qu'après avoir accepté la sanction pragmatique, elle arrêta le même ordre de succession pour ses rois, qui exista dans les autres provinces soumises à la maison régnante.

S'il en faut une preuve, celle-ci se trouve dans la loi même portée au sujet de la sanction pragmatique, dans laquelle l'intégrité territoriale des pays appartenants à la couronne de Hongrie ainsi que l'existence de celle-ci par elle-même, son indépendance et sa constitution, et sa liberté politique sont expressément maintenus.

Ce qui sert de preuve évidente, que les héritiers de la couronne ne devinrent même après la sanction pragmatique rois légitimes de Hongrie, qu'autant qu'ils entrèrent en traité avec la nation au sujet de leur couronnement, et qu'après avoir juré de maintenir ce traité, ainsi que la constitution et les lois du pays, ils furent actuellement couronnés de la couronne de St. Etienne.

Ce pacte de coronation contint invariablement, que de pair avec l'ordre de succession tous les droits et les lois constitutionnelles de la Hongrie seraient conservées intactes.

Il n'y eut qu'une seule exception parmi les successeurs de la

maison Habsbourg et Lorraine, qui montèrent sur le trone après la sanction pragmatique, et ce fut Joseph II. qui ne souscrit point ce pacte, qui ne jura point la constitution, et qui mourut sans être couronné, et voilà justement pourquoi il ne paraît point dans le rang des rois de Hongrie, et que tous ses actes sont illégals et sans valeur.

Son successeur Léopold II. ne put monter sur le trône de Hongrie, qu'en suite d'un pareil pacte de couronnement; à quelle occasion la loi 10 de 1790 sanctionnée en même temps que le serment du roi déclara tout clairement, que la Hongrie est un pays libre, indépendant pour sa forme de gouvernement, et sujette à aucun autre pays, ou aucune autre nation, n'existante que d'elle-même, et de sa propre constitution, et ne devant par conséquent être gouvernée, que d'après ses propres lois et coutumes.

C'est ainsi que jura, pareillement en montant sur le trône après 1790, le roi François I. qui, après que l'empire romain eut cessé, ayant pris le titre d'Empereur de l'Autriche, malgré des actes illégals sans fin, eut cependant toujours assez de retenue pour reconnaître ouvertement, que la Hongrie avec ses parties attenantes ne faisait point partie de l'Empire d'Autriche, comme il en fut aussi, et est encore séparé par un cordon de douanes à part.

C'est ainsi enfin, que jura en montant sur le trône Ferdinand V. celui, lequel sanctionna de libre volonté les lois portées l'année passée par la Diète de Presbourg, mais lequel rompit aussitôt son serment et conspira avec les autres membres de sa famille, pour effacer la nation hongroise du nombre des nations indépendantes. Mais encore cette fois la nation tint religieusement sa foi à la royauté parjure.

Dans les jours de mars de l'année dernière, quand l'empire autrichien fut sur le seuil de sa perte, quand en Italie une perte suivit l'autre, quand l'empereur trembla chaque moment, d'être chassé de son palais, le Hongrois, mettant de côté les avantages qu'il aurait pu tirer de tout ceci, ne demanda autre chose que la garantie de sa constitution, et ses anciens droits, que quatorze

rois de la maison d'Autriche avaient également jurée, également violée.

Et quand il sanctionna enfin la loi sur la responsabilité ministérielle, comme nouvelle garantie de nos anciens droits, et qu'il nomma les ministres hongrois, la nation hongroise s'agroupit en masse pour soutenir son trône chancelant.

Dans ces jours de péril, comme plusieurs fois déjà, la loyauté du Hongrois sauva la maison d'Autriche.

Mais le serment n'avait pas encore quitté ses lèvres, qu'il trama déjà la perte de la Hongrie de concert avec sa famille, et ses complices, amoureux du système absolu. Il trama avant tout contre la responsabilité ministérielle, car tant qu'elle existait, le cabinet de Vienne ne pouvait guère nullifier le gouvernement constitutionnel et indépendant de la Hongrie.

Il y eut en Hongrie un siège de gouvernement sous le nom de Conseil du Lieutenant-Général de Hongrie, dont le palatin fut le chef, et dont ce fut bien aussi le devoir imposé par les lois, de veiller à ce que celles-ci ne fussent point violées ; mais puisque la responsabilité s'éteint sous la forme collégiale, le cabinet autrichien sut peu à peu dérober tout pouvoir des mains de ce siège gouvernemental, et à n'en faire qu'un bureau de transmission des décrets arbitraires de la cour sous l'abri d'un nom officiel.

C'est ainsi qu'il arriva donc, que bien que la Hongrie possédait de par la loi un gouvernement indépendant, le cabinet de Vienne ne disposa pas moins de l'argent et du sang du peuple à des fins étrangères, qu'il subordonna nos intérêts commerciaux à ceux des autres provinces, ou bien à ceux qui servaient le mieux son système d'exploitation générale, l'exclut de tout contact avec l'étranger, et fit descendre notre patrie au rang d'une colonie autrichienne, juste ce que l'introduction de la forme de gouvernement ministériel devait empêcher pour l'avenir, en faisant une vérité des droits écrits sur le papier et du serment prêté par les rois.

Ceci et puisqu'il lui aurait été dorénavant impossible de disposer arbitrairement de l'argent, et du sang du peuple, fut ce qui porta la maison régnante jusqu'à la résolution de plonger la

Hongrie dans des troubles sanglants, afin de déchirer en lambeaux tous les liens de toute force intérieure, et user ensuite de la force armée pour couper en morceaux le pays saignant des blessures, qu'il s'était fait à lui-même, à finir ainsi par nous supprimer du nombre des nations vivantes, et après nous avoir privé de notre indépendance ne faire de ce pays amorcelé, qu'une des parcelles amalgamées dans le corps aggloméré de l'Empire d'Autriche.

Elle commença l'exécution de ce projet, tout en constituant le ministère par la nomination du Ban de Croatie, général autrichien, qui dut le premier lever l'étendard de la sédition dans la Croatie appartenante à la Couronne de Hongrie.

Ce qui servit ses desseins, ce fut que sur les frontières de la Croatie et de l'Esclavonie implantées de colonies militaires elle pensa trouver une force militaire toute prête, composée des habitants de ces contrées, qui au dépit de la constitution furent exclus depuis longues années de tous les droits civils, et étant ainsi accoutumés à la plus stricte discipline militaire, le pouvoir absolu dut trouver en eux la plus prompte assistance.

Et puis le vieux principe de désunir pour régner y avait exercé depuis des siècles sa politique barbare sur les passions humaines, et avait réussi dans ces contrées à exaspérer une partie par tous les plus détestables moyens jusqu'au plus haut degré de fureur, quoique la nation hongroise ne voulut jamais opprimer celles de Croatie et d'Esclavonie, mais leur laissa au contraire un libre champ dans l'organisation de leur gouvernement intérieur, et tout en partageant avec eux tous ses droits politiques, leur concéda même au dégât de ses propres droits, certains privilèges et immunités.

Le Ban leva donc le bouclier au nom de l'Empereur, et commença une sédition ouverte contre le roi de Hongrie, bien que ces deux ne furent qu'une seule personne, et il poussa les choses au point de faire décréter au nom de la Croatie et de l'Esclavonie, qu'ils allaient déchirer le lien qui les unissait à la Hongrie depuis huit siècles, et s'unir à l'Empire Autrichien. Déjà alors ce ne fut pas seulement l'opinion publique, mais des données

positives, qui accusèrent l'oncle du roi l'Archiduc Louis, l'Archiduc François-Charles, et surtout son épouse l'Archiduchesse Sophie d'être la cause première de ces mouvements, et puisque le Ban en se levant, se servit du prétexte de sa fidélité au roi, le ministère hongrois pria celui-ci de donner une déclaration solennelle et laver ainsi son nom et celui de sa famille de la tâche, qui s'y attachait.

Dans ces temps les affaires d'Italie allaient mal, et on n'osa ouvertement se démasquer. Par conséquent le roi déclara le Ban et ses fidèles factieux coupables de lèse-majesté, et rebelles par un ordre du 16 Juin, 1848. Mais tandis qu'on donna cette déclaration, on combla de grâces à la cour le factieux et ses compagnons, et on les aida d'argent, de canons, de fusils et de munitions.

La nation hongroise se fiant à la parole royale, ne tarda pas à attaquer le factieux dans son siège même, mais voulant épargner le sang, s'il était possible, elle se contenta d'abord de mesures de repression.

Bientôt les habitants Serbes de la partie Sud-est de la Hongrie, excités de la manière même se mirent à s'insurger.

Le roi déclara également que c'était une rebellion; il les aida tout de même comme les autres d'argent, d'armes, et ses propres officiers et fonctionnaires rassemblés dans la Serbie voisine, des hordes de brigands Serbes, pour aider les rebelles Rasciens, se mirent à leur tête, pour assassiner les tranquils habitants hongrois et allemands, et on confia la direction suprème de cette insurrection combinée des Croates et des Serbes dans les mains du chef des rebelles Croates.

Cette insurrection fut l'occasion de telles abominations, que le cœur se retourne avec horreur en les contemplant. On tua les habitants pacifiques avec un raffinement de cruauté et de torture, des villes entières fleurissantes furent dévastées, le Hongrois qui s'échappa des mains de l'assassin, dut aller mendier son pain dans sa propre patrie, et la partie la plus abondante du pays fut changée en une vallée de deuil.

Le peuple hongrois fut contraint à se défendre, mais le Cabinet

autrichien avait eu soin préalablement, d'envoyer une grande partie de nos troupes en Italie, pour se battre contre les Lombards-Vénitiens, et ne les laissa point retourner de là bien que notre patrie même saignait elle-même de mille blessures.

Le reste des troupes hongroises se trouvait en plus grande partie dans les provinces autrichiennes, bien que contre la loi du pays, au lieu que chez nous c'étaient la plupart des soldats autrichiens qui furent garnisonnés, et qui servirent plutôt de soutien aux factieux, que pour maintenir la paix à l'intérieur.—

Nous sollicitâmes continuellement, que ces troupes fussent échangées contre celles des nôtres, qui se trouvèrent dans les provinces héréditaires.—Nous essayâmes ou de refus, ou tous les retards possibles.—Et ceux de nos braves, qui apprenant le danger de la patrie, s'empressèrent à y retourner en masse au péril de leur vie, fûrent traqués, et quand des fois ils durent céder à la force supérieure, non seulement on les désarma, mais on les punit de mort, puisqu'ils avaient voulu défendre leur patrie contre le meurtre, et la révolte.—

Le ministère hongrois sollicita le roi de donner l'instruction à l'armée, et aux commandants des forteresses, qu'ils avaient à observer la constitution, et obéir au ministère. Cet ordre fut effectivement envoyé au palatin, et lieutenant-général afin d'être circulé partout.—Les lettres furent écrites, et mises à la poste, mais le neveu du roi, son lieutenant-général n'eut pas honte de descendre jusqu'à faire escamoter à la poste ces ordres contresignés par les ministres, qu'on trouva plus tard parmi ses papiers, après qu'il eut indignement abandonné le pays.

Le Ban factieux menaça le littoral de la Hongrie; le gouvernement du pays envoya de concert avec le roi une force armée vers Fiume par la Styrie;—on força ces troupes chemin faisant à se rendre en Italie, et les insurgés s'emparèrent de Fiume, et l'arrachèrent à la Hongrie.

Et voilà que le cabinet de Vienne déclara cet infame piège une méprise, comme ce fut une méprise probablement aussi, que la poudre, le canon, l'argent, et les fusils, dont il dota les rebelles Croates.—Ceux-ci, ainsi que les commandants militaires des for-

teresses reçurent l'avis, qu'en cas d'ordre du roi, qui blâmait leur conduite, ou les encourageait à l'obéissance au ministère, ils n'en prennent point notice, et ne se tiennent qu'aux ordres du ministère autrichien.—Fut-il jamais jeu plus détestable, qu'on joua avec une nation ?—

La nation hongroise ainsi dépourvue d'argent, d'armes, de troupes, non préparée à la défense, prise dans un filet d'intrigue, et de trahison systématique, se trouva obligée de se défendre avec des volontaires des gardes nationaux, des levées de peuple mal, ou pas armées du tout, et aidée seulement par ce qui était resté de troupes hongroises dans le pays, elle eut pourtant toujours le dessus à champ ouvert, mais elle fut incapable de vaincre d'un coup l'insurrection combinée des Rasciens, des Serbes, des Croates, et des troupes frontières, d'autant moins que celles-ci eurent le temps de se fortifier derrière des tranchées, grâces aux machinations de quelques-uns de nos propres officiers, et généraux vendus à l'absolutisme.—

Il fallut penser à créer de nouvelles forces.—Le roi, qui feignit toujours encore céder aux réclamations légitimes, qu'il ne pouvait éviter d'écouter, assembla la Diète pour le 2 Juillet, 1848, et y somma les représentants de la nation à penser aux moyens de vaincre la sédition serbe-croate, et à rétablir la paix en dedans moyennant une force armée, et les ressources pécuniaires nécessaires à ce but;—en même temps il déclara de rechef en son propre nom, et celui de toute sa famille royale, qu'il condamnait de la manière la plus solennelle l'insurrection croate, et la rébellion des Serbes.—

La Diète prit ses mesures,—Elle vota 200,000 hommes, et 42 millions de florins, et soumit son projet de loi à la sanction royale, et pria en même temps le roi avec les expressions de la plus grande loyauté, qui était justement alors enfui de Vienne à Insbruck, il vint à Bude pour apaiser la révolte par sa présence, et s'en remettre à la fidélité des Hongrois pour la défense de sa personne, et de son trône contre tout péril.—Mais ce fut en vain! Il arriva même, que dans cette époque le général Radeczky vint de remporter une victoire en Italie.—Enflée de ce succès la

maison Habsbourg-Lorraine crut le temps venu pour lever le masque complètement, et dès ce moment elle parut sur la scène, prenant part ouvertement dans l'oppresion de ce malheureux pays saignant de guerre civile.

Le Ban, le factieux, déclaré tel par le roi lui-même, ne fut plus dorénavant, que le "cher" et "fidèle Ban," il recueillit des éloges pour son insurrection, et fut encouragé à la continuer.—De semblables caresses furent prodiguées aux égorgeurs serbes, qui se baignaient dans le sang des nôtres.

Ce fut le signal sur lequel le Ban à l'aide de ses troupes rassemblées au nom du roi, passa la Drave, tout en pillant, et dévastant le pays. Ce qu'il y avait de troupes autrichiennes, s'associa la plupart à lui;—les commandants des forteresses d'Eszék, d'Arad, Temesvár, Gyulafejérvár ainsi que les autres commandants en chef abandonnèrent traitreusement la cause de la patrie.—Dans la Hongrie supérieure ce fut un prêtre slave, élevé au rang de Colonel autrichien par le roi, qui devant les yeux de celui-ci avait enrôlé à Vienne même des pillards bohèmes, qui y fit invasion; et voilà que le chef des rebelles croates avança à travers le pays sans défense vers la capitale même, se berçant de la présomption, que l'armée hongroise n'osera pas se battre contre lui.

La Diète eut encore foi dans le serment du roi, et le supplia de mettre fin à cette guerre. Elle eut pour réponse un appel à certaine note du ministère autrichien, et il fut déclaré, qu'on était résolu à priver le gouvernement de la nation libre, et indépendante hongroise de la direction des affaires des finances, du commerce, et de la guerre;—et en même temps le roi refusa son consentement aux lois faites à l'égard des soldats, et des frais de guerre, lois que lui-même avait provoquées.—

Sur cela le ministère résigna.—Le premier ministre appelé à composer un nouveau ministère, proposa les membres qui devaient le former, mais ils ne furent point sanctionnés.—La Diète devant sauver la patrie, ordonna en attendant la levée des troupes, et d'argent nécessaire.

La nation obéit avec la plus grande promptitude. Les repré-

sentants de la nation sommèrent en même temps le neveu du roi, Palatin, et Lieutenant-général du Royaume d'aller, comme c'était son devoir, rejoindre l'armée contre les insurgés.

Il y alla en effet en débitant les plus belles phrases, et donnant lieu par ses promesses aux plus belles espérances.—Mais à peine eut-il échangé quelques messages avec les envoyés du Ban au moment même où l'on attendait le signal d'une bataille, il déserta traîtreusement le camp en secret, et s'éloigna du pays sans s'arrêter, et en toute hâte.

Mais parmi ses écrits on trouva le plan tramé antérieurement, comment il fallait attaquer la Hongrie de neuf côtés à la fois, savoir la Styrie, l'Autriche, la Moravie, la Silésie, la Gallicie, et la Transylvanie. Et on trouva parmi les correspondances saisies du ministre de guerre autrichien comment on avait donné des instructions aux commandants des provinces entourantes la Hongrie, de faire irruption en Hongrie, et d'aider les insurgés en opérant de concert avec eux.—

Et en effet l'invasion se fit de neuf côtés, pendant que dans l'intérieur de notre patrie la guerre civile fit ses ravages entre les populations excitées.—Parmi tout pourtant, c'est l'agression, qu'on fit sur la Transylvanie, qui fut la plus fatale ;—car par là on chercha à dissoudre de nouveau, par des moyens violents, l'union complète de la Transylvanie avec la Hongrie, objet connu de sollicitation depuis 1791; et réalisé enfin l'année passée d'abord par le décret porté par la Diète de Hongrie, plus tard par celle de Transylvanie elle-même, sanctionné par la maison régnante, et exécuté effectivement à l'occasion de la Diète de 1848 de sorte, que tous les députés de toute la Transylvanie, y compris les Saxons, s'y réunirent, et parurent à Pest le 2 Juillet de cette année.—

Ce qui est plus, en Transylvanie les perfides chefs autrichiens ne se contentèrent point de guerroyer avec les troupes régulières ; mais soutenus par les Saxons factieux, ils révoltèrent les populations vallaques, lesquelles se levant contre la liberté, qui leur fut donnée par les lois, égorgèrent, et martyrisèrent avec un vandalisme des plus barbares les habitans hongrois sans défense, sans

avoir pitié ni de sexe, ni d'âge, et incendièrent, et pillèrent les villes, et les villages les plus fleurissants, parmi eux N. Enyed, le siège de la science en Transylvanie.

Mais la nation hongroise entourée de tant de trahison, de violence, et de péril, quoique sans armes et sans préparatifs, ne désespéra pas sur son avenir.

Elle accrût ses forces des volontaires, et des masses du peuple, et suppléant le défaut de l'exercice par l'enthousiasme puisé dans la justice de notre cause, elle mit en déroute le camp croate, et après que le chef de cette armée employa la trève obtenue après la bataille à commettre un nouveau manque de parole en se dérobant à l'abri de la nuit, elle le poursuivit, et le chassa complètement du pays.—Une autre partie de l'armée de celui-ci, consistante de plus de 10,000 hommes, fut entourée, et fait prisonnière en commençant de leur chef jusqu'au dernier homme.

La troupe principale fuit vers Vienne après sa défaite, et le roi Ferdinand V. alla si loin dans l'oubli de ses devoirs, qu'il nomma ce chef de rebelles vaincu, et expulsé, représentant de la Royauté avec plein pouvoir. En même temps, et en dépit des lois de 1848, qui ne permettent de dissoudre la Diète, que moyennant la contresignature ministérielle et même munie de celle-ci, uniquement après avoir réglé le budget de l'année prochaine, il déclara celle-là dissoute, suspendit la constitution et toutes les autorités et cours de justice constitutionnelles, et plaça le pays entier sous la loi militaire, mettant vie, fortune, honneur, famille des citoyens à la merci d'un factieux brutal, qui avait déjà porté sa main téméraire sur le pays, la constitution et la loi.

Mais la maison parjure d'Autriche ne s'arrêta pas même à cet acte audacieux.

Elle accueillit le Ban rebelle, et le mit sous l'égide de l'armée, qui alors assiégeait Vienne, et après avoir pris d'assaut et reconquis Vienne avec ces forces réunies, elle les fit conduire par lui contre la Hongrie, dans le but de soumettre également ce pays.

La nation hongroise, toujours inébranlable dans sa loyauté, envoya un parlementaire à l'ennemi. Son parlementaire fut saisi, jeté en prison, toutes les réclamations à cet égard ne furent

pas mêmes considérées dignes de réponse, mais en revanche on menaçait du gibet, quiconque oserait se lever en défense de sa patrie innocente.

Avant pourtant que le corps d'armée principal pénétra en Hongrie, il s'est exécuté une révolution de famille dans le palais même d'Olmutz. Ferdinand V. résigna le trône, qu'il avait souillé de tant de sang, et de parjure, et au lieu de son frère cadet François-Charles, qui résignat également son droit de succession, ce fut le fils de celui-ci le jeune Archiduc François-Joseph, qui se fait proclamer Empereur d'Autriche et Roi de Hongrie.

Mais il n'est permis, à qui que ce soit, de disposer du trône constitutionnel de la Hongrie par aucune espèce de pacte de famille sans le consentement de la nation; et malgré cela la nation désirait si peu d'aller au-delà d'une paix honorable, qui lui assura le maintien de ses lois, que si l'on condescendait à chercher son consentement à ce changement de trône par des voies légales, et que le jeune prince offrît de prêter le serment constitutionnel, encore alors la nation n'aurait pas tardé un instant l'accepter comme roi, sur la base des traits diplomatiques d'usage, et de le couronner de la Couronne de St. Etienne, avant qu'il eut trempé sa main dans le sang de ses peuples.

Mais lui rejettant tout ce qui est sacré par devant Dieu et les hommes, ne fit non seulement aucun avance de ce genre, mais se dépouilla au contraire de tout ce qu'il y a d'ordinaire de noble élan dans le cœur d'un jeune homme; son premier mot ne fut, que le cri fier, qu'il allait l'épée à la main soumettre la Hongrie, laquelle lui—le rebelle—eut l'audace de stygmatiser du nom de rebelle, et qu'il considérait la tâche de sa vie de bouleverser les lois, et l'indépendance de ce pays datant de dix siècles et de l'amalgamer avec l'empire d'Autriche.

Et autant qu'il a pu, il tint sa parole de la manière la plus formidable. Il déchaîna sur la Hongrie son armée placée sous les ordres de son Lieutenant-Général plénipotentier le Prince de Windischgrätz, et en même temps d'autres corps d'armée attaquèrent le pays du côté de la Gallicie et de la Styrie. La nation

hongroise se débattit contre la mort, qui lui était jurée, mis en face de tant d'ennemis, et déchirée dans l'intérieur, par les vandales insurgés avant de pouvoir développer toute sa force, elle fut d'abord contrainte à reculer, de peur d'exposer la capitale aux malheurs d'un assaut, comme Prague et Vienne l'avaient subi, et afin de ne point jouer sur une carte le destin d'une nation, digne d'un meilleur sort, mais mal préparée, on abandonna la capitale, et en transférant au commencement de janvier la Diète et le gouvernement nationale à Debreczin, ce fut en partie l'espoir du secours d'un Dieu juste, mais pas moins la conviction, que la force de la nation ne sera point brisée par là, qu'on vida sa capitale.

Et, Dieu merci, elle ne le fut point.

Tout de même on essaya encore alors un accommodement pacifique, on envoya une députation au chef de l'armée autrichienne, mais on ne trouva que de la morgue, avec laquelle il rejeta non seulement toute négociation, mais eut l'effronterie de demander à la nation, *qu'elle se soumit à lui sans condition !*

Il arrêta les députés, qui voulurent se rendre à Olmütz, les fit retenir, et alla jusqu'à jeter en prison un d'eux le ci-devant premier ministre. Ensuite il occupa la ville abandonnée des nôtres, s'y mit à tyranniser la hâche du bourreau en main, fit en partie assassiner nos prisonniers de guerre, en partie les jeter en prison, où ils essuyèrent tous les traitements inhumains, furent laissés sans vivres ou en partie forcés à servir dans les troupes de l'Italie.

Et enfin, pour qu'il ne manquat rien, pour combler la mesure des forfaits de la maison d'Autriche, après qu'elle fut battue en Transylvanie par nos braves soldats, elle s'adressa à l'Empereur de Russie pour en obtenir du secours, et c'est ainsi, qu'il arriva effectivement, qu'en dépit des protestations de la Haute-Porte, et des représentations faites à cet égard de la part des consuls des puissances étrangères à Bukarest, foullant aux pieds tout droit international, des troupes russes furent introduites de la voisine Walachie en Transylvanie, pour aider à massacrer les Hongrois.

Et enfin, pour assurer les fruits de tant d'attentats, François-

Joseph, qui a la présomption de se nommer roi de Hongrie, publie un manifeste de la date du 4 et 6 de Mars, où il prononce ouvertement, qu'il raye la nation hongroise du rang des nations, il partage son territoire en cinq parties : la Transylvanie, la Croatie, l'Esclavonie ; il sépare Fiume et le littoral hongrois de la Hongrie ; il établit une province particulière sous le nom de Wajwodie, qu'il arrache des entrailles de la Hongrie, et qu'il forme uniquement en partage des égorgeurs serbes, et privant en général le pays entier de sa position, de son indépendance légitime, et de son existence comme tel, il l'amalgame avec l'empire autrichien.

Fidèles aux faits historiques, nous avons exposé ici la longue série des attentats sans exemple, dont la maison Habsbourg-Lorraine s'est rendue coupable, et provoquant sur le jugement de Dieu tout-puissant, et l'opinion publique du monde entier nous déclarons, qu'il n'y a plus ici aucun lieu, ni possibilité aucune de Pacification avec cette dynastie traitreuse, et nous le devons à la loi divine, nous le devons à notre patrie, nous le devons au droit, et à la morale, à l'honneur, à l'Europe, et aux intérêts de l'humanité et de la civilisation, qu'en banissant à tout jamais cette dynastie néfaste du trône de la Hongrie, nous l'abandonnons au jugement de Dieu, et à l'abomination de l'opinion publique, de la morale, et de l'honneur.

Et c'est ce que nous déclarons, dans le sentiment de la force indestructible d'une nation, à qui on a infligé les plus mortelles des injures.—Voilà qu'il n'y a que trois mois, qu'un ennemi perfide a occupé la capitale de notre pays, et surpris à l'improviste la nation confiante ; mais la nation trouva des forces dans le combat mortel lui-même, et se convainquit, qu'elle saura sauver la patrie.

Pendant ces trois mois l'ennemi usurpateur avec toute sa force ne put s'assurer un pouce de terrain ; au contraire il en perdit tout ce qu'il avait occupé, et il essuyat revers après revers. Il y a trois mois, que nous fûmes refoulés sur la Theisz, et voilà, que déjà nos armes victorieuses ont reconquis la Transylvanie, repris Klausenburg, Hermanstadt, Kronstadt ; dispersé une partie de

l'armée autrichienne jusque dans la Bukovine, tandis qu'une autre partie les déroutant aussi bien que les troupes auxiliaires de la Russie, en purifièrent la Transylvanie jusqu au dernier homme, et les forcèrent de chercher un refuge en Walachie.

La Hongrie supérieure est en grande partie délivrée de l'ennemi.

La rebellion des Serbes est rompue; leurs places fortes, Sz. Tamás et les tranchées des Romains pris d'assaut, et tout le pays entre le Theisz et le Danube conquis, tout le Comitat de Bácska jusqu'à Titel récupéré par la nation.

Mais le général-en-chef lui-même de la parjure maison de Habsbourg avec toutes ses forces concentrées est battu dans cinq batailles consécutives, et repoussé jusqu'au Danube, en parti même au-delà.

Et voilà pourquoi, en suite de tout ceci, en appelant à la justice éternelle de Dieu et au jugement du monde civilisé, et en nous appuyant sur le droit naturel de notre nation, ainsi que sur sa force armée, qu'elle a prouvé de fait au milieu de tant de calamités et de souffrances, de par l'obligation, que chaque nation a de se défendre et de se conserver soi-même, nous déclarons et ordonnons par ceci au nom de la nation, que nous représentons légalement ce qui suit:

1. La Hongrie avec la Transylvanie légalement unie à elle, et avec toutes ses parties intégrantes en complexe se déclare en état Européen autonome et indépendant, ainsi que l'intégrité territoriale complète de cet État indivisible et inviolable.

2. La maison de Habsbourg-Lorraine s'étant rendue coupable de trahison, de parjure, et d'appel aux armes contre la nation, ayant poussé l'audace jusqu'à essayer l'amorcellement de l'intégrité territoriale du pays, d'en arracher la Transylvanie, la Croatie, l'Esclavonie, Fiume, et le littoral, ainsi que d'en anéantir l'existence politique et autonome les armes à la main, et d'évoquer à ce but la force armée d'une autre nation, pour mieux massacrer la nation hongroise, ayant ainsi de ses propres mains déchiré la sanction pragmatique, autant que ce lien général, qui existait entre elle et la Hongrie sur la base de traités et pactes

obligatoires de côté et d'autres (bilatéraux) cette maison cent fois parjure de Habsbourg, et plus tard de Habsbourg-Lorraine est par ceci, et au nom de la nation considérée à tout jamais déchue du trône, exclue de la domination, divestie de tous les titres et insignes appartenants à la Couronne de Hongrie, privée de tous les droits politiques, et bannie à jamais du territoire de cet état.

Comme aussi elle est de par cet acte et au nom de la nation solennellement déclarée: déchue du trône, exclue, et bannie à tout jamais.

3. La Hongrie en rentrant ainsi d'après ses droits naturels et inaliénables dans la famille des états européens comme un état autonome et indépendant, déclare en même temps, par rapport aux états, qui étaient autrefois avec elle sous une et la même maison régnante, qu'elle a la volonté d'établir et de continuer la paix avec eux, et de lier des rapports de bon voisinage, ainsi qu'il est son désir de s'associer à toutes les autres nations, par des traités d'alliance.

4. L'assemblée nationale arrêtera sur tous les points le système de gouvernement à établir pour l'avenir, jusque là pourtant que ce système soit établi sur les principes fondamentales ci-dessus exprimés, le pays sera gouverné dans toute l'étendue de son complexe par *Louis Kossuth* nommé gouverneur président de la proclamation général, et du consentement unanime de tous les membres de l'assemblée nationale de concert avec les ministres, qu'il s'attribuera sous sa propre responsabilité, et la leur lui ainsi qu'eux étant obligés à rendre compte de leurs actions à la nation.

Et voici que nous faisons part à tout le monde civilisé de notre résolution, prise dans la ferme conviction, qu'elles recevront la nation hongroise dans le rang des nations indépendantes, et autonomes, comme une de leurs sœurs, avec toute l'amitié et la bienveillance, lesquelles la nation hongroise leur offre en retour par notre voix.

Et nous le faisons savoir à tous les habitants de la Hongrie, de la Transylvanie unie. et de ses parties et provinces intégrantes,

avec la déclaration que toutes les autorités, communes, villes, districts, comitats, et citoyens, en un mot tous les individus et corps, ou corporations sont par ceci non seulement absous parfaitement et complètement de toute fidélité, et de tous les liens d'obéissance envers la maison de Habsbourg, et ensuite Habsbourg-Lorraine, déchue du trône; mais qu'ils en sont même prohibés, au nom de la nation, et que tout celui se rend coupable du crime de haute trahison, qui oserait soutenir soit par son conseil, soit par des faits ou des paroles aucun membre de la maison désignée, qui chercherait par quelque moyen à réusurper le pouvoir royal en Hongrie.

En chargeant le gouvernement de l'état de Hongrie de faire entrer en vigueur et de publier nos résolutions ci-dessus, nous l'investisons de tout pouvoir et autorité légale nécessaire à ce but; et nous obligeons au nom de la nation tout citoyen du pays à l'obéissance la plus stricte à tous leurs ordres et dispositions relatives.

De l'assemblée nationale tenue à Debreczin le 19 April, 1849.

Les magnats et représentants de la nation.

B. PERENYI ZSIGMOND,

2nd Président de la Chambre des Magnats.

ALMASSY PAL,

Président de la Maison des Représentants.

SZACSVAY IMRE,

Notaire.

II.

PROTESTATION SOLENNELLE DE LA NATION HONGROISE CONTRE L'INTERVENTION RUSSE.

La nation hongroise assaillie dans l'essence même de son existence politique n'en vainquit pas moins avec l'aide du Dieu juste et tout-puissant la révolte, qu'en dépit de toute loi et constitution la maison parjure, qui y régnait provoqua à force des menées les plus insidieuses, et des actes de violence les plus atroces.

La nation réussit à chasser jusqu'aux frontières du pays les troupes autrichiennes lancées sur elle pour y écraser la liberté et l'indépendance.

Et la nation d'un commun accord, et emporté par un enthousiasme général en usant de son droit inaliénable, et dans le devoir de se conserver soi-même prononça à tout jamais la maison de Habsbourg-Lorraine bannie du trône, cette maison, qui s'est tâchée soi-même de crimes épouvantables et de parjures sans nombre.

Jamais nation ne se battit pour une cause plus juste.

Jamais maison régnante ne fut punie à plus juste titre.

Jamais nation n'avait de droit mieux fondé à attendre, qu'on laisserait son gouvernement national fondé sur l'accord unanime du peuple guérir en repos les nombreuses blessures, dont le tyran déchu en avait déchiré le sien.

Et voilà, que sans aucune déclaration de guerre, des corps armés de russes se montrent en masse sur le territoire voisin de la Gallicie et de Cracovie, menaçant la Hongrie d'invasion au premier appel des Habsbourgs.

Tous les préparatifs, toutes les nouvelles s'accordent à prouver, que la maison de Habsbourg-Lorraine non moins despote, que défaillante par ses propres fautes, s'efforce par son alliance avec la puissance russe, à relever son trône abattu sur la tombe du peuple hongrois.

La nation hongroise est résolue à résister encore à cette attaque.

Plutôt elle versera sa dernière goutte de sang, que de jamais plus reconnaître son meurtrier pour son maître.

En prononçant cette résolution ferme et inébranlable dans la conviction de la justesse de sa cause, c'est avec une foi religieuse qu'elle croit dans la victoire, mais en même temps elle se crie devant Dieu et les peuples civilisés du monde, abreuvé comme elle est d'amertumes et d'injures implacables, et elle proteste solennellement contre l'injuste intervention de la puissance russe, qui en faveur d'un despote parjure se prépare à souiller d'un pied profane tout droit de l'homme, et des nations.

Elle proteste dans le sentiment de l'incontestable devoir de défense de soi-même, à laquelle on l'a poussé.

Au nom de ce droit international, qui fait le fondement des rapports mutuels entre les états, au nom des traités, déclarations, et protestations, qui placent sous l'égide du sentiment de justice commun à tous peuples l'existence de celle d'entre elle, qui est menacée de mort par la hache d'un bourreau usurpateur.

C'est encore au nom de la liberté, de l'équilibre de l'Europe et de la civilisation.

Au nom de l'humanité, et du sang innocent, qui versé dans une pareille guerre crie vengeance au Dieu de la justice.

Que la nation hongroise y compte, que la sympathie de tout peuple, qui aime le droit et la liberté, répondra à ce cri.

Mais que tout le monde l'abandonne, et elle déclare tout de même dans la conscience de soi-même devant Dieu et le monde : qu'elle ne cédera jamais à la violence des tyrans, et qu'elle luttera jusqu'au dernier soupir dans la défense de ses droits contre les atteintes du despotisme.

Que Dieu, et le monde civilisé soit juge entre nous, et nos oppresseurs !

Debreczin, le 18 Mai, 1849.

LOUIS KOSSUTH,
Gouverneur.

COMTE CASIMIR BATTHYANY,
Ministre des Affaires Étrangères.

III.

AU PEUPLE RUSSE

Vous, qu'un pouvoir despotique arrache du soin de vos familles, et au seuil qui vous a vu naître, recevez quelques paroles amicales.

Elles vous sont adressées au nom d'un peuple, qui a une origine pareille à la vôtre ; qui que vous soyez, membres du grand empire de la Russie, d'un peuple, qui dès son berceau dut vous être lié d'amitié et de consanguinité, et que maintenant on vous mène à extirper !

Mais le peuple hongrois qu'a-t-il donc commis envers vous, pour qu'on veuille vous en faire les bouchers ?

Ils se trouvent parmi le peuple des millions de Slaves, vos plus proches parents, amalgamés dans le nom commun de Hongrie, et qui étaient toujours fiers de se nommer Magyares, parcequ'ils jouissaient de tous les mêmes droits que ceux-ci.

Vous porterez donc la mort et la dévastation parmi toutes ces peuplades sans distinction, et pour quelle but ?

C'est pour la grandeur de l'empire de Russie—vous dit-on ?

Mais n'est-elle pas assez grande, cette Russie ? en êtes-vous plus riches pour sa grandeur, vous pauvres soldats, qui avez juste le pain à manger, et à qui on croit payer son sang et ses membres par quelques misérables liards, et des coups de bâton à outrance ?

Est-ce que la grandeur de ce bel empire ne serait pas bien mieux assurée, si on émancipait le colon du servage, sous lequel il gémit. Si au lieu que l'on vend son travail en même temps, que sa personne, il put vouer son temps à cultiver le sol ?

Qu'il faudrait peu de temps alors, et vos champs seraient couverts de moissons en abondance. Vos bétails sans nombres vous fourniraient de riches revenus, et les métiers et les arts

fleuriraient, le peuple, lui aussi se sentirait grand, riche et puissant.

Maintenant ce n'est que des chiffons de papier, qu'il gagne dans le meilleur cas, à la sueur de son front, des chiffons, qui changent de valeur, selon que la caprice du maître prodigue des millions en or et en argent, soit pour les orgies de son palais, soit pour nourrir et engraisser les foules d'étrangers, qui fourmillent autour de sa personne, comme les papillons autour de l'orbe lumineuse, étrangers et intrus, comme lui dans la Russie, soit pour les semer en Europe, pour démoraliser celle-ci, et c'est lui et les Allemands qui vous excluent, vous autres grands et puissants de la Russie, de toute participation au pouvoir!

C'est eux, qui veulent et nourrissent l'absolutisme du maître, parcequ'un gouvernement russe national ne leur céderait point toute cette influence.

C'est donc pour maintenir cet absolutisme étranger, que vous Russes de toutes les classes vous devez tous être esclaves.

C'est pour cela, qu'on vous mène dans d'autres pays, chez nous en particulier, pour maintenir l'esclavage. Ceci est l'un des buts. L'autre ce que vous ne soyez pas trop nombreux, et n'élevez point la voix chez vous contre la dynastie intrue, et contre ses satellites, car on sait bien, que quelconque sera le sort de la guerre, vous serez décimés par les boules, les maladies, le climat, et les éventualités de la guerre.

Mais demandez vos frères, les Polonais. Ils vous diront de même, quel sort on leur a préparé, en se servant de vous contre eux en instrumens aveugles. Ils vous diront que Slaves ils combattent pour nous et avec nous en vrais frères d'armes, parcequ'ils savent, que la haine des Slaves, dont on nous accuse, est un mensonge, et que nous nous battons contre une dynastie étrangère, qui d'accord avec la vôtre, veut opprimer les peuples, que nous sommes les champions de la liberté universelle, de celles des Slaves aussi bien que des autres peuples. Ne vous laissez donc pas séduire par des fausses promesses ou illusions, ni contraindre par une cruelle et indigne violence.

Vous aussi êtes hommes, et vous avez des droits ; vous êtes une grande nation, et vous devez développer comme tels, et vous unir entre vous plus qu'il y a de races différentes, qui forment cette nation, pour avoir votre part dans le maniement des affaires qui vous regardent. Mais vous devez vous unir à nous et aux Polonais. Désertez ceux qui veulent vous faire vous entre-égorger avec nous, pour en avoir le profit. Nous vous recevrons à bras ouverts. Tournez les armes contre vos oppresseurs, ou réniez-leur au moins toute obéissance.

Il est temps qu'on mette fin au despotisme, et à ceux qui veulent régner sur un pays, auquel ils n'appartiennent pas même, non seulement sans consulter ce peuple, mais en l'opprimant de force ; et en lui enlevant les ressources même, qui en feraient un peuple heureux.

Encore une fois nous nous battons pour la liberté nationale. Nous voulons l'égalité devant la loi de tous les membres d'une nation, mais nous ne voulons rien renverser, que les despotes et les soutiens de leur despotisme.

Nous sommes contraints de nous défendre à la dernière extrémité, et nous ne ménagerons rien, s'il le faut ; mais il nous répugne de nous entregorger avec ceux qu'un force brute seule pousse contre nous, mais qui nous considérons comme des frères.

Ecoutez donc cette parole, vous, toutes les populations de la grande Russie, vous tous Russes, hauts et petits, puissants et faibles, seigneurs et esclaves, colons, marchands, travailleurs, et soldats, Lisez la parole de Dieu, et vous verrez que nous sommes tous frères, et qu'il ne faut pas tuer son frère. Mais ce qui est plus, vous vous tuez vous-mêmes. Les Romanow et les Allemands ne régneront tranquilles en Russie, tant qu'il y aura des Slaves, des Rathènes, des Cosaques, des Tatares, en un mot, tant qu'il y aura en Russie des races, nés pour la liberté.

COMTE CASIMIR BATTHYANY,

Ministre des Affaires Étrangères.

IV.

CIRCULAIRE À TOUS LES AGENTS DIPLOMATIQUES DE LA HONGRIE.

Après les actions terribles, dont la dynastie autrichienne s'est rendue coupable envers les peuples habitant ces pays, et surtout le royaume de Hongrie, on pouvait bien croire, sa fureur sanglante rassasiée, pensant qu'il ne restait à marquer sur les pages historiques de notre malheureuse patrie, aucune nouvelle injustice, aucune cruauté non commise.

Trahison, parjure, violation de sa parole donnée, cabales jouées, excitation à la révolte, alliance avec des bandes meurtrières, qui ne faisaient que piller, incendier et tuer, arrestation des parlementaires, emprisonnement des patriotes, leurs jugements et exécutions contre tout droit, contributions violentes, fabrication de fausses notes, insolence de tout genre, bombardement et incendies non motivés des capitales, destruction sauvage de biens des particuliers ainsi que des trésors publics, souillure du droit des peuples et de la morale, tout ce qui soulève le cœur en effrayant l'âme, tout ce qui est horrible, lâche et blasphême fût commis contre ce pauvre pays.

La Hongrie souffrit, mais jamais elle ne s'écarta de la voie de la justice, jamais elle ne se laissa emporter par un sentiment de vengeance, jamais elle n'usa de pareils moyens sous prétexte de représailles. La nation hongroise fût victorieuse en champs ouverts par l'héroïsme de ses troupes et la justice de ses armes, le dernier de ses simples soldats ne versa son sang qu'en défense de sa propre personne, ménageant l'ennemi traître même au milieu du combat le plus furieux. Voilà ce qui explique la douleur profonde, que cette nation ressentit en voyant traités ignominieusement ses malheureux combattants, qui tombèrent prisonniers entre les mains de l'ennemi barbare. Il n'y a d'inhumanité qui ne fut commise par les mercenaires de l'Autriche vis-à-vis de ces pauvres captifs. Etre accablés de famine, traînés sans aucune raison d'un endroit à l'autre, atteints de paroles blessantes et d'injures personnelles souvent même l'exé-

cution à mort était leur sort ordinaire, pendant qu'au contraire, au camp hongrois, la majorité des prisonniers autrichiens n'a eu qu'à se louer d'un traitement humain et généreux, et quelques-uns en publièrent leur reconnaissance.

Le général-en-chef de l'armée hongroise, espérant faire finir de tels méfaits, adressa un écrit au maréchal-de-camp de l'armée autrichienne, et tout en lui reprochant le manque de noblesse de cette manière d'agir, il l'interpella à ne plus tacher de cette manière le nom de l'armée autrichienne et celui de ses commandants. Encore lui fit-il observer que 6 à 8000 prisonniers autrichiens ainsi qu'un nombre à-peu-près égal de blessés et de malades se trouvent en nos mains, que ce nombre dépasse de beaucoup celui de nos captifs,—et qu'entre les captifs autrichiens il y a des officiers de grades supérieurs hongrois de naissance, et par conséquent, capables du crime de trahison envers leur patrie, qu'il ne dépend, donc que du premier signal pour que la tête d'un hongrois massacré soit vengée par une triple exécution.

Mais cet appel du général n'eut aucune suite.

Au contraire, un nouveau crime fut commis.

Le Baron Mednyánszky, défenseur héroïque et commandant du fort de Léopoldstadt, ainsi que le capitaine d'artillerie, Gruber, tombèrent dans les mains ennemies, une partie de la garnison ayant capitulé. On les traîna pendant plusieurs mois dans des cachots, puis leur fit un procès illégal, et malgré le dit appel de notre général-en-chef, auquel on ne répondit pas même, ces deux officiers furent exécutés pour avoir selon leur devoir consciencieusement défendu la forteresse. Et pour que l'exécution fût plus dégradante encore, c'est la corde qui fut choisie, comme moyen d'exécution.

Cependant la Hongrie a toujours encore horreur de cruelles représailles ; elle estime beaucoup trop la vie de ses braves citoyens pour les livrer à de sauvages massacres, et c'est pour cette raison, que le gouvernement a décidé de ne s'éloigner pas même à l'avenir du chemin que l'humanité lui prescrivait jusqu'à présent.

Mais en attendant là, le sort de nos malheureux prisonniers reste toujours plongé dans une cruelle incertitude; soit qu'ils fussent tombés dans les mains de l'ennemi, comme prisonniers de guerre, soit comme victimes de la politique. C'est en ce sens, que je vous charge d'établir et constater ces faits pris du gouvernement auquel vous êtes envoyé, au nom de l'humanité et de la civilisation; réclamez qu'il fasse finir ces cruautés inouïes.

Si les puissances étrangères ne veulent nous secourir, qu'ils fassent valoir, au moins de la justice céleste et les droits sacrés des peuples en faisant sentir à l'Autriche la honte de pareils procédés, qui ne sont digne que de peuples sauvages, et qu'ils sauvent aussi la vie à plusieurs centaines d'hommes de tout parti, en soulageant au moins leurs souffrances.

En outre, servez-vous de la presse, afin que l'opinion publique soit le juge de ceux qui se sont souillé de pareils forfaits, et que leur nom soit marqué à toute éternité par le mépris général. Enfin, faites savoir, que le gouvernement lui-même avec toute la bonne volonté de retenir le peuple, et le soldat ne pourra à la fin plus être en état de maîtriser l'exaspération, que de pareils forfaits font naître, et que rien ne serait plus terrible qu'une guerre à mort, où chacun se rendrait justice à lui-même.

Pest, le 18 Juin, 1849.

COMTE CASIMIR BATTHYANY,

Ministre des Affaires Étrangères.

THE END.

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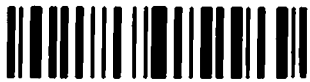
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